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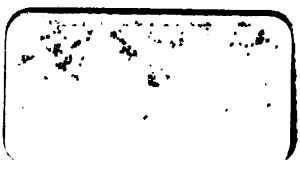

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CONTENTS

OF

No. LXV.

PAGE

ART. I.—1. Scriptores Græci Minores. By Dr. Giles.

2. Stesichori Himerensis Fragmenta. By O. F. Kleine 1

II.—1. Notes from Life. By Henry Taylor, Esq.

2. Eve of the Conquest, and other Poems. By Henry Taylor, Esq. 29

III.—1. The Philosophy of Religion. By J. D. Morell, A.M.

2. The Soul: her Sorrows and her Aspirations. An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the true basis of Theology. By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford 65

IV.—Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers, including their Private Correspondence. By Eliot Warburton, Author of the 'Crescent and the Cross' 86

Digitized by Google

PAGE

ART. V.—Visit to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Hon. Robert Curzon, Jun. 114

VI.—Journal in France in 1845 and 1848, with Letters from Italy in 1847, of Things and Persons concerning the Church and Education. By Thomas William Allies, M.A. Rector of Launton, Oxon. 151

VII.—1. A History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England. By George Ayliffe Poole, M.A. Vicar of Welford.

2. A History of Architecture. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A. late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford..... 182

VIII.—1. Principles of Geology ; or, the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered as illustrative of Geology. By Charles Lyell, M.A. F.R.S. Seventh Edition.

2. Elements of Geology. By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S. Second Edition.

3. The Earth's Antiquity in harmony with the Mosaic Record of Creation. By James Gray, Rector of Dibden 226

NOTICES OF BOOKS 249

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS

OF

No. LXVI.

PAGE

ART. I.—The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus: illustrated chiefly from the Remains of ancient Art. With a Life. By the Rev. H. H. Millman 267

II.—Scenes where the Tempter has triumphed. By the Author of The Gaol Chaplain 288

III.—1. Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs. By Isaac Watts, D.D.

2. A Collection of Hymns, for the Use of the People called Methodists. By the Rev. John Wesley, A.M.

3. Hymns, founded on various Texts of the Holy Scriptures. By Philip Doddridge, D.D.

4. A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship; more particularly designed for the Use of the Tabernacle and Chapel Congregations. By George Whitefield, M.A..... 302

5. The Olney Hymns.

6. Hymns on various Passages of Scripture. By Thomas Kelly.

7. Hymns. By Augustus Toplady, M.A.

8. Hymns. By Reginald Heber, D.D. Lord Bishop of Calcutta.

9. The Cottage Hymn-book. Published by the Religious Tract Society.

10. The Christian Psalmist: Hymns selected and original. By James Montgomery.

11. A Selection of Psalms and Hymns. By the Rev. C. Simeon, M.A.

&c. &c. &c.

Digitized by Google

PAGE

ART. IV.—Sidonia, the Sorceress. By William Meinhold, Author of The Amber Witch. Translated for the Parlour Library 344

V.—1. Proposals for the better Application of Cathedral Institutions to their intended uses; in a Letter to the Very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury. By the Right Hon. Sidney Herbert.
2. Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment. By the Rev. Robert Whiston, M.A. Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Head Master of the Cathedral Grammar School, Rochester.
3. The British Magazine, No. CCXIV. September 1849..... 373

&c. &c. &c.

VI.—1. Alfieri, Raccolta di Musica Sacra. Vols. I.—V. Opera di Palestrina.
2. Alfieri, Considerazioni sul Ristabilmento del Canto e della Musica Ecclesiastica.
3. Discorso per l'Inaugurazione del Busto di Gio. Pierluigi da Palestrina.
4. Collection des Pièces de Musique Religieuse, qui s'exécutent tous les Ans à Rome, durant la Semaine Sainte, dans la Chapelle du Souverain Pontife. Par M. Alexandre Choron 404

VII.—The Holy City. Historical, Topographical, and Antiquarian Notices of Jerusalem. By George Williams, B.D. Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. With an Architectural History of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. By Robert Willis, M.A. 418

NOTICES OF BOOKS 477

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

JULY, 1849.

ART. I.—1. *Scriptores Græci Minores.* *By* DR. GILES. Oxon. Talboys. 1831.

2. *Stesichori Himerensis Fragmenta.* *By* O. F. KLEINE. Berolini. Typis et Impensis Ge. Reimari. 1828.

LET our readers imagine the works of Shakspere to have perished. Let them imagine our whole knowledge of that inimitable genius to be gleaned from the scattered references made to him by other writers. Sometimes we should find stray expressions, idioms, and allusions, current as household words. Sometimes the meaning alone would be referred to, while the words were altered or parodied. Sometimes a few lines might be quoted, or even a passage of some length, as the 'Seven Ages,' for example. By some rare chance, one might even drop upon a scene, or upon the 'Beauties of Shakspere.' Then the Scholia, or notes of commentators might turn up; dissertations upon the genius of the great author, analyses of some of his more striking characters, or even 'Lamb's Tales.' But after all, what a deplorable deficiency would be presented by the total result! Let us imagine the most elaborate German criticism, or even the desperate researches of the 'Shakspere Society,' to be enlisted in the cause. Let us fancy them collecting the fragments, arranging them under the dramas from which they were taken, and placing them in the proper order of their succession. One can see them rummaging the most despised authors, old grammarians, scribblers on prosody, and collectors of wretched 'Elegant Extracts,' but all in vain, all lamentably inadequate, the mere shadow of a mighty reality, the 'baseless fabric of a vision.'

If such must have been the result in the case of a modern writer, referred to by thousands of his contemporaries and ours, what can we expect to find of the lost works of writers who belonged to a remote antiquity, though the civilized world once rang to the echo of their names? Thus we have lost Menander, quoted by S. Paul; and with infinite labour some beautiful

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fragments have been collected, while in Terence 'Dimidiate Menander' are found paraphrases of a few of his dramas; but of Menander himself what adequate conception can be formed? Little comparatively remains of the calumniated Sappho,—her, whom the ancients called 'the Poetess,' without any other appellation, as they called Homer 'the Poet;'—her, whom the gravest and the sagest moralists denominated 'the charming and the wise, the tenth muse;'—her, of whom her contemporary Alcæus writes—

> 'Sappho the pure, the golden-tress'd,
> In smiles of gentle sweetness dress'd.'

For an edition of her fragments, and those of Alcæus and Stesichorus, fit to meet the eye of a scholar, we are indebted to Dr. Blomfield's severe and elegant criticism of the true Porson school (in two numbers of the 'Museum Criticum') written in his younger days, when the calls of high and solemn duty had not yet forbidden him to wander among the meads of classic Asphodel. Why should we enumerate the eight poetesses of Greece, or Bacchylides, or Alcæus, Solon, Mimnermus, Archilochus, Simonides, Alcman? We might add to the list without end; to say nothing of poets of whom some pieces still exist, which make us more bitterly deplore the fragmentary references to the remainder. But when we come to historians, whose works would have thrown light upon the darkest recesses of the past, the loss is more to be lamented than in the department of fine taste and elegant literature. How eagerly would a modern turn over the Etruscan history of the emperor Claudius, the diaries of Augustus, or the writers who illustrated the primordial annals of Egypt, and Babylon, and Nineveh, and primitive Greece!

Modern scholars have not been wanting in their efforts to repair our loss, as far as it is within the reach of industry, learning, and acute criticism; and those of Germany, in particular, deserve the highest praise in researches of this nature. We may now fairly look upon the fragmentary writers as a distinct branch of erudition, presenting results of a most unexpected and striking nature, in reference to authors whom time has swept away. This department of learning abounds in difficulties, and justifies a recourse to conjectures wholly inadmissible on the text of a surviving classic. There is every possible danger of corrupt readings. The copyist has no context for his guide, either in the subject matter, the style, or the metre. The writer who quotes the passage, may have quoted from memory, and misquoted the words; or he may have referred them to another author; or he may have modified them, especially at the commencement, for the purposes of quotation; or he may have quoted the passage solely on account of its anomalous and obscure turn of expression. In the case

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of Stesichorus, Kleine deserves the highest praise. Indeed, it would be very difficult to point out any fragmentary writer edited with more learning, judgment, and good taste. More, however, remains to be done. A future editor will find that subsequent improvements of the text have been made; as, for example, by Sir E. F. Bromhead, in the 'Classical Journal,' No. 46, and some more hinted at in the version of the fragments which we subjoin; nor would the discovery of additional fragments be too much to expect.

It were much to be wished that a systematic English version of the fragmentary writers could be published. At an early period the renowned Grotius did not think it beneath him to turn many such fragments into very polished Latin. England can boast of some valuable anthological collections; and of the poet Simonides, we have in one of our Quarterly Journals a complete version, abounding in tasteful scholarship. Stesichorus we are ourselves about to present to our readers in an English dress; but we will first give some account of a writer, once so much, and in all appearance so deservedly renowned.

According to Suidas, Eusebius, and others, Stesichorus, surnamed the Himeræan, was born in the 37th Olympiad, attained to eminence in the 48th, and died in the 55th, or 56th, about 556 years before the Christian era. He was the contemporary of Phalaris, somewhat the junior of Alcman, and the predecessor of Simonides, who speaks of him as an old writer in connexion with Homer. The Marmor Parium, indeed, makes Stesichorus coeval with Simonides, in direct contradiction to this testimony, but more than one or two members of the poet's family bore the same name with himself, to one or other of whom the author of the inscription most probably refers. It was by no means uncommon to bestow on some of his descendants the name of an illustrious ancestor, either to commemorate the honours of the dead, or stimulate the ambition of the living.

That Himera was the native country of Stesichorus, was so firmly established by ancient opinion, that the Himeræan poet was his most common designation. All, however, do not agree upon the point. Italy has been assigned by some as his birthplace. Suidas mentions Matauria; Lascaris, Metaurus; Stephanus Byzantius speaks of Mataurus in *Sicily*, but the geographer seems to be mistaken as to the situation of the city. We may safely believe that both Stesichorus and Himera equally owed their origin to Italy. It is certain that no long time before the poet's birth, the city was founded by some Chalcideans from Zancle, who, together with the Metaurian branch of the Locrians, sprang, in the first instance, from Œolia; and that Stesichorus had lived among the Locrians, may be collected

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from other quarters. In addition to this, the name of Tisias, which, according to Suidas, was the poet's original appellation, and that of his brother the geometrician, whether we read it Mamertius or Mamertinus, recall to our recollection two cities of a similar name among the Brutii. It may, indeed, be doubted whether it was himself or his father who migrated to Himera; but that the migration took place, and that it was from Italy, not from the Peloponnesus, there can be no dispute.

Five different names have been assigned to the father of Stesichorus,—Euphorbus, Euphemas, Euclides, Hyetes, and Hesiod. It is singular that both Aristotle and the learned Philochorus have identified the Hesiod here mentioned with the celebrated Ascræan. But if we regard the supposed connexion between these two eminent men as a myth, it is neither inapt nor unlearned. After Orpheus had been torn to pieces, his head and his lyre were thrown together into the sea. Borne along by the waves, or carried on a dolphin's back, they reached the Œolian Lesbos, where they were interred; and the Lesbians, as Hyginus adds, became afterwards well-skilled in music. Now from that same region, if we may trust to Tzetzes, from the same race certainly, sprang Hesiod. When, therefore, we are told by Hellanicus that Hesiod derived his origin from Orpheus, what more is meant than this, that he transfused into his own didactic poetry the Orphic hymns which had ceased to be sung in Greece. After the mournful catastrophe, which transferred the head and lyre of Orpheus to the shores of Lesbos, Hesiod also, who was nearly, if not quite, of Lesbian extraction, met with a similar fate. He, too, was carried by dolphins to that part of the continent which is situated between Locris and Eubœa, as Proclus somewhat strangely relates; or, according to Plutarch, that which is opposite to Rhyum or Molycria, where the sacred rites of the Locri were wont to be celebrated. Taking for granted, therefore, that Stesichorus was of Locrian extraction, all that is meant by his alleged relationship with the elder poet may be, that the epos of Hesiod was transferred to him by their mutual connexion with the same tribe or family. We know as well by the testimony of Quintilian, as by his own fragments, that he sustained by his lyre the weight of epic song, and may, therefore, be numbered both with the epic and lyric poets. Certain kinds of poetry, moreover, were cultivated by certain races, and followed their migrations. Thus Stesichorus imitated the Ascræan in the choice of his fables, and in great part of his mythology, though he did not adhere to the form of epic verse. Not unjustly, therefore, have Mueller and others brought down the series of Hesiodic poets to his time; for, although we *call* him not the son of the poet of Ascra, yet, as his principal imitator among the Italians

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of Œolia, and the most celebrated poet of that region, he justly deserves the title. We may suppose him, then, to have had no natural connexion with the Ascræan, but to have been the son of Clymene, by an obscure individual of the same name. The hidden sense of the myth might easily escape the understanding of the many, and thus lead them into the error. Of the other names given to the father of Stesichorus, we need only add, that where several individuals of the same race and name devote themselves in succession to the same intellectual pursuits, as was probably the case here, and where it must consequently be difficult to distinguish between them, we need not wonder if all should be confounded with the name of their celebrated progenitor.

Suidas speaks with approbation of Mamertinus the geometrician, and Halianax the legislator, the two brothers of Stesichorus. The accounts handed down to us respecting his daughters, spring entirely from the spurious epistles ascribed to Phalaris and Diodorus, and are utterly unworthy of credence or attention. The friendship of Stesichorus with the tyrant of Agrigentum rests upon the same unreal foundation. That he was the contemporary of Phalaris has been already stated; but no one can suppose him to have been his friend, who has weighed the forcible arguments of Bentley against the dreams of the sophist. 'When Pindar,' says the learned commentator, 'was exhorting Hiero, the tyrant of Syracuse, to treat poets 'and literary men with affability, he represented to him the 'immortal reputation which Crœsus acquired by behaving to 'them with kindness and humanity, while the cruel and inhos-'pitable Phalaris was universally hated. Would Pindar have 'written thus if he had ever heard of the tyrant's singular love 'for the poet? For if we might trust the epistles, their inti-'macy and friendship rivalled that of Crœsus with Æsop and 'Solon. Had such a feeling been known to Pindar, he would 'not have branded the character of Phalaris with such a mark 'of infamy.' So far was Stesichorus from being the tyrant's friend, that, according to the testimony of Aristotle, he excited the inhabitants of Himera against him by narrating the fable of the Horse and Stag.

Whether Stesichorus ever visited Greece or not, it would be difficult to decide. The only external testimony in favour of the affirmative is the mention made by Suidas of the poet's flight from Palantium, in Arcadia; but this is more than doubtful. Still, when we look at his various writings, and the improvements of which he was the inventor, it is difficult to believe that he had not drunk at the fountain head of Grecian song. It is more clearly ascertained that he migrated from Metauria into

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Sicily, not, indeed, immediately to Catana, but in the first instance to Himera. He seems to have taken refuge at the former place towards the close of his life, perhaps disturbed by the civil dissensions excited among the Himeræans by the intrigues of Phalaris. The change of his name from Tisias to Stesichorus may not improbably be dated from this period. He died in his 85th year, and was buried at Catana, with much expense, at the gate called from him the Stesichorean. His tomb was octangular; it was ascended by eight steps, and adorned with eight columns. According to some, the proverbial expression *πάντα ὀκτώ*, denoting perfection, derived its origin from the number eight, so conspicuous in every part of the poet's monument; while the throw of eight upon the dice was called for the same reason the Stesichorus. Two epitaphs in honour of the poet are still extant; one in Greek, by Antipater; another of a later age, in Latin, in the 'Musæ Lapidariæ' of Ferretius. Of these, for the benefit of the English reader, we give the following versions:—

'In Catana's Ætnean plains
Rest here Stesichorus' remains,
His to whose living lips belong
Immeasurable streams of song:
The sage Pythagoras said well,
That souls in divers bodies dwell;
Thy soul, Stesichorus, the same,
That animated once old Homer's frame.'

'The bones of sweet Stesichorus repose!
His bones, the bones of Ætna here enclose,
By me, by Ops enshrined! Of him the rest,
That now remains, is by the world possess'd.'

Cicero speaks of the honours heaped upon Stesichorus by the people of Himera. Among the brazen statues which adorned the Thermæ, was one of the aged poet, in a stooping posture, with a book in his hand, executed with rare skill and beauty. Christodorus describes another placed in the Byzantian Gymnasium. Finally, a coin is in existence, supposed by some to have been struck in commemoration of him. On one side is a head enclosed in a helmet; on the reverse, a man in a standing posture, holding in one hand a crown, in the other a lyre. There is no absurdity in supposing that an honour which had been paid to Sappho, Alcæus, and Anacreon, should have been paid to Stesichorus also; but the fact does not rest upon sufficient authority.

The testimony borne to the poet's merit by the most celebrated writers of antiquity, is of the highest order. The 'Stesichorique graves Camænæ' of Horace, is known to all. Aristides, Cicero, Dionysius, Longinus, vie with each other in

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celebrating his praise. Dio Chrysostom and Synesius concur in representing him as not unworthy to be named with Homer. The former in particular speaks of him as not only emulating the greatest of epic poets, but fit, in many respects, to be placed by his side. Quintilian, indeed, while he speaks highly of his genius, and lauds the gravity of his subjects and the dignity of his characters, blames the redundance of his style; a redundance, however, which is approved by Hermogenes, as owing its origin to the grace and sweetness of his epithets. The author of 'The Examination of the Ancients,' generally supposed to be Dionysius, speaks of Stesichorus as succeeding where Pindar and Simonides failed, and surpassing them in the grandeur of his events, and the consistency of his characters. Chrysippus would fain have added to the Stoic philosophy the weight of the poet's authority, and pressed the Fables of Stesichorus, as well as those of Orpheus, Homer, and Hesiod, into the service of the Porch.

But the excellence of the celebrated Himeræan is sufficiently proved by the general popularity which he enjoyed. His songs were in every mouth after the lapse of ages; and the Pæans were sung by guests at the banquet, even in the time of Dionysius the younger. To crown the whole, we read in Ammianus Marcellinus, that when Socrates had been thrown into prison, and already looked forward to the iniquitous punishment which awaited him, he asked for one well skilled in singing the songs of Stesichorus, that he might learn to do the same while life yet lasted.

The statement of Suidas that the poet's name was changed from Tisias to Stesichorus, because he was the first who added the motion of the dance to the accompaniment of the harp, is not unattended with difficulty. It is well known that, long before his time, the Greeks made use of dancing in their sacred rites; certainly in those instituted in honour of Latona and her children, the invention of which was attributed by the ancients to the fabulous Philammon. It appears, moreover, that these dances were regulated by the lyre, of which instrument Apollo himself is repeatedly represented as the inventor, and is said to have contended with the Phrygian pipers by the sounds which he drew from its strings. In the Homeric hymn, the Muses and Graces delight the inhabitants of Olympus, the one by singing, the other by dancing, to the lyre of Apollo. We must not then rely so implicitly on the testimony of Suidas as to believe that, before the time of Stesichorus, the dances in honour of the god were regulated only by the sound of the pipe. The poet was probably the first who, at Himera, or even in Sicily, applied the dance to the accompaniment of the harp, or, at least, changed and corrected, in many respects, its ruder and

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more simple form; and thus, as the inventor of a more elaborate style of movement, acquired his new appellation. Clemens Alexandrinus, indeed, attributes the improvement to Alcman, who flourished fifty years before. Vestiges of choral poetry are found every where in his fragments; and we are told that he taught the Doric virgins to move in measured cadence while he adapted his songs to the sounds of the pipe and lyre. We need not be surprised that the accompaniment of the dance should be attributed to Alcman also, so closely are the nature and disposition of the strophe connected with its movements. Whatever the inventions might have been with which these princes of lyric song enriched the art in which they excelled, they must have made an equal innovation in the choral dances with which their songs were accompanied. The one would do this at Himera, the other at Sparta; and Stesichorus cannot be suspected of plagiarism, inasmuch as his style of poetry, the form of his strophes, his rhythms, and his metres, are totally different from those of Alcman. Moreover, Alcman made no use of the epode. According to the well-known proverb—Οὐδὲ τὰ τρία Στησιχόρου γιγνώσκεις—the three kinds, the strophe, the antistrophe, and the epode, belong to the later poet. Possibly Stesichorus was considered the inventor of the epode, and of the pause created by its introduction into the ancient choral system of strophe and antistrophe; and the name accordingly referred to that point. Even his strophes Alcman did not amplify and adorn equally with his more celebrated successor, while the richness and beauty lavished by Stesichorus on his epodes, will authorize the assertion that he discovered what his predecessor only sought.

That Stesichorus wrote in the Doric dialect is clear from the testimony of Suidas, and the fragments of his poetry still extant. This may be easily believed, inasmuch as Alcman, whom in some respects he followed, had applied the Doric tongue before him to lyric verse, while the dialect was for the most part that of Sicily, as Thucydides has shown with his accustomed learning and research. Suidas tells us that the poems of Stesichorus were collected and published in twenty-six books, but by whom, or at what period, he does not mention. It is well known, however, that the works of Pindar were thus edited in the time of Aristophanes Byzantius, and it is not probable that those of Stesichorus were published long before. It is certain that Chamæleon, a Peripatetic of Heraclea, about the time of Theophrastus, edited a single book. He wrote of nearly all the lyric as well as dramatic poets, and in common with Aristotle himself and many of his disciples cultivated that branch of literature.

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But it is time to proceed to the fragments themselves. Of these a very close version is not possible, and in some cases, in order to complete the series, it has been found necessary to extort a kind of paraphrastic meaning from the smaller scraps. It is singular enough that the English translation presents a more complete view of the poet's remains than the original. We frequently find the substance of his meaning given without an exact quotation of his words; and these in a translation may be justifiably added to the *ipsissima verba*, though in a more formal work on the subject, these instances should be carefully distinguished. Where the context has been restored merely from conjecture, we have thought it right to mark the additions by placing them between brackets. Where the fragments, whether they have reached us in substance merely, or in the words of Stesichorus himself, belong to any work of his that can be ascertained, they are collected under that head. Where the location of the fragment is unknown, it is marked with a (†), and placed under any head which may artificially enhance its meaning, and to which it may therefore possibly belong. The industry of critics has brought together about 95 fragments, or fragmentary references.

I. ΕΥΡΩΠΕΙΑ.—*The Story of Europa.*

Europa, the daughter of Agenor, the brother of Belus, was playing on the sea-shore when she was decoyed to Crete.

This poem seems to have contained an account of the family of Cadmus. (2.) refers to the well-known story of the dragon's teeth. (3.) attributes the disaster of Acteon, not to his intrusion upon Diana, but to a passion for Semele, the daughter of Cadmus. Perhaps the goddess wished to enrol Semele among her nymphs.

†1.

'Daughter of Arabus, Hermaon's heir
By Belus' daughter, Thronia the fair.

2.

'By Pallas' aid the Dragon-teeth were sown:
The Goddess reap'd a harvest all her own.

3.

'When Semele, the destined spouse of Jove,
Won young Acteon's inauspicious love,
Though Dian disallow'd, in her despite
The eager hunter urg'd the nuptial rite;
In a stag's hide encased by Dian's power,
He perishes for love, and dogs devour.'

II. ΚΥΚΝΟΣ.—*Cycnus.*

(1.) Stesichorus was the first who gave this ruffian aspect to Hercules.

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(4.) These lines and some others must be considered to represent the versified arguments heading the books of certain poems rather than any definite fragment. Our readers will be reminded of the catacombs of Paris.

†1.

'In guise uncouth the Son of Jove appear'd,
A knotted Club of massive weight he rear'd,
A Lion's hide was o'er his shoulders flung,
And at his back the rattling Quiver hung.

†2.

'Mighty of bone and limb he stalk'd along;
Gifted with strength to overthrow the strong.

†3.

'Of Argive He, and of Bœotian fame.

4.

'As journey'd Hercules, and onward lay
To the Thessalian plain the Hero's way,
There, on his pathway lawless Cycnus stood,
Impatient thirsting for a stranger's blood;
The path he watch'd, and, from the slaughter'd dead
With ruthless hand dismembering, lopp'd the Head,
A Temple destined of their Heads to rise,
To Mars his Sire a fitting sacrifice;
By Mars impell'd he rush'd upon his prey,
And stopp'd in mid career the Hero's way.
Cycnus with Hercules engaged in fight,
And then the Sire display'd his own immortal might;
The Hero saw the God of War confess'd,
Awe-struck, a panic horror chill'd his breast;
Then first fled Hercules, but instant burn'd
The Shame, and all the Demi-god return'd;
Indignant rushing on his lawless Foe,
Alcides crush'd him to the realms below.'

III. ΓΗΡΥΟΝΙΣ.—*The Geryonid.*

The loss of this poem is much to be lamented, as it must have teemed with very curious mythological matter. (3.) This singular fragment refers to an ancient opinion that the ocean was a river encircling the earth, and that the sun on setting in the west entered a bowl in which he sailed round to the east during the night. The same idea occurs in a fragment of Mimnermus. The poet is not to be considered in this case as representing Hercules employing the bowl to pass to the island of Erytheia, though some commentators so interpret it. (4.) Pholos was one of the centaurs.

1.

'Firm on six feet the monster Geryon stands,
And raises dreadful six unconquer'd hands;
Broad wings behind sustain the monster might,
For combat fashion'd or a well-timed flight.

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2.

'Where monster Geryon first beheld the light,
Famed Erytheia rises to the sight;
Born near th' unfathom'd silver springs that gleam
Mid cavern'd rocks, and feed Tartessus' stream.

3.

'Sol's golden bowl he enter'd to pass o'er
The hoary Ocean's stream, and reach'd the shore,
The sacred depths of venerable night,
There on the Mother shade to feed his sight,
There to behold again the virgin Wife,
And the dear Children torn away from life;
Then pass'd on foot the Hero son of Jove
Through the dim shadows of the laurel grove.

4.

'He raised the draught by Pholos mix'd, a bowl
Of triple measure, and he drain'd the whole.'

IV. ΚΕΡΒΕΡΟΣ.—*Cerberus.*

The hero here must have been Hercules. (1.) This vessel is said to have been shaped like a purse. (3.) may belong to the Scylla.

1.

'Ample below and narrow-mouth'd above,
A Vessel worthy of the son of Jove.

†2.

• • • 'Where hid from human eye
Deep Tartarus and black Abysses lie.

†3.

• • • 'The sound
Of howling dogs for ever ringing round.'

V. ΣΚΥΛΛΑ.—*Scylla.*

'There Lamia's daughter, hateful Scylla dwells.

VI. ΣΥΟΘΗΡΑΙ.—*The Boar-Hunters.*

This was probably a history of the hunt of the Caledonian Boar.

'The savage Boar upturn'd the earth around,
The monster's snout keen buried under ground.'

VII. ΆΘΛΑ.—*The Games.*

The applicability of (3.) has been a subject of discussion, and an alteration of the text has been proposed to give the fragment a Male application, but from some of the parties mentioned it may possibly refer to Atalanta and games connected with the hunt of the Caledonian Boar, which she first wounded, or per-

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haps to the marriage of Peleus. The fragment is in its way as singular as the supper of Horace, and the translator has been driven to circumlocution to escape the announcement of mixtures of oil and honey, and messes of frumenty or firmity porridge, just as Pope was compelled to evade the assimilation of Ajax to a certain stentorophonous animal.

1.

'The twin-born progeny of Jove possess'd
Coursers of lofty strain, the fleetest and the best;
Phlogias and Harpagus of winged speed
Hermes bestow'd, of the Podarga breed;
Exalithus and Cyllarus were given
By the high Consort of the King of heaven.

2.

'Amphiaraus in the Racer's art
Excell'd, and Meleager with the Dart.

3.

' * * * Gifts prepare,
Bring presents worthy of the Virgin Fair:
Confections from the Olive and the Bee,
The mess of Wheat, and cakes of Sesame:
The Honey-comb of golden hue produce,
Bring all the choicest dainties for her use.

4.

'A Vase of massive gold, where wondrous shine
Vulcanean labours and the Hand divine:
This Gift to Bacchus grateful Vulcan bore,
His guest on Naxos' hospitable shore;
The same to Thetis grateful Bacchus gave,
His guardian Goddess on the ocean wave,
When fierce Lycurgus down the Naxian steep
Drove the young God for shelter to the deep;
Next, the sad gift of Thetis to her Son,
To hold his ashes when his race is run.'

VIII. ΕΡΙΦΥΛΑ.—*Eriphyle.*

Eriphyle was the wife of Amphiaraus, who through her treachery went to the Theban war, and perished. (1.) This event can scarcely refer to the Epigoni, as has been supposed; this being directly contrary to the speech of Sthenelus to Agamemnon in the Iliad. The healing art cannot be supposed to be exercised except upon persons recently dead, and in the present case may have been connected with the death of Amphiaraus.

1.

'By healing art divine the deed is done,
By daring Æsculapius, Pæan's son:
Though by the Fates' decree the Heroes fall
Fore-doom'd to die before the Theban wall;
Lycurgus breathes the vital air again,
And Capaneus by thunder scathed in vain;
By Gold suborn'd. * * *

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IX. EPITHALAMIUM OF PELEUS AND THETIS.

†1.

No longer, Muse, of battling Heroes tell,
The festive Dance with Me beseems thee well:
Come sing with Me a favour'd Bard of thine;
I sing the Nuptial Rites of Powers divine,
I sing the lordly Feasts that Mortals love,
I sing the Banquets of the Gods above;
And these, O Muse, the favourite Themes with thee,
Since our first early strains of Poesy.'

X. EPITHALAMIUM OF HELEN AND MENELAUS.

This piece acquired much celebrity, and gave rise to many imitators, and perhaps we may enumerate among them Catullus in his Epithalamium of Peleus and Thetis. (1.) The violet of antiquity seems to have been an iris, and our violet seems to have received the name from its three petals, the *sporting* of its colours, and the odour resembling parts of certain iridacæ.

†1.

'Myrtle and garlands of the Rose they fling
Into the passing chariot of the King;
Quinces they cast, and cast in showers the bloom
Of Flowers that shed the violet's perfume.

†2.

' * * * Next advance
The youths well skill'd to lead the Warlike Dance.'

XI. ΊΛΙΟΥ ΠΕΡΣΙΣ.—*The Fall of Troy.*

Notwithstanding the existence of the second book of the Æneid, the loss of this poem is much to be lamented. (2.) The poem included the story of the wooden horse, which was constructed by Epeius, probably a slave of mechanical genius rescued from servile duties by the pity of Clytemnestra or Helen. From the wooden horse sumpter-mules seem to have been called Epeius, and the name may have been given as a nickname to certain slaves. (6.) This will remind our readers of the Coat Armour in the Seven against Thebes; the Dolphin, probably, refers to the simile in the river battle of the Iliad. (11.) Virgil represents Æneas as ready to destroy Helen, and in the present case the poet may have alluded to the fate threatened by Hector to Paris. (13.) Medusa formed part of a group at Delphi. (16.) Later writers have called Hector the son of Apollo on the authority of Stesichorus, possibly misunderstanding some metaphor.

†1.

' * * * On Thee I call
Who shak'st the Gates of the embattled wall.

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2.

'Jove's Daughter pities as he ever brings
The servile weight of waters for the Kings;
Epeius He, condemn'd to swell the state
Of Atreus' sons by too severe a fate.

3.

'The Heroes' Names it boots not to relate,

* * * *

4. 'A Hundred to the Horse confide their fate.

†5.

'Unmitigated sufferings have I borne.

†6.

'Laertes' Son Ulysses stood reveal'd,
The sea-born Dolphin figur'd on his Shield.

†7.

' * * * They throw
Their powerful darts in showers against the foe.

†8.

'The very boldest of the race of men.

†9.

'And in his hand the slaughter-pointed spear.

†10.

'A chief conspicuous with the snow-white steeds.

11.

'Arm'd with the stony shower, the desperate crew
Rush headlong to inflict the vengeance due:
In Beauty arm'd the bright Adultress stands,
And Stones drop harmless from their lifted hands.

†12.

'The precious mountain-brass of Orichalc.

13.

'Medusa, daughter of the Trojan King,
Is seen low seated on the earth to cling,
The Laver clasping in her desperate hands;

* * * *

14. 'There Clymene, her captive Sister stands.

15.

'But Hecuba the Queen, Apollo bore
To distant Lycia's hospitable shore;

* * * *

16. 'Mother of Hector, loved as Phœbus' son.

†17.

'And having brought the dread destruction down.'

XII. ΝΟΣΤΟΙ.—*The Returns from Troy.*

The existence of this desiderated companion to the Odyssey

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was discovered by Kleine. (6.) The singular epithet is said to refer to the early inhabitants of Rhodes, notorious for envy and malignity. (12.) Amphilochus, on his return from Troy, founded a colony.

†1.

' * * * Hear,
Tuneful Calliope, and now draw near.

2.

' The reckless madness of the Chiefs I tell,
And all the varied fortunes that befell;
* * * *

3. ' How some lay buried in the Ocean-tide,
How some to foreign climes were drifted wide,
And how for some their happier Fates ordain
To see their loved, their native homes again;
* * * *

4. ' The Capharæan rocks, where vessels lie
Sad victims of the Nauplian treachery;
* * * *

5. ' The crash of rocks erratic, and the shore
Where the wild eddies of Charybdis roar.
* * * *

†6. ' Events of dismal gloom, Telchinian woes,
Of human kind the ever-envious foes.

7.

' Fair Aristomache, in wedlock won
By Critolaus, Hicetaon's son,
Daughter of Priam's own imperial line.
* * * *

†8.

' The mighty God of ocean, he who leads
The tramp of hollow-hoof'd, high-bounding steeds.

†9.

' * * * The breeze propitious brings
The Halcyons with healing on their wings;
O'er the soothed Seas they wheel and disappear,
The Pleiads ruling now the rolling year.

†10.

' And Penelops the duck of varied plume.

11.

' Now Mesonyx affords a planet light.

†12.

' * * * When thus began
Amphilochus, " Melampus the divine
Sprang with Myself from one ancestral line;
He gat Antiphates,—Oicles he,—
Amphiaraus in the next degree
Oicles' honour'd heir,—the Sire of Me." '

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XIII. HELEN.

The satirical invective against Helen was probably a poem of a lighter nature than the present, more in unison with the 'Palinodia,' and forming a sort of first part to that production.

†1.

' * * * Inspire,
O Muse, presiding o'er the tuneful lyre.

†2.

' Icarius, Aphareus, Lysippus stood,
Own brothers all of Tindarus's blood;
Gorgophone, the child of Perseus bore
To Perieres all the honour'd four;
From famed Cynortes Perieres came,
And Hyacinthus own'd an uncle's name.

†3.

' Pisa the city Perieres reared.

†4.

' When Tindarus made solemn sacrifice
To all the high Olympic deities,
The hapless Sire forgot the rights alone
Due to the Goddess of the golden zone!
Hence Venus vengeful, to chastise the Sire,
Upon the beauteous daughters turn'd her ire;
Hence burn'd the double, and the triple flame,
Forgotten hence the husband's honour'd name.

5.

' For the soil'd feet the tepid stream to hold,
A vase of silver-slag, of rudely-fashion'd mould.'

XIV. ΠΑΛΙΝΩΙΔΙΑ ΕΙΣ 'ΕΛΕΝΑΝ.—*Palinodia, or the Recantation to Helen.*

This poem of Stesichorus was of great celebrity among the ancients, and even gave rise to a proverb respecting those who (to use our elegant phraseology) are 'forced to eat their own words.' An attempt is here made to reconstruct the Palinodia from the scattered references in Horace, Isocrates, Pausanias, Suidas, Conon, Plato, Maximus Tyrius, Athenæus, Philostrates, Cicero, and various scholiasts, though of the poet himself we actually possess only three or four scattered lines. The ancients were sometimes cruelly literal, as much so as our northern neighbours are said to be, or our American brethren, of which last a distinguished writer complains that he did not find any one who could take a joke until he reached the boatmen on the Mississippi. Horace, however, himself a writer of much humour, perfectly entered into the spirit of the 'Palinodia.' According to Canon Tait, he began his literary career by imitating the old

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coarse and prosaic Roman satirists, and, among other satires, very grossly attacked Gratidia, under the name of Canidia. By the advice of Mecænas he then began to imitate Archilochus and the other Greek satirists in his book of Epodes, which were still sufficiently coarse. Among others, he imitated Stesichorus, first writing an ode of inimitable slander on the beforementioned lady, and immediately following it by another under the name of 'Palinodia,' in which he directly refers to the poet whom he imitated:—

> 'Tu pudica, tu proba,
> Perambulabis astra sidus aureum.
> Infamis Helenæ Castor offensus vice,
> Fraterque magni Castoris, victi prece,
> Adempta vati reddidere lumina.'—Ep. 17.

Horace from this point was naturally led to imitate the Greek lyric poets. On commencing his odes, it seems that he fell in love with Gratidia's daughter, and we find among them a *bona fide* recantation in the 'O matre pulchra filia pulchrior.' Autoleon, called also Leonymus, by a play upon his name, was probably a friend of Stesichorus, who had taken part in an engagement against the Locrians. These people our bard detested, and fired off a fable against them, so that the whole story of Autoleon and Ajax is probably as much a piece of banter as that of himself and Helen. The island of Leuce, where Achilles had a temple, was near the Delta of the Danube, called little Egypt; and it would be odd enough if the story of Helen's sojourn in Egypt originated in the same mistake as the popular notion, that the gypsies, when driven out of little Egypt, had come from the Delta of the Nile. (8.) A scholiast tells us that Stesichorus applied the expression which related to the voluntary departure of Helen, to his separation from his own mistress; but we have, doubtless, given the fragment its true location, though Stesichorus may have humorously quoted himself on some such occasion. The story of Castor and Pollux protecting Simonides may have originated from this Palinodia.

1.

'Accursed the prostituted Lyre,
That roused the Jove-born Twins to ire!
Deprived of sight, I mourn the name
Of Helen soil'd with deeds of shame.

* * *

2. 'In troubled dream with fear and awe
The frowning demigods I saw,
And starting from my sleep I lay
Searching in vain the light of day.

* * *

3. 'The stroke was from a hand Divine;
My counsel from the Delphic shrine.

* * *

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4. ‘ Autoleon for himself and Me,
Hied to the healing Deity,
Autoleon by a wound distress'd,
Unheal'd and rankling in the breast,
Wounded when laurel'd fields he sought
Where Locri and Crotonians fought.

* * *

5. ‘ He of the lofty Lion-name
At last to mystic Delphi came;
Replies the Power, “ No hopes avail
Till you to distant Leuce sail!
Offended Ajax then may pity,
And bards may learn a different ditty.”
The desert Leuce next was won,
Sacred to Thetis' godlike son;
Shades of Ajaces there were seen,
The Less and he of giant mien,
Achilles there, and at his side
The chaste, the lovely Spartan Bride.

* * *

6. ‘ Warn d that to Ajax still belong
Our Locri of the courteous tongue,
Or heal'd by Ajax or the sea,
He brought a warning back to Me,
“ From Helen tell that Poetaster,
To Me he owes the due disaster;
He shall recant those calumnies,
And he shall laud me to the skies!”

* * *

7. ‘ Oh, Helen! Queen of Beauty thou!
And faithful to the marriage vow!

†8. ‘ [Blindly I sang,] “ With willing heart
Did Helen from her home depart:”

* * *

9. ‘ 'Tis false! for never Dardan oars
Did Helen bear to Trojan shores;

* * *

10. ‘ The faithless Paris put to sea
With a dead Image, shaped like Thee!

* * *

11. ‘ The Twins propitious hear the righteous Lay;
Again I now behold the Light of day.’

XV. 'ΟΡΕΣΤΕΙΑ.—*The Story of Orestes.*

This piece was in two parts; (6.) is mentioned as being in the second part. (4.) Our poet does not lay the scene in Argos or Mycenæ. (5.) Our poet does not give the received name of the nurse. (7.) Agamemnon was the son of Pleisthenes.

1.

‘ In every mouth the cheerful song
Should to the Graces now belong,
Song of the Graces golden-tress'd,
Soft song in Phrygian measure dress'd;

* * *

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†2. For now the genial Spring is here,
And, Hark! the Swallow twitters near.

†3.

* * * And sing once more
'The theme old Xanthus sang before.

4.

'In lofty Lacedæmon stood
Atrides' palace, scene of blood.

5.

'Laodamia, she whose tender care
Had foster'd Agamemnon's infant heir.

6.

'Letters, the fruit of Palamedes' art,
Are fitting means the counsel to impart.

7.

'In Clytemnestra's visions of the night
Dreams of foreboding horror blast the sight;
His crest besmear'd with blood a Dragon rear'd,
And then Pleisthenides the king appear'd.

8.

'Of feather'd shafts a formidable store,
By Phœbus self-bestow'd, Orestes bore.

†9.

'The God of Day delights in sport and song;
To Pluto grief and moaning groans belong!

* * *

†10. Bootless to mourn where every hope has fled,
Vainest of Vanities to mourn the Dead!

* * *

†11. The Dead we never shall behold again,
Their favour faded from the face of men.'

XVI. 'ΡΑΔΙΝΑ.—*Radine, an Elegy.*

Of the real history of this poem we know nothing. It seems to have been one of the class Δημώματα, which we should call ballads. The era chosen must have been during the regal government of Corinth, perhaps before the founding of Syracuse. Cephalonia was one of the islands which formerly received the name of Samos. Strabo supposes it to be a tribute to the memory of the brother and cousin of Radine, put to death by the king of Corinth.

1.

'"Come, sacred Muse, begin the song,
To thee the tuneful notes belong;
Let Samos and her Sons inspire
The lovely lay and lovely lyre.

* * *

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2. ‘ Up springs the gentle western breeze
To waft Radine o'er the seas,
From her own Samos sailing o'er
To regal Corinth's distant shore,
Where Corinth's King with longing arms
Impatient waits her Bridal charms.

‘ The same breeze summons to depart
The Brother of Radine's heart,
Sent on an embassy divine,
To distant Delphi's hallow'd shrine.

‘ Her Kinsman hastens, too, to grace
The bridal games and chariot race,
And at fair Corinth sighs to dwell
Near her that he had loved too well.

‘ The furious Husband has decreed
Brother and Kinsman both shall bleed.

‘ The Chariot by his stern command
Conveys the dead from off the land;
But soon the pangs of conscience burn,
The Dead are summon'd to return.

‘ The funeral rites are duly paid,
And low in peaceful earth the dead are laid.’

XVII. ΚΑΛΥΚΑ.—*Calyce, an Ode.*

The unsullied purity of Stesichorus in sentiment and expression is very remarkable. Calyce can scarcely have been considered by the poet the daughter of Æolus, as would appear from the nature of her prayer and its result, and from the probably invented name of Evathlus. The ‘ Lover's Leap,’ in the ‘Spectator,’ will repay a perusal.

1.

‘ “ O Venus! hear a Lover's prayer,
Be suppliant Calyce thy care;
A maiden seeks thy honour'd shrine,
And no unhallow'd love be mine;
Or I Evathlus' wedded wife,
Or may I quit a loathed life!”

‘ Thus Calyce her prayer preferr'd,
No Power divine propitious heard;
Nor could her purer passion move,
Evathlus scorned her maiden love.

‘ Where spreads the wide Thessalian plain,
And Æolus's ancient reign.

‘ She, where Leucate overhangs the tide,
Plunging down desperate—a Virgin died.’

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XVIII. DAPHNIS, A BUCOLIC.

This branch of poetry is said to have been invented by Stesichorus, the Father of the Sicelides Musæ.

1.

'I mourn the Shepherd Daphnis robb'd of sight,
Doom'd by a Goddess Nymph to endless night.

2.

'Fair Clonia's slighted love to hate had grown;
Her Shepherd Daphnis stands transform'd to stone.'

XIX. ΥΜΝΟΣ ΕΙΣ ΠΑΛΛΑΔΑ.—*Hymn to Minerva.*

(1.) does not with certainty belong to Stesichorus, but the style is his. (2.) This picture of Minerva is said to have originated with our poet, but is found on Etruscan remains.

1.

'Pallas, the dreadful Goddess, rules the lyre;
Pallas that sets the martial soul on fire,—
The Power that lays the haughty Cities waste,—
That rouses slumbering battle,—Goddess Chaste,—
Jove's mighty Daughter,—skilled the Steed to tame,—
Minerva! awful, all-unrivall'd Name!

†2.

'From Jove's own Head, forth to the light of day
Minerva leap'd in all her arm'd array.

†3.

'Typhœus sprang from Juno, sprang from Her,
To vengeance roused against the Thunderer.'

XX. FABLES.

The versatility of Stesichorus' genius was unrivalled among the Greeks, and only equalled by that of the inexhaustible Ovid among the Romans. His fables seem to have been all of a political character. It has been questioned whether they were written in prose or verse; but we may conclude from the general tone of his writings, and from the precedents set by others, that he would compose them in verse, except when a fable was delivered as part of a public speech. He may have quoted on such an occasion the fable of some other writer. That of the Horse and Stag we know has passed through several hands, such as Æsop in his defence of the demagogue. It was not unusual to degrade poetical fables into the form of prose. An industrious person might possibly pick out some loose Iambic measure from the second and third fables which seem to possess the *disjecti membra poetæ*. Socrates in prison asked for the poems of Stesichorus, and may have been led by these to compose some fables of his own. (4.) The Cicada of the ancients was not our grasshopper.

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1. ΄ΙΠΠΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΄ΕΛΑΦΟΣ.—*The Horse and the Stag.*

'A Stag comes trampling and destroys
The meadow which a Horse enjoys;
The Horse for vengeance cries to Man—
"Assist to punish, if you can."
Replies the Man, "Wear you this Bridle,
These javelins shall not be idle!"
The Horse agrees, the Bridle wears,
And on his back the Hunter bears:
But for revenge he look'd in vain,
And never was he free again.
Ye Himeræans, think of this,
Nor seek revenge through Phalaris;
From you he holds supreme command,
A Bridle ready in his hand!
To make the Fable aptly fit,
Give him a Body-guard for Bit!
Then fairly mounted on your back,
Your master he—and you his hack!!'

2. *The Horse and the Doe.*

'A pasture smiled in green, and near
A rivulet flow'd sweet and clear;
A roving Doe, that chanced to pass,
The fountain foul'd, and trod the grass;
A Horse to whom the field belongs,
Burns to avenge these heinous wrongs.
The Doe he finds too fleet to chase,
A Hunter meets, and states his case:
Quoth Hunter, "Were I on your back,
And were you bridled on her track,
We both could soon chastise this Foe:"
He mounts, and spears the hapless Doe.
The Horse revenged found out too late
Himself reduced to servile state.
'Ye Democrats, I fear that you
And Himera the like may rue:
You hate your betters, and you call
For Gelon's help to crush them all;
For this a Body-guard he craves,
And you may find that you are slaves.'

3. ΓΕΩΡΓΟΣ ΚΑΙ ΄ΑΕΤΟΣ.—*The Eagle and the Husbandman.*

'As sixteen labourers toil'd together,
And harvested in sultry weather,
They sat them down to rest and dine,
Athirst for water to their wine;
So one is sent away to bring
The water from a neighbouring spring.
Away he hies at their command,
Flagon on shoulder, hook in hand.
And there he spies an eagle lying
In a snake's folds just strangled, dying!
The eagle hoped a prey to make,
And found himself outmatch'd by snake;

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The king of birds by snake is beaten;
Not now to eat,—perhaps be eaten:
Unlike old Homer's birds, the brood
All gape, and gape in vain for food.
The countryman has heard that Jove
Sends birds on errands from above,
That eagles do his high behest,
And snake he knows a hateful beast,
He takes his hook, cuts snake asunder,
And liberates the Bird of Thunder!
Work done of supererogation,
Water he draws in his vocation;
Water he mixes with the wine,
And hands about for all to dine:
The thirst is great, 'tis high noon-tide,
The draughts are deep, and often plied.
Our Countryman had served the rest,
Nor sat with them to share the feast;
At last he dines, and raises up
With eager thirst the cooling cup;
The Eagle sees, he pounces down,
Upsets the cup, and straight is gone!
The Countryman indignant cries,
As off the well-known Eagle flies,
"Oh! is this conduct right or just?
Who now in Jove will put his trust?
And who again will act like me,
Or set his captive eagles free?"
He spoke,—he turn'd, and then saw lying
The rest convulsed, in torture dying!
Snake-poison in the stream was laid,
The bird the boon of life repaid.

'[Since much to you, my friends, I owe,
Unwelcome counsel I bestow;
'Tis good—adopt, nor bear so hard
Upon your faithful Eagle-Bard.]'

To the Locrians on their use of foul language:—

4. *The Grasshoppers.*

'[Day after day, and year by year,
Chattering, chirping, far and near,
Some Grasshoppers a house surround
And din the owner with the sound.
These grasshoppers delight in trees
To chirp and chatter at their ease:
So quoth our friend, "You villain vermin!
This nuisance I'll at once determine:
Your Trees I'll fell, and then you may
In humbler quarters sing away!"']

'Hush, Locrians! or far and near
Dwellings and Trees may disappear;
Then Grasshoppers, ill-omen'd sound,
Shall sing to You,—and from the ground.'

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XXI. HYMNS TO BACCHUS, PÆANS, PANEGYRICS, EPITAPHS, &c.

Of the miscellaneous compositions of all sorts, we can only say that some of the preceding fragments may belong to them.

1. *Solar Eclipse.*

'The loftiest, greatest Star, before so bright,
Now lurks conceal'd, his noonday turn'd to night;
Where once the sun his dazzling radiance shed,
Are paths of black eclipse with darkness overspread.'

2. *The Himera.*

'The Himeræan waters there divide,
Rolling two currents to the ocean-tide;
One enters where the Tuscan billows sweep,
One swells the surges of the Libyan deep.
* * * *

†3. 'A Hostelry, the favourite resort
Of Mariners at the Trinacrian port.'

Opinions apparently the most absurd, are sometimes founded on truth. Our readers will recollect the memorable complaint of Horace respecting the estimation in which the older writers were held; the absurdity of which he attempts to prove by deducting one year after another, *demo etiam unum*, until he reaches his own time. But, independent of historical interest, an actual and real value in composition is derived from its mere antiquity. If we take a work of the reign of Queen Elizabeth for example, an old play, an old poem, an old piece of vituperative declamation, we find such a raciness in the expression, and such an originality in the idiom and ideas running through the whole, as make what was utterly common-place at the time, new and striking to *us*. How much more forcibly, then, must the remark apply to the best writers of a more remote antiquity! When we take up such a work as that of Kleine, we are struck with an impression similar to that of Dawkins, when he came suddenly upon the ruins of Tadmor in the wilderness. Here a noble pillar lies prostrate, there a rich capital; here a mutilated inscription, there a flight of steps leading to the scattered fragments of a temple still to be traced in outline; every where broken remnants of sublimity and beauty; and, whatever may be said of the natural, in the intellectual ruin more may yet be discovered. We must not imagine that this branch of literature is yet exhausted. Much of interest remains to be done; fragments to be amended, and their purport and relation illustrated; every correction and addition throwing new light on the whole. In matters of this nature much industry is required. There must be a systematic research for *testimonia* through all the ancient writers, such especially as have ever proved their acquaintance with a particular author by any quotation not at second hand; and also a critical examination of quotations

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unappropriated to any author by name. Precious fragments have been found in the most unexpected quarters. We have seen published in our own day the dull and shallow remarks of old grammarians sparkling with gems not their own. The present Bishop of Lincoln, Dr. Kaye, in his analysis of Clemens Alexandrinus, mentions the interest attached to that writer for scholars, from the many classic references to be found in his works. Sometimes Greek writers may be traced in unacknowledged translations. Catullus thus gives us literally an exquisite ode of Sappho, while Horace does not name Alcæus, when he writes—

'Nullam, Vare, sacrâ vite prius severis arborem;'

nor Virgil the predecessors, of whom he does not scruple to make free use. We are even told that, at the revival of letters, some scholars destroyed ancient manuscripts, and published copies of them as their own. Some ancient writers have come down to us through the hands of an abridger, as was Justin the historian; others have been paraphrased, as were the Epistles of S. Ignatius, and in such a shape that the worthy and perverse Whiston insists upon the original being an abridgement. The early Christian writers are often merely fragmentary from the well-known persecution of their books as treasonable against the state, and blasphemous towards the heathen deities. In the case of the fables which pass under the name of Æsop, and, perhaps, in that of others, poetry has been converted into prose. A German scholar publishes a Babrius of his own, extorted from the *Disjecti Membra Poetæ*, when, behold, the original Babrius is discovered in the East, and published at Paris, affording an amusing criticism on classical conjectures, and enabling our own Mr. Murray to publish a chastised and most elegant collection of fables. Sometimes ancient works have been detected as translations into the Semitic tongues, of which a work of Eusebius, lately brought to light, affords an example. It cannot be doubted that, in eastern libraries, some few valuable works yet remain to be discovered. Epigrams, which have come down to us from antiquity, have appeared again as inscriptions; and lately, the greater part of a long hymn to Isis has turned up in this manner. The peculiar nature of mathematical research has enabled the moderns to recover many of the lost writings of the ancients, and the very remarkable restoration of the Porisms is celebrated among men of science. In existing libraries, we have Palimpsest MSS., out of which we have gleaned fragments of Cicero, Fronto, and others; and this seems to be a sort of propensity in human nature, as indicated by the re-used slabs of cuneiform inscriptions at Nineveh, and our own mediæval brasses. The

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newspapers would, moreover, lately have us believe that the foot of an Apelles or Zeuxis was detected peeping from beneath the over-laid drapery of a mediæval saint. This resource is almost untouched; and it is to be lamented that a due examination of the Vatican, the Escurial, and other repositaries of learning, would require the very rare combination of high classical scholarship, antiquarian research, mechanical tact, indefatigable industry, great leisure, and a good income.

From the tombs of Egypt we have recovered scraps of Homer, and more recently a Greek orator; and we need not despair of future acquisitions from the land of the Ptolemies, and of the Alexandrian library. The works of Aristotle were once buried by his family. But these voluntary entombments are nothing, when compared with the devastation of an earthquake at Smyrna, or with the destruction of Herculaneum. Amidst the ruins of the latter, a library has been found, and another by a bare possibility may be detected; unhappily, the library in question belonged to a metaphysical philosopher, and the unrolling of the MSS. has been most costly, tardy, and discouraging. Sir Humphrey Davy went over to offer the aid of his chemical skill, but they contrived very judiciously not to put the best specimens into the hands of a gentleman who was in the habit of smashing retorts during the impulsive fervour of operating genius.

We ought, however, to be very thankful that so much is left.

'Arma virum, tabulæque, et Troia gaza, per undas.'

And to Christianity, in common with every great and good influence that could tend to promote human happiness and civilization, is the boon due. Christianity has taken upon herself for ever the maintenance of the learning connected with the Semitic, and Greek, and Roman tongues. Vulgar uneducated fanaticism may ignorantly undervalue those tongues, and foolishly endeavour to supplant them; but while Christian learning and scholarship exist, their study must exist also.

The translation of the Holy Scriptures into all languages will, in the same manner, be eventually of incalculable value to ethnology, to the fixing of semi-barbarous tongues, and to the easy acquisition of any language whatever, through the medium of compositions common to them all. We say this, however, with a caution against what has already happened; we mean their translation into certain hideous jargons, which are in no sense language, and which are entirely unfit for any representation of the sacred ideas, and the peculiar spiritualities of the Gospel. The most inveterate enemy of the monastic system will not deny that conventual establishments were in their day the last refuge and citadel of assailed learning; neither can it be disputed that, on the fall of Constantinople, and the revival of letters, the sun of

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human civilization shone brightest in Italy under the Medici, when the discovery of a manuscript was hailed as the discovery of a treasure beyond all value; and a scholar died broken-hearted on the loss of his collections in the East. Printing just came in time to aid the development of learning; or, perhaps, we should rather say, was forced into existence, like other inventions, by the demand.

We cannot conclude this article without looking into the future, with regard to the continued existence of valuable works now within our reach. We are accustomed to consider the past as a series of great geological eras in social existence, which can never recur again, and look upon ancient writers as if they were a sort of Plesiosauri existing in our strata and museums. But we must not deceive ourselves. Lyall's doctrine that the causes of great geological changes are still in operation every where, is unquestionably true in the social world; and posterity may search in vain for a Didus, or Deinornis, or Mastodon Giganteum, now in existence. Very recently, the unique Icelandic collections at Copenhagen were burnt; and we daily hear of valuable libraries belonging to the nobility and gentry meeting with a similar fate. It is notorious, that there are many works, of which a single copy only is known to exist, such as the Hamlet in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire, and the volume of Prynne, lately in the Stow collection, while works are reprinted on that very account by some of our antiquarian societies. Their proceedings, however, remind us of the colloquy between Time and Hearne the Antiquary:—

> '.... Quoth Time to Thomas Hearne,
> "Whatever I forget, you learn."
> .... Cries Hearne, in furious fret,
> "Whate'er I learn, you'll soon forget."'

It has, in fact, become a regular practice to print a very limited number of copies of curious books, for the avowed object of making them rare.

The publications of the provincial and periodical press in the present day, sometimes of a high order, disappear almost as fast as they are printed; and posterity will search in vain for narratives and discussions, which will have an interest for *them* inconceivable to contemporaries. Who could imagine that broadsides, and penny publications, and a printed volume of old ballads, should be now among the forlorn *desiderata* of our literature? Valuable works fall very frequently dead-born from the press, while accident or favouritism forces into notice works about which posterity will care little. Meanwhile, a system of active Vandalism is at work every where, not to be surpassed by civic authorities, or even by churchwardens. A new Palimpsest process has been announced for discharging the print of old

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books, and re-manufacturing the paper. Thousands, and tens of thousands of tons, are yearly torn up without scruple or discrimination, to be used as waste paper by seedsmen, grocers, and bacon-vendors; and sales are attended for the purpose of purchasing works that sell below a certain weight per pound. Then the very ingenious Mr. Frederick Strong, of Grafton-place, Euston-square, has invented, in addition, the rapidly extending profession of a literary anatomist, who dissects rare books and periodicals, and disposes of the mutilated limbs to persons who may be collecting topography, or biography, or aëronautics, or somnambulism, or illustrations of the life of Wesley, or Bamfylde Moore Carew, or any thing, or body, else which may happen to strike their fancy. In the meantime, there are great works of inestimable value, such as the earlier Philosophical Transactions, and those of other learned bodies, journals, and travels, which will never be reprinted, and in respect of which we are satisfied with the power of reference.

But, after all, it will be said, that the use of gunpowder must prevent society from ever being overrun again by uncivilized hordes of Goths, Vandals, Visigoths, Huns, and Tartars; but, alas! either politically, socially, or intellectually, this is an utter delusion. The plain truth is, that the different classes or strata of society, from the highest to the lowest, though speaking the same language, may, to all intents and purposes, be considered as so many distinct nations, widely differing in habits, sentiments, moral principle, education, and opinions. The outbreak of a horde of red republicans, or English socialists, would bear every character of a barbaric invasion; and Burke very truly asks, what savage hordes would have treated France worse than its democratic revolutionists. The vulgar instinct of each social stratum is to invade the stratum above it, except as far as self-control may be induced by moral and religious principle, by a feeling of natural dignity and self-respect, or by a fear of the social stratum below. A rapid growth of wealth and prosperity is usually attended with social danger. This was seen in the reigns of Charles I. and Louis XVI., when violent convulsions placed gigantic resources at the command of the grasping and unscrupulous despotisms that followed, and were composed only by the exhaustion produced. In our own country, the quadrangles of colleges have been ankle-deep in torn books and manuscripts; ruffians were hired to break the richest stained glass, and destroy the carved work of God's temples 'with axes and hammers;' and it was proposed to annihilate all the records of the kingdom; while, in our own day, we have seen a determination expressed in a democratic publication, that the success of its party should be certainly followed by the burning of Westminster Abbey, and probably of the British Museum.

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ART. II.—1. *Notes from Life.* *By* HENRY TAYLOR, *Esq.* London: Murray.

2. *Eve of the Conquest and other Poems.* *By* HENRY TAYLOR, *Esq.* London: Moxon.

IT has been truly said, that the world has little to do with habits or modes of authorship, the quick or the slow, the deliberate or the impulsive. Whether a writer strikes off a thought in a happy moment of inspiration, or brings it to gradual perfection by the annealing process of meditation and time, is a small matter to the reader: what he is concerned with is the result; if that be good, we regard all means of attaining it with equal respect. It comes but to the question, at what period was the necessary thought gone through—at the time, or beforehand? For every work worthy to live is the fruit of thought and reflection in their largest sense. It may be the hoarded musings and visions of youth, brooded over since childhood, and flashing into sudden life and maturity when their time comes; or the more conscious workings at the period of composition of a thoughtful and comprehensive mind. Inquiry into such matters is curious and interesting as a question of Psychology, but the value of the work itself is not affected by it. Whether Dryden was a fortnight in composing his 'Alexander's Feast,' as Johnson reports, or but a single night, as seems more probable, a night of inspiration leaving the old bard 'in an unusual agitation of spirits even to a trembling,' does not affect the intrinsic merits of that wonderful ode—it is equally a noble poem. 'We 'have no mode,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'of estimating the exer-'tions of a quality so capricious as a poetic imagination; the 'finished work alone proves the power and the degree and mea-'sure of the gift.'

Such being the case, we believe it to be the best policy of authors to keep back from an inquisitive public the processes by which their labours have been accomplished, and in presenting the fruits of their toil, to hold in obscurity the efforts they have cost them. Any allusion to the machinery of thought and meditation seems to justify criticism, and lays them open to the consequences of their confession. If a writer boasts of rapidity in composition, we may then lay every weak line to careless haste, or arrogant self-confidence; if he pleases himself by dwelling on his deliberation, and the fastidiousness of his taste prompting him to frequent modification and rejection, we are

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led to look curiously for an adequate result of so much pains, and to miss that free spontaneous flow of thought which represents in the popular mind the gift of genius. A poet's mind, we say, should be a sort of feast, an inexhaustible profusion, even though the very abundance prevents perfect order in the display. We ought to be able to say of him as of Nature, and as was said of our greatest early poet, 'Here is God's plenty.' Thus it happens that we do not thank the poet for his pains: we are apt not to value the care he has taken to please, nor to estimate his success as highly as if it were the fruit of a happy accident, or a native felicity of execution; which we might possibly have believed it to be, had not the author himself been at the trouble to undeceive us. However, this same success certainly justifies the introduction of the delicate subject self, and what we have said is rather advice to authors for their own sake, than from any discontent at our being taken so far into an author's confidence.

Mr. Taylor, in his two recent works, has admitted us into some of the secrets of his mode of composition. The volume of poems begins appropriately with a rhymed dedication, of which we give the opening lines:—

'To the Hon. Mrs. Henry Taylor.

'Dear Alice, through much mockery of your's,
(Impatient of my labours long and slow,
And small results that I made haste to show
From time to time,) you scornfullest of reviewers,
These verses work'd their way: "Get on, get on,"
Was mostly my encouragement. But I,
Dead to all spurring, kept my pace foregone,
And long had learnt all laughter to defy.'

Nor is the preface to the Essays less confidential. We are thus let into some of the secrets of dramatic writing:—

'My present work must be regarded as to some extent comprehended in the same design, that of embodying in the form of maxims and reflections the immediate results of an attentive observation of life . . . . . For more than twenty years I have been in the habit of noting these results as they were thrown up, when the facts and occurrences that gave rise to them were fresh in my mind.[1]

'A large portion of them I would more willingly have transfused into dramatic compositions. Year after year I have indulged the belief that I might find health, leisure, and opportunity, for doing so; nor do I yet relinquish the hope that I may gain the time for some further efforts of that nature before I lose the faculty. But the years wear away, and though I do not hold that youth is the poet's prime, yet I feel that after

[1] 'Some of the notes were originally made in verse, others were from time to time converted into verse to serve the purposes of dramatic or poetic works in progress or in contemplation: and I have not hesitated to quote the verses in illustration of the prose, as often as the versified form seemed to give a reflection, or an aphorism, a better chance of finding a resting-place in the memory of the reader.'

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youth the imagination cannot be put on and taken off with the same easy versatility—that a continuous absorption in the dramatic theme is more indispensable to its treatment; and that, consequently, such pursuits come to be less readily combined with other avocations. Other avocations I am unable to discard, and lest, therefore, I should never be in a condition to realize a better hope, I have put into the prosaic form such of my reflections on life as I have thought worthy in one way or another to be preserved.'•

'We, who are priests of Apollo,' says Dryden, 'must wait till the god comes rushing on us.' This may be Mr. Taylor's meaning in his own calmer language; when the god rushes on him he will write his drama. In the meanwhile we are let into the mode by which, applying the modern art of division of labour, he prepares himself for this event. He has his *thoughts* all ready, it is no injustice to say, 'cut and dried.' The plot, the action, and poetic diction, are all that he waits for till such time as inspiration and leisure shall attend him hand in hand. To simple people, like ourselves, who never attempted even a 'dramatic sketch,' we must repeat that we feel it a mistake to have given this insight into the secret of construction. All people have their own way of going to work, with which, as we have already said, the world has nothing to do; yet it would a good deal mar the pleasure of the uninitiated in reading dramatic works, if they were forced to believe that all those profound reflections, those deep insights into the innermost heart of man to be found in them, had been prepared beforehand by the author, and were not elicited in his own mind, as they profess to be by the characters who utter them, from the force of the occasion, and the energy of the scene, which the poet intensely realizes. We know how, in conversation, circumstances of interest, and the intimate collision and fusion of two minds, bring out their powers, and develop thought and fancy beyond what each separately seemed capable of. We believed that the poet, embodying his characters, could work the same wonder by the intimacy of his relation with these creatures of his imagination. It would be a disappointment to learn that those startling truths, those profoundest appeals to our sympathy, which delight us in Shakspere—those touches which seem suggested by the urgency of the occasion, by the inspiration, so to say, of some peculiar conjuncture, were in fact drawn out of his note-book; that he had skilfully led the conversation up to them, that they were not the natural fruit and consequence of that emergency. Nor can we believe it to be otherwise than as we fancy it; and that it is, in truth, the appropriateness of the saying that gives it its force and value. Shakspere struck while the iron was hot, he so vividly saw and realized as he went along that *his* nature was a step

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beyond that of other men. He not only wrote what men were likely to say, but what they *would* say, and how far these two differ any one may tell who takes the trouble to compare his expectations of any critical scene with the event. But to return to our subject.

It is a proverbial sign of genius to be able to make much of small materials, to produce a great work from means which appear to common minds wholly inadequate. If the promised tragedy is a great one, Mr. Taylor will prove himself a greater poet than even at present we esteem him; for his published storehouse of thought, as seen in 'Notes from Life,' must, we think, be universally held to be most inadequate for such a work. After what Mr. Taylor has already achieved, we, therefore, regard it as in some sort an injury to his high reputation to have published this volume of detached thoughts. They must disappoint his admirers; not that they do not contain much truth and good sense, but they do not satisfy expectation, nor come up to the estimate already formed of him. Few persons could have written 'Philip van Artevelde;' many—very many men could have made notes on life quite as true, quite as original, quite as instructive. It is a pity then to have thus paraded his materials, to have shown us an embryo labour. Mr. Taylor, even with his own estimate of the value of his lucubrations, should have remembered the old adage, that 'Fools and children should never see a work half done.'

To us it seems that many of these 'Notes from Life,' coming as they do from a distinguished writer, must be regarded rather as rough notes on subjects to be *thought about*, than actually the deep mature thoughts of a comprehensive mind — a series of common-places, first principles, truisms, which rhythm and the harmony of numbers must develop out of their present triteness into vigour and freshness. It has been plausibly said, that half the noblest passages in poetry are truisms. This we deny, but readily grant that divested of their point and their melody, and put into inharmonious prose, they may be. The sword is rusted into its sheath. The flash and edge, the keen penetrating force is gone. Its power is over. Truth is always fresh and always new. Truisms are truths cast into moulds; all the clear lines and edges are dulled and rounded off.

The following reflections in their present state we think to be truisms. We have heard them all before, and so had the author before he wrote them; nor do they seem to have gained any new grace or attractiveness in their passage through his individual mind. They are simply so much of the stock wisdom of the world, which no one for the last thousand years can appropriate as his own; and yet, in all the dignity of large type, and all the

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pretension of appearing on their own account,—not to confirm something else, but for their own intrinsic value,—they do seem to affect a certain degree of novelty. The first extract is on the subject of generosity:—

'All giving is not generous; and the gift of a spendthrift is not given in generosity; for prodigality is, equally with avarice, a selfish vice: nor can there be a more spurious view of generosity than that which has been often taken by sentimental comedians and novelists, when they have represented it in combination with recklessness and waste. He who gives only what he would as readily throw away, gives without generosity.; for the essence of generosity is in self-sacrifice.'

All this is exceedingly true, but we certainly knew it before.

Again, we have surely all of us known—it is, indeed, one of the standard and current maxims of the most ordinary observation and experience—that men would rather condemn themselves in the general than the particular. Mr. Taylor hardly appears aware that mankind have been beforehand in this discovery:—

'Besides the false humility under cover of which we desert the duty of censuring our fellow-creatures, there are others by which we evade, or pervert that of censuring ourselves. The most common of the spurious humilities of this kind, is that by which a general language of self-disparagement is substituted for a distinct discernment and specific acknowledgment of our real faults. The humble individual of this class will declare himself to be very incontestibly a miserable sinner; but, at the same time, there is no particular fault, or error, that can be imputed to him from which he will not find himself to be happily exempt. Each item is severally denied; and the acknowledgment of general sinfulness turns out to have been an unmeaning abstraction—a sum total of cyphers. It is not thus that the devil makes up his accounts.'

On the question of saving, Mr. Taylor says:—

'As to the *saving* of money—the saving like the getting should be intelligent of a purpose beyond: it should not be saving for saving's sake, but for the sake of some worthy object to be accomplished by the money saved, and especially we are to guard against that accumulative instinct, or passion, which is ready to take possession of all collectors."

Ritson, the caustic antiquary, in commenting on some brother critic, somewhere exclaims—'This lover of truth never wrote a truer line,—give me a lie with a spirit in it!' We would not, however, be understood as going along with him in this latter wish; believing, indeed, that truth well managed is quite as capable of spirit as the lies he longs for. On the subject of beauty Mr. Taylor says:—

'Wealth and worldly considerations have a good deal to do with the choice made in most marriages. It is commonly said that beauty, howsoever enchanting before marriage, becomes a matter of indifference after. But if the beauty be of that quality which not only attracts admiration, but helps to deepen it into love, I am not one of those who think that what charmed the lover is forthwith to be lost in the husband.'

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We own we should have been surprised if Mr. Taylor, a poet and philosopher, had been one 'of those.' There is, however, some fitness and propriety in subjoining a trite answer to a trite objection. Again, on the same subject:—

'The exception to be taken to beauty as a marriage portion, (if it be beauty of the highest order,) is not, therefore, that it can become otherwise than precious whilst it lasts, but rather that as it is precious so it is perishable; and that, let it be valued as it may, it may be accounted at the best but a melancholy possession.'

Of humility he says:—

'It is, indeed, chiefly in our intercourse with equals and superiors that our humility is put to the proof. When the *Servus Servorum* at Rome washes, according to annual usage, the feet of some poor pilgrims, the ceremony, if it be held to typify humility, should at the same time be understood to be typical of the easiest of all humilities.'

This is true in a *sense*, and certainly amongst the standard common-places in the matter of humility. Of pride it is said:—

'The proud man is of all men the most vulnerable, and, as there is nothing that rankles and festers more than wounded pride, he has much cause for fear.'

But it may be thought invidious thus to cull sentences apart from the context, which will be supposed to give them the dignity and novelty they want thus standing alone; and some of our readers may esteem the statements themselves to be so true and valuable that they may not object to meet with them more than once, thinking that in this world of lies we ought not to mind hearing the same truth now and then twice over. Indeed, we have felt this so much, that we have abstained from illustrating our meaning by such sentiments, as for example—'In extreme youth obedience should be the rule of the child'—'Passion is not to be taken for a guide in extreme youth,' &c.—because they do bear upon the context. Still we ask, is it not a misfortune to a style that it should be capable of this mode of treatment, that it may be broken up into trite forms of expression and separated into common-places? The reader's eye grows careless as it wanders over them, and attention and expectation languish. And in an essay we have an especial right to be critical. An essay on a given subject implies that the author has something new to say upon it. He undertakes, as it were, to start from where his predecessors in the theme left off; to give us not the collected wisdom and experience of ages, but his own private addition to the stock. Thus it may be considered among the most ambitious forms of composition. In others, the writer's wisdom comes in apropos to something else, and if it be to the point we do not so much look for novelty, (as a good steward

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must bring out of his treasure things old as well as new,) it bears upon the main topic but does not constitute it. But an essay should be as it were a sort of quintessence of inquiry, thought, and observation; if it be not this it is nothing. However, we are ready to grant that besides the large stock of matter 'respectable for its antiquity' to be found in the present volume, there is much that shows the workings of a thoughtful individual mind, some passages that are striking, and forcibly expressed, and many against which we cannot make the complaint of a too implicit agreement; to these we will revert in due time. It is in connexion with the question of style and power of expression that we have so far entered into the merits of his prose volume, not for the subjects on which it treats. Mr. Taylor does in verse possess the art of expressing his thoughts, which in prose he does not. That which takes hold of our thoughts in his poetry passes by them in his prose; it wants the arresting power. We are thus led into a comparison between the two.

It is, perhaps, the fashion of the present day to depreciate style too much, to separate thought from the mode of expression, as if this were an accidental excellence not affecting the intrinsic value of the idea. But we believe that every noble thought naturally invests itself with noble language, and that it would be a poet's unconscious habit thus to clothe in its very rise and creation whatever is most distinctive and characteristic in his own mind. It is not born, it is not complete, till it is so clothed. Thus we have not only Mr. Taylor's best form of expression, but actually his freshest and most original thoughts, in his poetry. He cannot turn at will lame prose into good verse. Feeling thus we cannot enter into views sanctioned by great names and plausible at first sight, of the unimportance of mere wording and choice of expression. We find Sir Walter Scott saying, 'We care as little for the minor arts of composition and 'versification as Falstaff did for the thews and sinews, and out-'ward composition of his recruits. It is "*the heart, the heart,*" 'that makes the poet as well as the soldier.' True, but the *heart* will speak out, and its outpourings will be in exact accordance with its dictates. In curious contrast with this sentiment of the modern bard is that saying of Cowley's, that the 'music of numbers sometimes, almost without anything else, makes an excellent poet.' Both sayings have in fact a partial truth. One is not more unfair than the other. Arts of versification, or a natural gift which acts intuitively upon them, are as essential to a good poem, and order and rhythm to good prose, as thought itself.

This may be made clear, we think, from the consideration that nothing *lives* that is not well expressed. Man, as man, is full

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of chaotic half-formed musings and dim aspirations. Genius gives life to these formless impulses—a local habitation and a name. Who can trace the source of this secret happiness? Wherein lies the power of words such as we all of us use for every common want, and to convey each insignificant intelligence? It is the birthright of genius to discern their hidden force and proprieties, to cull, to arrange, to compare, to set them in shining array, nicely fitted together, condensed, harmonious; so that henceforth for ever they live in that order and can never be displaced. Dante makes Casella sing his songs in the shadowy land, and heaven to ring with earth's divinest hymns; and surely it is in accordance with all our intimations and impressions, that the pure strains of our poets on earth shall still delight us in heaven.

There are, however, some who take a different view altogether of language. With another meaning, they think with Talleyrand, that it is made to conceal our thoughts; that it is so poor a medium, so inflexible, so barren, so external to ourselves, that it suppresses or misrepresents all our most recondite ideas, all our deepest impressions. They think that language frustrates their aims, and they have a natural spite against it. Were it not for these vile words, they seem to say, we should ourselves have been a poet. We honestly believe that in all these cases of declamation against language, as if it were little better vehicle for expression than the inarticulate sounds of animals, that if our friend would sit down, and in calm deliberation seek to express his exalted ideas in this 'jargon' of ours, he would find, and, if he were candid enough for the avowal, be forced to confess, that it was not after all *words* that he wanted, but definite thoughts. And it is well often to bring the mind to this severe scrutiny and ordeal; to convince ourselves that what disturbs and elevates us with a sense of suppressed greatness and genius, is often a sort of illusion, a crude and formless chaos. We shall find words for whatever is real; words in some proportion to the clearness and force of our ideas. We cannot in fact detach thoughts from the words that clothe them, any more than we can separate soul and body. A thought will not live unless it has this fitting body; we only know it to be higher, deeper, more stirring, more inspiring than the kindred speculations of other men, by some subtle indefinable grace in the *wording*, some beauty so mysterious and illusive that the smallest change does it grievous wrong. Let the reader take any line or passage which embodies to him an ideal of a noble or a beautiful thought, and let him, here and there, substitute words of what he thinks similar meaning. The charm is broken. Where is the suggestive power? where the magic key to his inmost heart? The words

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prove to have been like Samson's seven locks: the strength lay by some divine charm within them. The giant thought now lies weak as some other man's. We cannot suppose that the world is ever cheated of its best and greatest, merely from want of power of expression; that is, we cannot believe this to be a separate gift. There are not two classes, one that thinks and one that speaks. We are persuaded that the thinkers are the speakers—that the conception finds vent in eloquent expression, as the root in the flower; a man does not know what his own thought is like till he has given it the only form which in our present nature we can judge of it by—till he has invested it in language. Till we have this test we disregard what is called *promise*. The rose and the brier look alike in their first bare twigs; when the bloom comes, and not till then, can we distinguish them. There are writers who are called promising all their lives; who believe themselves and are supposed by others to be storehouses of noble, struggling, unexpressed ideas. One line of performance we hold to be more decisive of the poet or the philosopher than volumes of such promise.

Mr. Taylor has said that

'The world knows nothing of its greatest men;'

a sentiment which is often quoted, and which we believe owes much of its success to the easy flow of its wording and the compactness of its construction. It bears somewhat upon this question, and from it we might fear to have Mr. Taylor's authority in theory brought against us. For if any of the world's greatest men are great for their powers of thought, it must imply failure of expression on their part, that the world is still ignorant of them; for no one can say that the greatest thoughts greatly expressed, have passed unnoticed by the world. We can only express our entire dissent from the view, if we are to take greatness in its ordinary meaning. It may be quite true to say that many have died prematurely, or been suppressed, to begin with, by want of all education, who would, had they lived or been educated, have been greater than any actual great men that have been in the world. But if we are to understand by greatness, something actual and present, not merely embryo and perspective; the actual preeminence of certain high gifts and powers, bodily and mental, we discredit the dictum exceedingly. We feel convinced that there have been no greater poets than Shakspere of whom the world knows nothing; no greater philosophers, no greater men of science than those who have actually instructed us. But such reflections have given consolation to many unsuccessful aspirants for fame, who willingly believe anything rather than the fallacy of their own inward stirrings;

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and given consolation, too, to many a warm admiring friend and party of intimates, who in the close intercourse of friendship believe they see in their leader, and in each other, qualities beyond what may be discovered in men who have already won publicity and distinction. The fact being that such intercourse, confidential, exclusive, free and unrestrained, has a fascination which blinds the judgment and throws a false glose and unreal grandeur over all efforts of thought that are viewed under its light. But we have wandered very far from our main subject in a dissertation which was to introduce the mention of Mr. Taylor's last volume of poetry, and to convey our impression that verse is the natural home for whatever is original and distinctive in his thoughts. In the present slipshod days of verse, when many men publish a poem with as little care and deliberation, as little attention to the arts of versification, as if these were of no importance, or were expected to come of themselves without thought or pains; or who 'indulge themselves in the 'luxury of writing, and perhaps knew the neglect was a fault, 'but hoped the reader would not find it;' it is a positive gratification to meet with verse which bears marks of care, of skilful handling, of loving paternal correction. It is like the pleasure of watching a good workman at his trade. It is building the lofty rhyme instead of flinging together the rude heap of stones by which some hope to reach the clouds. We are obliged and flattered by a writer who at once respects himself and respects the judgment and capacity of his readers. And if we do not rank Mr. Taylor's efforts so high as some of his admirers, if we are not willing to call his deficiencies graces, and his poverty better than other men's wealth, we yet prize them for that they are, and feel grateful to him for pre-'serving the purity of the English,' and seeking with unwearying care to develop its dignity and its beauty, its finer turns and more hidden graces. Except certain lyrical poems inserted in his dramas, the present volume is, we believe, the only volume of poetry proper Mr. Taylor has given to the world. And the poem which gives its name to the volume, 'The Eve of the Conquest,' is somewhat dramatical in its structure. His field is blank verse; there his muse has her proper scope and exercise; and though there is much grace in his lyrical poems, we are constantly reminded in their perusal of certain unfitnesses inherent in his mind for this form of composition. We should even say that the principle on which he starts is adverse to it, that of addressing himself mainly to the understanding, and depreciating those pleasures which the senses and the feelings derive from poetry. He separates and comparatively disregards what he calls the luxuries of poetry, its charms and attractive

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graces, from its intellectual, and, as he thinks, immortal part. Now these are things which cannot be separated without loss. There is no immortal poetry which does not owe its immortality as much to qualities here disparaged as to its subject-matter; we do not say its merit, but its immortality. 'The poet's business,' says Dryden, 'is certainly to *please* his audience.' It is wrong, in fact, to decide on what is the only part of ourselves worthy to be regarded. Let us respect our bodies. If our mind lasts through all eternity so will our *ear*, and the pleasures it is capable of imparting to us. Indeed, in the only inspired indications we have of our future state, the enjoyments of the senses, eye and ear—are dwelt upon rather than the severer pleasures of pure mind—thought and induction;—not that these will be wanting, but that our nature is treated as a whole, the senses ministering most subtle and acute pleasures to the understanding. In like manner poetry addresses the whole man, his soul and his body, his heart and his brain, his senses and his nerves. The blood thrills, the nerves vibrate, the tears flow, the ears tingle under the poet's highest inspiration. It is no sign of it when we sit without other bodily manifestation of its influence than knit brows; while the mind is intensely at work. Gifted poetry gives us understanding, it makes hard things easy—it lifts a veil—it shows us glimpses of a far off country; it lights up ourselves as it lights up the world with its own light:

> 'The light that never was on sea or land,
> The consecration and the poet's dream,'

telling us more than we know or can see, which we only believe because our whole frame responds to it.

Poetry may perhaps be defined as a divine mechanism for teaching us certain truths or impressions which we could not learn by other means. The secret of its power is too subtle to be discovered; but that much of its power lies undoubtedly in the music, and not only in the strain of higher, bolder, tenderer, thought which it induces—may be illustrated, we think, from the effect which music itself produces on us. We cannot listen to a 'rich,' 'intricate,' 'majestic' strain, without an intense desire to know what it means, and without a full conviction that it has a meaning which some higher intelligence could explain. Now the qualities of melody, recurrence of tones in measured order, rise and fall, flow and pause, belong in like manner to harmonious verse; they work on the mind and senses in the same way that good music does, causing the same perplexing delight, full of hope and yet of present uncertainty, placing our minds in a higher state for apprehending what is out of sight than unassisted reason does. These mystic charms,

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however, belong to those qualities of poetry that Mr. Taylor least esteems, and to which he has not devoted himself. They do not in fact belong to the turn of his genius, which expresses itself with that accuracy and exactness which has been called the wit of propriety (as opposed to the wit of pleasantry),—an accuracy which has a peculiar gracefulness of its own,—rather than in the swelling cadences of lyrical harmony.

It is customary to attribute to authors who do not use a rich or florid style, a disdain of such 'arts,' as if all poets had similar natural powers. Possibly Mr. Taylor's preface to his first work may give some ground for such an impression in his case; yet we do not ourselves enter into the view; we believe him to give as much ornament as is natural to him; his is not a luxuriant or playful fancy, it needs no clipping of its wings. We rather believe this, than attribute its absence to any disdain which will not permit him to humour the tastes of his readers. It is not for the poet to encourage disdains against any of his readers. We are satisfied that Mr. Taylor has taxed and exercised his full powers, that there is no store of metaphor that he has never used, of graces which he has despised, of ornaments that he has rejected. The truth is that these are not his points of excellence; he would have failed in ornament; he frequently has failed in metaphor; he often sins against good taste, and his poetry is so far the worse. It is common to place rigid *truth* in opposition to such graces, as if the two powers were incompatible, and to regard it as a full and ample compensation for their loss. We do not see how truth would be the gainer, and object to the term *rigid*, as applied to the truth of poetry, which should be spontaneous and free. As an illustration of what we mean, take the truth of the witness-box and the first unconscious narrative of the same witness; in both instances he speaks the truth; in the first with intention, in the second, because he has no other thought than to do so. But which truth is truest, most complete, most satisfactory? Where he is full of his story, where possibly he runs off into digression, where he forgets himself in his story, where we have his thoughts, all accompanying circumstances, the scene itself before us, the reflections arising from it, the fervour, the intensity, the hyperbole—compare this to the bare statement of facts: in which case does the listener know most of the event, or has it clearest before him? And which should be the poet's truth? Without contravening, however, this quality in our present author, the merit of his style, in our eyes, lies rather in a certain earnestness and conviction of the truth and the importance of what he is saying, than that it actually contains more of that divine essence than exists in the imaginative kind of poetry. What Dryden says of an ancient didactic poet may also be applied

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to him: 'The distinguishing character of his soul and genius 'is a certain kind of noble pride and positive assertion of his 'opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason... and 'though often in the wrong, yet deals *bonâ fide* with his reader, 'and tells him nothing but what he thinks.' And this is a quality which wherever it is met with, justly holds a great influence over us, and is more powerful, as being connected with the will, than more showy intellectual gifts. It is the one desideratum of the preacher. A man may have but little new to tell, but little play of fancy or imagination; but if he is deeply convinced of the truth of what he is saying, so as to overcome all diffidence or fear of his hearers (which in itself implies perhaps no small strength of mind), and can give utterance to the convictions of his heart, he will have power. Simple assertion backed by this inner conviction has far more weight than argument or reason; recourse to which appears like condescension and a descent to lower ground after it, bringing the speaker on a level with his hearers. This is a weapon of which Mr. Taylor knows the use, and to which we are disposed to attribute some share at least of his high reputation for truth. He *thinks* that what he says is true, and he could not, therefore, argue on the other side. And to express these convictions the diction, profiting by this same force of the will, is dignified, strong, flowing, sometimes most felicitous, always showing a wide acquaintance with the resources of our language. Into its innermost riches, its most fortunate successes, 'those secret happinesses' that attend some poets' choice, he does not enter; they belong to what is designated "the sentient," or they herald higher and deeper truths than Mr. Taylor's muse touches upon; but such as he needs he has at his command, together with an ear perhaps too fancifully pleased with artful dispositions and the intricacies of an involved harmony. Of all modern poets this present volume shows him most anxious to suit sound to sense, to please the ear by happy recurrences of similar tones—by measured pause and sounding close—by that peculiar finish and point which needs labour and care and frequent revision. We do not wonder, in reading many passages, that his progress was, as he says, slow. No one can say, after the old model of criticism, that the poem would have been better if the poet had taken more pains, for every line indicates thought and deliberation, and, on the whole, thought and deliberation well bestowed, though sometimes we might wish the art to be somewhat less obvious. But we do not imagine any natural graces are thereby nipped in the bud. Ben Jonson tells us that 'a good poet's made as well as born,' and our present author is a *made* poet, in as true a sense at least as he is a born one.

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Our admiration of Mr. Taylor's diction applies principally, however, to his blank verse, which, as we have said, suits his turn of mind. It is grave, dignified, and sententious, giving importance to common sense and keenness to observation. It admits, too, of eloquence and rhetorical arts, which more essential poetry repudiates; and accommodates itself with equal ease to the didactic, the philosophic, the satirical mood; and he is acquainted with its capabilities, and knows how to bring out its harmonies; that fugue-like measure of which it is susceptible—those returns and repetitions of itself—phrase echoing to phrase, and sound to sound—which so happily supply the want of rhyme; and satisfy the ear, gratifying our unconscious curiosity and expectation. Its highest flights—those extremes of pomp and stateliness, which seem to test all the powers of language, as if to show us how heroes and demi-gods express their thoughts, are not attempted by him; they do not, indeed, come within the scope of his plan, nor are adapted to poetry founded on the stern common-sense basis.

In order to illustrate the artful nature of Mr. Taylor's verse, let us dwell on a few detached passages apart from the context, the interest of which should in an ordinary perusal withhold us from too close a scrutiny. The design is of course to soothe and please the ear, and put us in a fit frame to conceive and sympathise with the sentiment, without our being directly conscious of the cause of our satisfaction. Harold, the night before the battle, sends this message to Adeliza:—

> 'But I bequeath this message of my love,
> That knowing thus it died not with my death,
> Her sorrow, by a soft remembrance sooth'd,
> May sleep and dream, and dreaming things divine,
> Be gloriously transfigured by a hope.
> For love, that dies not till the body dies,
> Shall with the soul survive.'

where any one taking the pains to consider, may discern the intricacy of the harmony; the recurrence of thoughts, words, tones at due intervals; the sound, the representative of the sense; the verses answering to each other in rhythm and expression. Again:—

> 'That was a season when the untravell'd spirit,
> Not way-worn nor way-wearied, nor with soil
> Nor stain upon it, lions in its path
> Saw none,—or seeing, with triumphant trust
> In its resources and its powers, defied,—
> Perverse to find provocatives in warnings,
> And in disturbance taking deep delight.'

Mr. Taylor is always observant of that rule of legitimate verse so essential to its melody, to make each line, whether its end be marked by a stop or not, to conclude with a pause and

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sounding close. The reverse of this rule, which obtains with many modern writers, has been well called prose-poetry. The sense should not hurry us on; we should be allowed a pause of susceptible duration; the second, third, and fourth lines of the foregoing passage have no concluding stop, but their close is duly marked. Another example of the same observance:—

> 'What means at this unusual hour the light
> In yonder casement? Doth it hint a tale
> Of trouble, where some maiden mourner pale
> Confides her sorrow to the secret night?'

The next lines express well a full yet even flow of waters. Their correct accent, and regard also to quantity, in the second line, are the cause of this effect:—

> 'So love flowed on me, from a thousand springs,
> And poured itself around me like a flood.'

In the next, where vigour and power are to be expressed, this regularity of accent is purposely avoided; the superfluous syllable in the second line adds to its strength:—

> 'When to relent he saw, and when to dare;
> Sudden to strike—magnanimous to forbear.'

Sometimes he is 'curiously and perversely elaborate,' as C. Lamb boasts one of his own sonnets to be:—

> 'By choice or chance, or choice attending chance.'

Again:—

> Of this she saw not all—she saw but little;
> That which she could not choose but see, she saw.'

And sometimes purposely harsh:—

> 'Where the boors,
> Though scared yet greedy, grimly lurk'd aloof.'

And—

> 'Twas he whose skill and courage gagg'd its gaping jaws.'

Often Mr. Taylor's versification is rhetorical, an excellence in its way, but not compatible with the purest poetical form, though the highest poet may occasionally exhibit it. The art of poetical language is to produce effect with apparently inadequate means: the art of the orator and rhetorician is to call in all the pomp, all the resources of language, its majestical forms, its effects, its appeals to our prouder reason and sympathies. It is self-possessed and dignified and argumentative. This style often manifests itself by almost indescribable deviations from the simpler poetic mode of expression. For example, in the next passage the word *should* implies it to our ears:—

> 'Should I fall
> To-morrow, I shall leave behind me few,
> It may be none, to tell with friendly truth
> My tale to after times.'

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In the next the negative *nor* conveys the same impression:—

> ' "Sleeps she the lady Edith?" "No," they said,
> "*Nor* will she be persuaded." '

Again, where the whole passage is an instance in point:—

> ' By falsehood they prevail'd, nor less by truth.
> They told him, which was true, that we despised
> His person and his power: they said besides,
> We practised to overturn the tottering throne,
> Which now we overshadow'd, which was false.'

Again:—

> ' They thence
> Took courage *whom* they injured to insult.'

Again, the following haughty line of argument, which is highly and justly rhetorical:—

> ' 'Twixt me and England should some senseless swain
> Ask of my title; say I wear the crown
> Because it fits my head.'

But alliteration is Mr. Taylor's favourite artifice, and we know no writer, ancient or modern, who has used it so much; certainly to a great excess; yet we can enter into its attractiveness, and understand the temptation. It is often practised with the greatest success, and is a most obedient instrument: in the following passage it is used to give the idea of haste and impetuosity. Harold is recounting his battle with his brother Tostig, and the subsequent news of further wars:—

> ' A bloody day determin'd in the dust
> Their pride and prowess. Scarcely were they cold,
> When posts from Pevensey with speed despatch'd,
> Announced the Duke's approach. At double speed
> I marched to meet him. Here we stand opposed.'

In the description of the battle the same art is happily employed:—

> ' A mighty roar ensued, pierced through and through
> By shrillest shriek incessant, or of man
> Or madden'd horse that scream'd with fear and pain,
> Death agonies. The battle, like a ship,
> Then when the whirlwind hath torn and tost,
> Stagger'd from side to side. The day was long
> By dreadful change of onset and feign'd flight,
> And rout, and rally, direfully drawn out,
> Disastrous, dismal.'

Sometimes alliteration is employed simply from the pleasure of finding similar sounds:—

> ' The bribe that would have bribed me to betray.'

Or,—

> ' Of feminine affection fancy fed.'

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Very beautiful examples of this kind of play will occur to most readers from other authors, as for example:—

'That the rude *s*ea grew *c*ivil at her *s*ong.'

'To hear the sea-*m*aid's *m*usic.'

'In *m*aiden *m*editation, *f*ancy *f*ree.'

Instances which are all taken from one page in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' as if the poet's ear had got into a jingling mood. Mr. Taylor, however, applies it to the most serious purposes. One of the most elaborate poems of the volume is a dialogue on matrimony and celibacy—where it seems to us every letter in the alphabet is made to bear witness to the superiority of the wedded over the single life, and to band together against the unhappy celibate. When once we become alive to this highly artificial structure, our attention, we own, is somewhat led astray from the force of the argument, to observing how the consonants give their evidence and record their opinion. We will give our readers the advantage of our inquiries on this matter by the aid of italics:—

'Down the path of palms and yews
A bloodless phantom of a *w*oman *w*alked,
Hooded and veil'd, with languid step and slow,
And oft-reverted head. Once and again
A holy rapture lifted her, and scarce
She seem'd to touch the ground; but presently
It *l*eft her, and with *l*anguid *s*tep and *s*low,
And drooping *p*os*t*ure, *p*as*s*'d *s*he on her *w*ay,
*S*till *p*raying a*s* *s*he *w*ent, but *s*tumbling *s*till
Through *w*earine*ss* o'er *s*tick*s* and *s*traw*s*, and *s*till
*W*ith *s*tick*s* and *s*traw*s* she quarrell'd a*s* *s*he pray'd.
*W*hen she approach'd the grave that cro*ss*way*s* clo*s*ed
The avenue, though *w*eary of the *w*ay,
*S*he *s*eem'd not glad, but *s*hudder'd and recoil'd,
*S*haking through *w*eakne*ss* of her *w*earine*ss*;
And though she up*w*ard look'd, look'd back*w*ard too,
And *s*o with arm*s* that cla*s*p'd the *s*olitude
*S*he *s*lowly di*s*appear'd. This *w*ay of life,
The *S*ibyl *s*aid, i*s* the *w*ay *c*elibate,
*W*here *w*alks erroneous *m*any a *m*onk and nun.
The good *th*erein is good *th*at dies *th*erein
And ha*th* no offspring; nei*th*er ha*th* *th*e evil,
For He that out of evil bringeth good
*B*egets no issue in the evil here:
Pro*b*ation *b*lotted from the *b*ook of life
With evil good obliterates, for these two
In quality, though opposite and at war,
Are each to each correlative and essential,
And evil conquer'd maketh moral good,
With virtue that is more than innocence.'

Thus is the poor celibate hissed off the stage. One must own that the languor, and at the same time, irritation of the

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verse very much assists and supports the writer's view. The *s* and the *w* do him good service as disputants; and now for the contrast—'The conjugal way more perfect,' and deserving, in Mr. Taylor's mind, of a more tripping, light, and graceful versification, wherein the *l*'s, the *r*'s and the *f*'s have their turn, and the pleasing duty of ushering in 'that other way,' which they do in the following really beautiful lines:—

'The maiden turn'd obedient, and beheld,
Where, at the outset from a mystic bower,
A *f*igure *l*ike Aurora, *f*lush'd with joy,
*L*eapt *l*ightly *f*orth, and *d*ancing *d*own the *p*ath
Shook the *br*ight *d*ew*dr*ops *fr*om the *r*a*d*iant wreath
That crown'd her locks pro*f*use; ere long the *f*lush
Subsided, and the bounding *st*eps were *st*ay'd.
But firmly still, and with a durable strength
She travell'd on: not seldom on her way
A colour'd cloud diaphonous, like those
That gild the morn, conceal'd her; but ere long
She issued thence, and with her issued thence
A naked child that roll'd amongst the flowers,
And laugh'd and cried: a thicker cloud anon
Fell round her, and from that with sunken eyes
She issued, and with stains upon her cheek
From scalding tears; but onward still she look'd,
And upward still, and on her brow upturn'd,
And on the *p*aleness of her *p*enitent face
A glory broke, the day-spring from on high:
Thenceforth with loftier and less troubled strength,
And *e*ven step, she *tr*od the *tr*emulous *e*arth,
*E*lastic not *e*late. The grave was near
That crossways cut the path; but with her went
A company of spirits bright and young,
Which caught the blossoms from her wreath that fell,
And gave them back. And as she reach'd the close,
Gazing betwixt the willows far beyond,
Full many a group successive she descried
With wreaths like hers, and as she softly sank,
A *h*eavenly *h*ope, which like a rainbow spann'd
A thousand earthly *h*opes, its colours threw
Across the gloomy entrance of the grave.
This, said the Sibyl, is the conjugal way,
With joys more *f*ree and nobler sorrows *f*raught,
Which scatter by their force life's *f*rivolous cares
And *m*eaner *m*olestations: *st*ern the *st*rokes,
The *st*ruggles arduous, which this way presents,
And fearful the temptations; but the *st*ake
Is worthier of the *st*rife, and she that wins
Hears at the gates of heaven the words, "Well done,"
And, "Enter thou."'

Our readers ought to be made aware that the poem contains a practical conclusion for these two contrasts, and that the narrator who thus ably marshals his alphabetical forces, is apparently the suitor to his fair listener, whom he seems in a likely way to convince.

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Among what are called the ornaments of poetry, the metaphor holds a chief place, though figurative language,—the art, that is, of describing one thing by its analogy with another thing,—is too much of the essence of poetry as a divine science, to be so designated. Mr. Taylor has been frequently complimented on his neglect of this ornament, as indeed very beautiful poetry may be written by simply pourtraying a thing as what it is, without assembling all the objects of nature or art to show what it is also like; but praise in this matter is surely misplaced. If a poet has not the gift of appropriate and abundant illustration, let him follow his calling without it; but let us not disparage the marvellous suggestive power of a good metaphor, nor call that idle decoration, which in gifted hands can unlock memory, transport fancy, and enable us in a moment—at a glance—to enter into the innermost heart of a poet's meaning. Such a metaphor, for example, as the following, so familiar to us all, which we will quote to show our meaning; where the poet by no direct means could have so clearly carried us back to the point he dwells on—remotest childhood, all its blessed sensations, the boundless sea of eternity:—

> 'Hence in a season of calm weather,
> Though inland far we be,
> Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
> Which brought us hither,
> Can in a moment travel thither,
> And see the children sport upon the shore,
> And hear the mighty waters sounding evermore.'

It would seem, however, that Mr. Taylor's range of metaphor is limited, rather than that he neglects it; he is only unsuccessful when he transgresses his natural bounds. The elements are his treasury; the storm—the flow of waters—the play of winds, and especially, and above all, the sun. He adopts, that is, and often with great effect, the received imagery of poetry, as such, rather than pursues any private fancies of his own. We will cull some examples of his style from the present volume; some, as our readers will see, very happy and graceful ones. We quote them to show that Mr. Taylor does not despise metaphor. We can share in contempt for deliberate and painful search for, and construction of figures; but no poet will despise what comes to him *along with* the thought, which cannot be separated from it, which is indeed the mode in which the thought first presents itself to him, as a picture that is, not in words. The following are instances of the world-wide language which to the end of time will compare joy and success to sunshine, and sorrow to a cloud, and still please us by the comparison:—

> 'But joy is short,
> And soon upon our glorious break of day,

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So rich in sunshine and so fresh with dew,
We saw the clouds to gather from that side
Whence now the storm assails us.'

The following picture of Edith, Harold's daughter, is very graceful, tinged as it is in the end with the sunset glow:—

'She rose,
And rising, seem'd the vision of a saint
Awaiting her assumption. In her mien
Celestial beauty reign'd, with sovran grace,
And holy peace, which holier raptures left,
Not colourless, but like a sunset sky,
Partaking of their glories. So she rose,' &c.

Harold in the next passages personifies the sun or the sun-god:—

'Then Harold, rising as the Princess knelt,
Threw off the cloud that veil'd him, and appear'd
His very self, a man of god-like mould,
Radiant but grave.'

William the Conqueror—

'Essay'd to gild
This thunder-cloud of dark design.'

The following is a happy adaptation of the common image, likening reserve to a cloud and mist:—

'Then did all sternness melt, as melts a mist
Touch'd by the brightness of the golden dawn:
Aerial heights disclosing, valleys green,
And sunlights thrown the woodland tufts between,
And flowers and spangles of the dewy lawn.'

And this again, of the sunshine of friendship:—

'Mine is inferior matter, my own loss,
The loss of dear delights for ever fled,
Of reason's converse, by affection fed,
Of wisdom, counsel, solace, that across
Life's dreariest tracts a tender radiance shed.'

And in Elena's Lay:—

'She loved too soon in life; her dawn
Was bright with sunbeams, whence is drawn
A sure prognostic that the day
Will not unclouded pass away.'

And again:—

'Brightly upon me,
Like the red sunset of a stormy day,
Love breaks anew beneath the gathering clouds.'

Mr. Taylor's most novel metaphors are his least successful ones. In his essays he has thought it worth while to invest in the dignity of verse the following grotesque image:—

'For Pride,
Which is the Devil's toasting-fork, doth toast
Him brownest that his whiteness vaunteth most.'

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In expressing his contempt for the populace, a favourite theme, we find the following concatenation:—

> 'To England, whose street-statesmen, blind as moles,
> Scribe-taught, and ravening like wolves for blood:'

where the epithet scribe-taught, *i. e.* newspaper-reading, so little harmonizes with the animal comparisons, that in search of an analogy we are forced back to our early days, and Mother Hubbard's dog, who—

> 'When she came back,
> She found reading the news.'

We have sometimes to regret this tone towards the commonalty, where it does not affect the unity of a metaphor, but only its refinement:—

> 'But service such as his to virtue vow'd,
> Ne'er tax'd for noise the *weasand* of the crowd,
> Most thankless in their ignorance and spleen.'

We have extracted alike from Mr. Taylor's poems in blank verse and in rhyme. But our testimony to his mastery over his instrument must be applied chiefly to the former, though all his versification shows a good ear and a skilful hand. He knows what that will bear, but sometimes he makes experiments of long words and acute reflections in measures which altogether reject such open efforts of the intellectual faculty, and make them out of place and pedantic. In lyrical verse we all know to our cost that the poet may be obscure—we may be puzzled (quite according to legitimate order) as to what he means. He trangresses no rules in thus constructing his poem; but he must not, in order to make himself more intelligible, give us hard words, or our ears instantly rebel. No; he must express recondite truths, if bent to do so at all, in simple Saxon, such as a child might use. Mr. Taylor's most striking departure from this law is, however, not to be found in the present volume, though that contains long words occasionally—a good deal out of place—as 'equipoise,' 'arbitrement,' 'susceptive,' and the like; but in the earlier lyrical poem to be found between the two dramas of Philip van Artevelde, which is ushered in with such condescension to weak minds, with such a promise to the reader of mere amusement, as led us to expect other things:—

> 'Rest thee a space, or if thou lovest to hear
> A soft pulsation in thine easy ear,
> Turn thou the page, and let thy senses drink
> A lay, that shall not trouble thee to think.'

And then follows Elena's experience of life, so analytical, so acute, so shrewd even, as would have needed the ten-syllable stanza at least, if not blank verse, to do it justice. Persons are to express their feelings and passions in lyrical effusions,

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or what is better, have them described for them; but they should avoid metaphysics; they may not go into the why and the wherefore, nor analyse their sensations, nor profess to understand themselves nor each other. The measure makes all such reflections importune. Moreover, simple and not complex emotions are best for it—anything great, magnanimous, devoted, impulsive. A first love is its essence and its felicity, for it needs no accounting for, which a second does. We look for undying love, unchanging constancy, heavenly beauty, unconquered valour, and all heroic achievments, and are disposed under its influence to be hard on change and inconstancy. It is a celestial region of the virtues—a sphere where we can retain our pristine notions on such points, and never cease to be horrified by events which in common life we must needs reconcile ourselves to as best we may. We are, we own, jealous of encroachment upon this paradise of the affections. Wordsworth, the master of his art in so many ways, strikes us as peculiarly happy in the adaptations of his subject to their appropriate measure. Would he express a sort of divine inanity, we have in baby tones, and oft-recurring rhymes, the idyl of the 'Idiot Boy;' or deep thought analysing nature and man's heart, we follow with absorbed, and withal, somewhat strained attention, the stately march, unfettered by the golden chains of rhyme, of the 'Excursion;' or a pure, simple, devoted affection, we have the lyrical ballad with Ruth for its heroine, who when that 'youth from Georgia's shore' leaves her (after her first tumultuous grief is over) spends, as must needs be to preserve the consistency of the measure, the rest of her 'innocent life but far astray,' with nature and returning childhood, as her only consolers. Would he tell a tale of sorrowful adventure and misfortune?—he gives it in the harmonious monotony of the Spencerian stanza; or express the cream of all his thoughts—the result, without the process of reflection—the deep experience of our higher life—the remembrances of childhood—the wisdom of manhood—the inspirations of nature—the hopes that lie beyond?—he embodies all in the ode, that last achievment of the lyric muse, the poet's crowning effort, testing *all* his powers.

What we complain of in 'Elena's Lay,' is that it wants this adaptation. Mr. Taylor, indeed, almost apologizes for exercising his skill on so trifling a subject—'I have not ceased,' he says, 'to admire this poetry in its degree; and the interlude (the 'Lay,) which I have inserted between these plays will show, that, 'to a limited extent, I have been desirous even to cultivate and 'employ it.' This is not the spirit in which to succeed in a lyrical poem. He has wished, indeed, to infuse a more intellectual spirit, another element into the verse, so Elena gives her

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experience, and has not only rhyme but reason for all that befalls her:—

> 'First love the world is wont to call
> The passion which was now her all.
> So be it call'd; but be it known,
> The feeling which possess'd her now,
> Was *novel* in degree alone.'

When the object of this first love, whom she describes as

> 'Intelligent, *loquacious*, mild,'

finds out that he does not care for her, and the tie is dissolved, she thus accounts for her returning interest in life:—

> 'The human heart cannot sustain
> Prolong'd inalterable pain,
> And not till reason cease to reign,
> Will nature want some moments brief
> Of other moods to mix with grief;
> Such, and so hard to be destroy'd,
> That vigour which abhors a void,
> And in the midst of all distress
> Such nature's need of happiness.'

Dwelling on her own love of the beautiful she says:—

> 'Devoted thus to what was fair to sight,
> She loved too little else, nor this aright;
> And many disappointments could not cure
> This born obliquity, or break the lure
> Which this strong passion spread; she grew not wise,
> Nor grows.—'

In disappointment she took refuge in pleasures—

> 'That bloom but briefly at the best;
> The world's sad substitutes for joys
> To minds that lose their equipoise.'

Somewhat akin to these novelties is the use of technical expressions. A great critic has established it as a general rule, that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak a universal language. These are, however, trammels which poets are often impatient of, as interfering with the definiteness of what they have to say. Dryden ventured on many daring deviations of the rule, not with the happiest success; witness the following stanza out of a great many from the 'Annus Mirabilis' describing the fire of London:—

> 'Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
> Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword,
> And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
> From where our *naval magazines* were stored.'

In the Lay we have much technical language in the description of Elena's boat:—

> 'Keel up it rots upon the strand,
> Its gunwale sunken in the sand,

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Where suns and tempests warp'd and shrank
Each shatter'd rib and riven plank.
Never again that land-wreck'd craft
Shall feel the billows boom abaft.'

The three several rhymes having all similar vowel tones, add to the inharmoniousness of this passage. In the matter of rhymes the later volume has, however, few sins to answer for. They are always correct and felicitous—no mean praise.

Mr. Taylor's poetry as a whole is justly called classical—classical from the art and care with which it is written, classical in its spirit. It is compared to a Grecian temple, and the comparison is a just one. It is Grecian rather than Gothic, very complete, reaching what it aims at, but not aspiring, nor in any high degree suggestive. There is one point in which Mr. Taylor very exactly follows the ancient world, on *the* point which has been defined as one great mark of difference between the remote heathen age and our own—that which has been described technically by the critics as the 'best common-place of pity (or interest), which is love,' and which in this light is said to belong exclusively to the moderns. Mr. Taylor certainly enters into this in the old spirit rather than the new. There is nothing chivalrous or ennobling in his apprehension of it, though verse in its very nature, especially verse so graceful and harmonious as his, must necessarily in some degree cover over the deficiency. All his readers must have been pained by his treatment of the subject in his greatest work. Philip van Artevelde is a heathen lover, not a Christian one, and this not alone because his love was in one instance an unlawful one, but in its very texture, and the slight hold it possesses over his mind. The well-known soliloquy beginning and ending—

'How little flattering is a woman's love,'

bears out our view. There is nothing generous, nothing self-forgetful in it, no hopes, no illusions; it is simple present amusement, no union of heart or soul.

But Mr. Taylor seems to lack the power of comprehending a reciprocal passion, as well as of placing the relation of the lovers on its right footing. Christian or chivalrous love should be always supposed to begin on our side, but our author regarding it as a weak idle passion, apparently considers it more suited to the female temperament, and therefore not only makes his ladies take the initiative, but support the sentiment throughout with much the most cordiality and enthusiasm. His heroes allow themselves to be courted—little more. The lady Adriana was of this mood. Elena's first love, as well as her second, appears to have been conducted on the same plan. In the present volume

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Harold, in detailing his history to his daughter Edith, thus describes his own similar good fortune in attracting the regards of Adeliza the Duke's daughter. The picture is well drawn, and all that verse can do to reconcile us is done:—

'Of these the first
In station and most eminently fair,
Was Adeliza, daughter of the Duke.
A woman-child she was: but womanhood
By gradual afflux on her childhood gain'd,
And like a tide that up a river steals
And reaches to a lilied bank, began
To lift up life beneath her. As a child
She still was simple,—rather shall I say
More simple than a child, as being lost
In deeper admirations and desires.
The roseate richness of her childish bloom
Remain'd, but by inconstancies and change
Referr'd itself to sources passion-swept.
Such had I seen her as I pass'd the gates
Of Rouen, in procession, on the day
I landed, when a shower of roses fell
Upon my head, and looking up I saw
The fingers which had scatter'd them half-spread
Forgetful, and the forward-leaning face
Intently fixed and glowing, but methought
More serious than it ought to be, so young
And midmost in a show. From time to time
Thenceforth I felt, although I met them not,
The visitation of those serious eyes,
The ardours of that face toward me turn'd;
These long I understood not; for I knew
That she in fast companionship had lived
With Ulnoth.
* * * * *
'But Ulnoth was a boy
When first she knew him, nor was yet renown'd;
And woman's fancy is more quick to read
In furrow'd faces histories of wars
And tales of wonder by the lamp of fame,
Than in the cursive characters of youth,
How fair soever written, to descry
A glorious promise. Thus betwixt these twain
A love that burst too early into bloom
Was sever'd ere it set. For Ulnoth's part,
He, in his nature buoyant, lightly held
By all his loves save that he bore to me;
And lightly, with a joyful pride, he saw
The heart to me surrender'd, and himself
Of some unsettled moiety disseized.
Such shape to him the matter took. For me,
Her excellence of beauty, and regards
Rapt oftentimes forgetful of the earth,
Of earthly attributions unaware
In him her fancy glorified,—regards
That seem'd of power to make the thing they sought,—

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Did doubtless touch what time, and public cares,
And household griefs, had left me of a heart.
I loved the lady with a grateful love,
Tender and pure, not passionate.'

If it be argued by that rigid common sense to which Mr. Taylor appeals, that from Harold, a widower and a father, this amount of regard and interest was all that could be expected from him, we most fully assent. We only remark upon the fact, that the relation which he has constructed between the two lovers should be of such a kind; that the affair of love assumes such order naturally to him, and that he arranges accordingly. He may urge the case of Othello and Desdemona, but it only supports him up to a certain point; for Othello's love, even if it be posterior in time, is a genuine passion when he has it. And this particular case is not after all the poet's order of nature. If, leaving the graces and fictions of poetry, we turn to Mr. Taylor's prose ideas on the same subject, we find him boldly uttering sentiments, and justifying supposed feelings and views, for which we believe those for whose sake he expresses them will be the least obliged. In his chapter on marriage we have the following passage:—

'But if an unreasonable opposition to a daughter's choice be not to prevail, I think that, on the other hand, the parents, if their views of marriage be pure from worldliness, are justified in using a good deal of management; not more than they very often do use, but more than they are wont to avow, or than society is wont to countenance, with a view to putting their daughters in the way of such marriages as they can approve. It is the way of the world to give such management an ill name, probably because it is most used by those who abuse it to worldly purposes; and I have heard a mother pique herself on never having taken a single step to get her daughters married, which appeared to me to be a dereliction of one of the most essential duties of a parent. If the mother be wholly passive, either the daughters must take steps and use management for themselves (which is not desirable), or the happiness and the most important interests of their lives, moral and spiritual, must be the sport of chance and take a course purely fortuitous: and in many situations where unsought opportunities of choice do not abound, the result may be, not improbably, such a love and marriage as the mother and every one else contemplates with astonishment. Some such astonishment I recollect to have expressed on an occasion of the kind to an illustrious poet and philosopher, whose reply I have always borne in mind when other such cases have come under my observation:—"We have no reason to be surprised, unless we knew what may have been the young lady's opportunities. If Miranda had not fallen in love with Ferdinand she would have been in love with Caliban."'

Any one who chooses to raise the question whether Miranda could have fallen in love with Caliban, may settle it as he pleases. If the 'illustrious poet and philosopher,' however, to whom Mr. Taylor alludes, is to be understood as sanctioning the view of matrimonial diplomacy presented in this extract, he appears to us to have been, so far, a very indifferent poet and a

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very strange philosopher. For our own part, if we are to have any such system recognised, we should not hesitate to prefer the one which Mr. Taylor rejects on account of its secular motives to the one which he recommends on account of its benevolent ones. If the question is one of uniting a Leicestershire estate of the value of 3,000*l.* a-year with 50,000*l.* in the three per cents., and the mode of effecting that junction be a matrimonial alliance between a young gentleman and young lady who respectively represent those properties, the parents who exert cunning or force to bring about such a marriage, are certainly guilty of avarice; but there cannot be said to be indelicacy in the matter, inasmuch as there is no pretence that there is any love. But the deliberate proposal of a method for manufacturing love appears to us a sin against delicacy, more especially as it must be remembered, that in Mr. Taylor's system the lady makes the first move. Imagine a parent standing by, watching benignantly, and gently encouraging a daughter, for whose matrimonial happiness he is tenderly anxious, in making affectionate advances towards a young gentleman of merit, who would in his opinion make her an improving and congenial partner—on the idea that the young gentleman will see those advances, will be pleased with them, and be induced at last to respond to them! Between such a sense of propriety as this and greediness for money, it is difficult indeed to choose; but if we are to make a choice, we think avarice on the whole the least offensive. There there is at any rate no defilement, because there is nothing to defile. But here there is a meddling and a tampering with the fundamental delicacies of the human mind. That is very wrong, but this is very wrong and very disgusting too. Mr. Taylor seems to be the especial patron of one class in the social world—one which does not, we think, stand in any great need of his assistance—at the expense of all others. Fathers and mothers will not thank him for his suggestions, for they will say, and we think justly, that if they are to demean themselves, they had rather do so for the tangible and certain benefit of broad acres, than the very fallible one of a young gentleman's moral beauties as their reward and compensation. Young ladies will not be much obliged to him, for it is no stretch of politeness to say, that the task he has provided them will hardly be to the taste of the majority. But young gentlemen will be exceedingly pleased with his plan, those especially who are endowed with a modest self-appreciation. The way is smoothed exquisitely for them; they have not to put themselves forward, or to put themselves out; they have only to sit still and with a serene approval watch female admiration growing into respectful love. Then, indeed, their dignity allows some re-

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sponse, and they condescend to acknowledge themselves pleased with the attention paid them, and with her from whom they receive it. The young gentleman reasons—Ah! poor girl, she has, it is true, many defects, but then she has some discernment—and he doubts whether he may not go further and fare worse in seeking a suitable partner.

Not but that such a scheme, however it may flatter the self-complacency, strongly conflicts with the substantial rights of the male sex. It might be supposed from the whole of the passage we have quoted that men had nothing to do but to sit still and be chosen; whereas if this somewhat offensive expression of 'choice' must be applied somewhere, let it have its prescribed place. We assert for ourselves the liberty of choice which seems here alarmingly infringed. Let a man *choose* his wife, but do not let our ladies begin to *choose* their husbands, or form deliberate plans either with or without their mamma's connivance. One would suppose there was no Providence to order events, as well as no man capable of forming an unassisted, unprompted attachment, that such counsels should be thought needed. What we principally observe, however, is, that Mr. Taylor seems to forget here that there is an alternative between Ferdinand and Caliban, a state which so many women ennoble and adorn, a state which has its own calling, and duties, and responsibilities, and pleasures. Or, possibly, he may think he has disposed for ever of its claims on our respect in the dialogue from which we have already quoted. But we are not so easily convinced. We still see room in this world for the blessed single state. The mind all the more eagerly expatiates on its merits. What would our childhood have done without aunts and cousins with leisure to attend to us! How ill would many of us have fared if there had been no old maids!—we use the term in all honour and reverence. We see, for our part, no necessity for everybody getting married. Why should there be none to sit out from the game of life and find their joy in looking on? And still less do we see the necessity for young ladies speculating beforehand, and forming schemes upon the subject. It is surely the privilege of women that they need not think of such things—that they need not *choose* till the subject is brought practically before them. But this is a favourite theme with our author, he thus pursues it:—

'It may be observed, I think, that women of high intellectual endowments, and much dignity of deportment, have the greatest difficulty in marrying, and stand most in need of a mother's help. And this, not because they are themselves fastidious, (for they are often as little so as any,) but because men are not humble enough to wish to have their superiors for their wives. . . . .

'In the case, therefore, of either high endowments or great wealth in a daughter, the care of a parent is peculiarly needed to multiply her oppor-

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tunities of making a good choice in marriage, and in no case can such care be properly pretermitted.

'When the mother takes no pains, the marriage of the daughter, even if not in itself ineligible, is likely to be unduly deferred, &c.'

Now passing over with a summary protest the many offensive points in the wording of this passage, we would ask, what is there practical in it all? How is a modest matron to begin to take pains 'to multiply opportunities' with a set purpose? As society is now constituted, people meet without need of all this arrangement, and men have not hitherto found such insurmountable difficulties. What hindrances there have been, have been hitherto considered a sort of charm, as well as a test of devotion and constancy. We own, however, that Mr. Taylor raises a picture in the painstaking mother, and the dignified intellectual daughter, which does present obstacles to the fancy which may almost be pronounced insurmountable. But in behalf of the single life, whose cause we plead, we would ask, If intellectual women so often are found unmarried, may there not be something in the leisure and retirement of that state friendly to the development of the intellect? Is not a woman in a better state for mental cultivation, supposing the ten years between twenty and thirty are spent in reading, perfecting her education, fostering her peculiar talents, than if these years were passed, as in the young wife they must commonly be, in the duties and cares of a nursery and household?—most honourable duties and cares. Good sense, and many high Christian graces, may be matured in such a school; but what is meant especially by the intellectual faculties needs more leisure and study for their growth; an immunity from more engrossing cares, a leisure which if indulged in in married life would lead to the neglect of obvious duties.

We shall not, we think, be misunderstood, when we venture further to suggest, that possibly women, who are really *best* described as intellectual, may be no loss to the married state; and that if men are afraid, as they are charged with being, of women so gifted, they may have sound reasons for their fears. For a woman to be described as intellectual, or clever, does in fact raise an unfavourable impression, as giving the idea of these qualities acting in undue preponderance, overshadowing those moral qualities and affections which should be a woman's crowning grace. Men sometimes cannot help being famous, therefore certain epithets, as 'clever,' 'able,' 'learned,' 'intellectual,' may stick to them without any fault of theirs, without implying any poverty in their moral nature; but if such terms most appropriately describe a woman, we may, we think, justly suspect her of some important want. We do not mistrust her for what she

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is, but for what we imagine she is not. But this charge does not apply to what is really the highest class of female intellect. Among the women of highest intellectual endowments who have come within our observation, we should feel we did them the utmost injustice to designate them by such terms; it would be calling names; they never present themselves to our minds *as* such. There is a sweetness, or a truth, or a kindness—some grace, some charm, some distinguishing moral characteristic, which keeps the intellect in due subordination, and brings them to our thoughts,—temper, mind, affections—one harmonious whole.

Nor is it any regret to ourselves, as it appears to be to Mr. Taylor, if women such as these have not, as they often have not, married. For not to mention the risk of their marrying some stupid man—(in which case, *i. e.* after reigning for ten or twenty years in conscious supremacy over an inferior intellect, they might not have been what they are now)—it is well that the single life, which the world is ready enough to contemn, without the aid of poets and philosophers to hark it on, should have its representatives to stand foremost, to maintain its cause and give it weight and dignity; women, who for their loveable as well as admirable qualities, (whether their present condition be from choice or accident,) demonstrate that it is from no destitution of graces and attractions that they are what they are; who rather strike our fancy as something set apart and precious. Natural reason shows that it could never have been the design of Providence—as some must inevitably remain unmarried, as mankind are not paired off in so exact a fit that nobody stands out—that the celibates should be only the melancholy, the disagreeable, the unamiable, the stupid. All providential divisions of mankind are *honourable*, they each have their champions, their nobility.

But Mr. Taylor, though ambitious by such reflections as these to prove himself a man of the world, with an insight into things as they are, not as poets and sentimentalists choose to suppose them, yet would not entirely drop the character which his leading works have won for him; he would not forget the poet altogether, he would willingly suffuse his downright common sense with a tinge of romance. Thus in the following passage he boldly advocates passion as a guide. There is a kind of daring in the tone, he feels he is hazarding what may be considered a dangerous assertion, but after all the feelings must be allowed some play.

'I have said, that considering the many misguidances to which a deliberate judgment is exposed in the matter of marriage, there may often be less risk of error in a choice which is impassioned. But I ought, perhaps, to

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have explained that by a passion I do not mean—what young ladies sometimes mistake for it—a mere imaginative sentiment, dream, or illusion. . . . But if the heart have been trained in the way that it should go, the passion to which it will lie open will be something very different from a warm illusion or a sentimental dream, though very possibly including these and having begun in them. For true love is not, I think, that isolated and indivisible unity which it might be supposed to be from the way in which it is sometimes spoken of. It is mixed and manifold according to the abundance of the being, and in a large nature becomes in its progress a highly composite passion; commonly, no doubt, having its source in admiration and imaginative sentiment; but as it rolls on, involving divers tributaries, swollen by accessory passions, feelings, and affections — pity, gratitude, generosity, loyalty, fidelity, anxiety, fear, and devotion, and deepened by the embankments of duty and justice—foreign to the subject as these last may seem to some. In short, the whole nature and conscience being worked upon by this passion, re-act upon it and become interfused and blended with it; not by an absorption of all elements into one, but by a development of each into each: and when, therefore, I affirm that passion, err though it may, will be often less misleading than the dispassionate judgment, I do but aver that the entire nature—reason, conscience, and affections, interpenetrating and triune—that this totality of the nature, raised, vivified, and enlarged by love, is less likely to take an erroneous direction, than a part of the nature standing aloof and dictating to the other part.'

What does all this really mean, we would ask, but that Mr. Taylor thinks that reason, conscience, and the affections, combined, are better guides than the judgment by itself? For ourselves we do not see how these powers can ever come into collision. What can a sound judgment do better, than refer the matter at once to these arbiters 'interpenetrating and triune?' and that would surely be anything but a sound judgment which would persist in acting against their united decision.

But we have dwelt long enough on points of disagreement and criticism, and shall be glad, in conclusion, to present our readers with more favourable specimens of our author's views and manner than some of our later examples afford. Of the six essays in 'Notes for Life'—Money, Humility, and Independence, Wisdom, Choice in Marriage, Children, and the Life Poetic—perhaps the two last are most valuable; the first from its containing some sound and useful hints; the last because it is written in a higher mood, and whatever a poet says of his art, and the circumstances that befit its cultivation, must be interesting. The following reflection concludes a passage on the old subject of the over-education of children in these times; the first part of which we will spare our readers, because they would be sure heartily to agree with it in theory, however much they may be going against it in practice.

'One rule, however, it is in his (the wise parent's) own hands to carry out, and this is, if he talk much to his children, not to talk intellectually. The intellectual talk of adults is apt not only to stimulate the child's

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intellect to efforts beyond its strength, but also to overlay many intellectual tastes which have their natural place in childhood, and which it is good for every mind to have passed through. It is best for a child that he should admire cordially what he does admire; but if the intellectual tastes and criticisms of the adult mind are brought to bear upon him, he will try to admire what he cannot, and fail to admire what he might.

'On the other hand I would not be understood to recommend the sort of jocular nonsense which some intellectual parents will have recourse to, in order to place their conversation on a level with a child's understanding; nor do I observe that children are fond of it, or at all flattered by it, but rather the contrary. For it is a mistake to suppose that any joke is good enough for a child. Intelligent children, if not absolutely fastidious as to jokes, (which certainly all children are as to taste and manners,) will not, however, accept as complacently as might be wished, the mere good-natured disposition to make them merry; nor can they respond in the manner that is sometimes expected from them, to every well-meant effort of heavy gambolling and forced facetiousness. Whatever is most simple and natural is most pleasing to a child, and if the parent be not naturally light and gay, he had better be grave with his children, only avoiding to be deep or subtle in discourse.'

The following consideration may have occurred to many as the result of an intercourse with spoilt children, but we do not remember to have seen it urged before:—

'There is another way not much adverted to by blind parents, in which children are injured by undue indulgence. It prevents them from benefitting by the general tendency of mankind to have kind and friendly feelings towards children. Such feelings are checked and abated, when it is seen that children are unduly favoured by their parents; and when the rights and comforts of others are sacrificed for their sake, instead of being objects for the protection and good offices of all around them, they become odious, in the same manner that princes' favourites do, and their parents' sins are visited upon them.

'Then the repugnance which people feel towards the objects of an unjust partiality, provokes them to exaggerate the demerits of the children, —not probably to the face of the parents, but in a way to go round to them,—whereupon the parents come in with some show of reason as protectors of injured innocence, and fortify themselves in their own delusions by detecting injustice in the views of others. It is not the nature of mankind to be unjust to children, and where parents find this injustice to prevail, they should look for the source of it in their children or in themselves.'

The following passage on the subject of style is interesting, though with reference to the opening view, we must express our conviction that men must keep themselves acquainted with the literature of their own day, or they lose one chief source of observation and experience. It argues, we think, some mistake of feeling or of judgment to remain in voluntary ignorance of what our cotemporaries are about—what subjects living minds are engaged upon.

'In these times I think that a poet should feed chiefly (not, of course, exclusively) on the literature of the seventeenth century. . . . Their books are not written to be snatched up, run through, talkedover and forgotten; and their diction, therefore, was not such as lent wings to impatience, making

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everything so clear that he who ran or flew might read: rather it was so constructed as to detain the reader over what was pregnant and profound, and compel him to that brooding and prolific posture of the mind, by which, if he had wings, they might help him to some more genial and profitable employment than that of running like an ostrich through the desert; and hence, those characteristics of diction by which these writers are made more fit than those which have followed them to train the ear and utterance of a poet. For if we look at the long-suspended sentences of those days, with all their convolutions and intertextures—the many parts waiting for the ultimate wholeness—we shall perceive that without distinctive movement and rhythmical significance of a very high order, it would be impossible that they could be sustained in any sort of clearness. One of these writers' sentences is often in itself a work of art, having its strophes and antistrophes, its winding changes and recals, by which the reader, though conscious of plural voices, and running divisions of thought, is not however permitted to dissociate them from their mutual current and dependency, but required, on the contrary, to give them entrance into his mind, opening it wide enough for the purpose, as one compacted and harmonious fabric. Sentences thus elaborately constructed, and complex though musical, are not easy to a remiss reader, but they are clear and delightful to an intent reader. . . . The finer melodies of language will always be found in those compositions which deal with many considerations at once—some principal, some subordinate, some exceptional, some gradational, some oppugnant; and deal with them compositely, by blending while they distinguish; and so much am I persuaded of the connexion between true intellectual harmony of language and this kind of composition, that I would rather seek for it in an Act of Parliament—if an arduous matter of legislation be in hand—than in the productions of our popular writers, however lively and forcible. An Act of Parliament in such subject-matter, is studiously written and expects to be diligently read, and it generally comprises compositions of the multiplex character which has been described. It is a kind of writing, therefore, to which some species of rhythmical movement is indispensable, as any one will find who attempts to draft a difficult and comprehensive enactment with the omission of all the words which speak to the ear only, and are superfluous to the sense. Let me not be misunderstood, as presuming to find fault generally and indiscriminately with our modern manner of writing. It may be adapted to its age and its purposes; which purposes, as bearing directly on living multitudes, have a vastness and momentousness of their own. All that it concerns me to aver is, that the purpose that it will *not* answer, is that of training the ear of a poet to rhythmical melodies: and how little it lends itself to any high order of poetical purposes, may be judged by the dreary results of every attempt which is made to apply it to purposes of a cognate character—to prayers, for example, and spiritual exercises. Compare our modern compositions of this kind with the language of the Liturgy—a language which, though for the most part short and ejaculatory, and not demanding to be rhythmic in order to be understood, partakes, nevertheless, in the highest degree, of the musical expressiveness which pervaded the compositions of the time. Listen to it in all its varieties of strain and cadence, sudden or sustained,—now holding on in assured strength, now sinking in a soft contrition, and anon soaring in the joyfulness of faith,—confession, absolution, exultation, each to its appropriate music; and these again contrasted with the steady statements of the doxologies;—let us listen, I say, to this language, which is one effusion of celestial harmonies, and compare it with the flat and uninspired tones and flagging movements of those compounds of petition and exhorta-

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tion, (for their length and multifariousness peculiarly demanding rhythmical support,) which are to be found in modern collections of prayers for the use of families. I think the comparison will constrain us to acknowledge that short sentences in long succession, however clear in construction and correct in grammar, if they have no rhythmic impulse—though they may very well deliver themselves of what the writer thinks and means—will fail to bear in upon the mind any adequate impression of what he *feels*—his hopes and fears, his joy, his gratitude, his compunction, his anguish and tribulation; or indeed assurance that he had not merely framed a document of piety, in which he had carefully set down whatever was most proper to be said on the mornings and evenings of each day. These compositions have been, by an illustrious soldier, designated "fancy prayers," and this epithet may be suitable to them, in so far as they make no account of authority and prescription; but neither to the fancy nor to the imagination do they appeal, through any utterance which can charm the ear.'

It is not only, we fear, the difference between the style of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries and the nineteenth which constitutes the chief point of dissimilarity Mr. Taylor dwells upon. The language of our Prayer-book interprets the devotional *thoughts* of a much earlier period. There are some effusions of the seventeenth century appended to it, which do not, we think, either in excellence of spirit or in expression, much surpass the devotions of our own day: while on the other hand, the modern translation of Bishop Andrewes' Devotions, deserves all those commendations for rhythm, cadence and varied flow which are here bestowed on the style of two hundred years ago as opposed to our own.

We will conclude our extracts by one from the poems containing a comparison between Italian and English liberty. The happy freedom of air and manner shown in two peasant girls gives room for the contrast. It becomes a question whether true national freedom is compatible with this delightful hilarity of manner as a national feature — whether our precious gift of liberty is not a hard-won treasure, to be laboured and toiled for, and leaving traces of the conflict on its possessors. In the present day, at least, we are not disposed to undervalue our actual possessions, whatever they may have cost us. Even in aspect we must have the better of it—for every true heart in Italy must now be a sad one—every face of the true-hearted have gathered blackness. Yet the lines are beautiful, and the general tone wins our sympathy.

'Thence we return'd, revolving as we went,
The lesson this and previous days had taught
In rambling meditations; and we sought
To read the face of Italy, intent
With equal eye and just arbitrement
To measure its expressions as we ought:
And chiefly one conclusion did we draw,—
That liberty dwelt here with Heaven's consent,
Though not by human law.

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'A liberty imperfect, undesign'd,—
A liberty of circumstance; but still
A liberty that moulds the heart and will
And works an inward freedom of the mind.
Not such is statutable freedom: blind
Are they to whom the letter, which doth kill,
Stands for the spirit which giveth life: sore pains
They take to set Ambition free, and bind
The heart of man in chains.

'Ambition, Envy, Avarice and Pride,
These are the tyrants of our hearts: the laws
Which cherish these in multitudes, and cause
The passions that aforetime lived and died
In palaces, to flourish far and wide
Throughout a land—(allot them what applause
We may, for wealth and science that they nurse,
And greatness)—seen upon their darker side,
Bear the primæval curse.

'Oh England! "Merry England," styled of yore!
Where is thy mirth? thy jocund laughter, where?
The sweat of labour on the brow of care,
Makes a mute answer—driven from every door!
The May-pole cheers the village green no more,
Nor harvest-home, nor Christmas mummers rare.
The tired mechanic at his lecture sighs,
And of the learned, which, with all his lore,
Has leisure to be wise?

'Civil and moral liberty are twain:
That truth the careless countenances free
Of Italy avouch'd; that truth did we,
On converse grounds, and with reluctant pain,
Confess that England proved. Wash first the stain
Of worldliness away; when that shall be,
Us shall "the glorious liberty" befit
Whereof in other far than earthly strain,
The Jew of Tarsus writ.

'So shall the noble structure of our land,
(Oh nobler and more deeply founded far
Than any form beneath a southern star),
Move, more at large; be open, courteous, bland,
Be simple, cordial, not more strong to stand
Than just to yield,—nor obvious to each jar
That shakes the proud; for Independence walks
With staid Humility aye hand in hand,
Whilst Pride in tremor stalks.

'From pride plebeian and from pride high-born,
From pride of knowledge no less vain and weak,
From overstrain'd activities that seek
Ends worthiest of indifference or scorn,
From pride of intellect that exalts its horn
In contumely above the wise and meek,
Exulting in coarse cruelties of the pen,
From pride of drudging souls to Mammon sworn,
Where shall we flee and when?

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'One House of Refuge in this dreary waste
Was, through God's mercy, by our fathers built,—
That house the Church: oh, England! if the guilt
Of pride and greed thy grandeur have debased,
Thy liberty endanger'd, here be placed
Thy trust: thy freedom's garment, if thou wilt,
To piece by charters and by statutes strive,
But to its personal rescue, haste, oh haste!
And save its soul alive.'

Mr. Taylor's most recent work, 'Notes from Books,' as it consists almost entirely of critical essays reprinted from the 'Quarterly Review,' does not come within the scope of our article. It would be carrying criticism too far to review reviews—these have but one legitimate tribunal, the world of readers.

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ART. III.—1. *The Philosophy of Religion. By* J. D. MORELL, A.M. London: Longman. 1849.

2. *The Soul: her Sorrows and her Aspirations. An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the true basis of Theology. By* FRANCIS WILLIAM NEWMAN, *formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford.* London: Chapman. 1849.

WE notice these two volumes, not because we expect them to exercise any great influence on the English mind, too practical to be dislodged from its holdings, even by the theories of able men, but because they indicate the set of that current which for many years has been secretly undermining the national faith:

'Fluminaque antiquos subterlabentia muros.'

In saying that Rationalism is *patent* (to use Mr. Morell's favourite expression), in these volumes, we are bound to notice his own earnest protest against such a charge. But his definition of Rationalism differs from ours. A primary principle of his philosophy, and one which is in every way to be commended, is the distinction which he draws between the intuitive and the logical part of man's nature. This will be known to those who have seen the 'Historical View of Philosophy,' which he published three years ago.

Now, Rationalism, according to Mr. Morell, is, 'the attempt 'to exhibit Christianity simply as a system of logical thought, 'based upon certain fundamental definitions, and erecting upon 'them a complete superstructure of doctrine,' (p. 256.) He supposes himself safe, therefore, from such an imputation, because his opinion is that Christianity 'cannot be accounted 'for by any scientific analysis; but in its evidences, in its con- 'ceptions, in its holy impulses and anticipations, lies quite 'beyond the region of the logical understanding,' (Pref. xiii.) This is in great measure true, but it leaves untouched the real characteristic of Rationalism, regarded as a religious error. For if this name is really to mean anything, if its definition is to help us in estimating the true course of parties, and in discerning the causes of spiritual delirancy, we must seek for its distinctive conditions in some fundamental misapprehension of those relations between man and God, which form the basis of religion. Theology means the knowledge of God; religion the *bond* which is thus imposed upon the practice of His creatures. A right estimate, then, of the relation of man to God will lead

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to true, a defective or erroneous estimate to false religion. Now, the relation between man and God may be viewed in reference to two systems—the course of nature, and the course of grace. The first is that which grows out of the original creation of mankind in Adam, the second grows out of his re-creation in Jesus Christ. This last, therefore, is the principle of mediation, the other that of nature. Now, Rationalism is that system of religion which rests upon the laws and processes of nature, whereas Christianity rests upon mediation and grace.

It may be said, this is to make Rationalism identical with natural religion. But such is not our meaning. Natural religion is that feeble but real torch which burnt in man's conscience through the influence of the Eternal Word, before 'life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel.' It presented no opposition, therefore, to that intenser radiance which shone forth in the true Sun of Righteousness. The opposition to Christianity was from other systems, which pretended to the same heavenly principle of a new life, which the Christian truly possessed. The Church had to conquer the false schemes of mediation which made up popular paganism. But now that these rivals are vanquished, there waits it a new enemy,—a system which admits and applauds Holy Scripture as well as itself,—which spreads itself over the same wide field of history and experience, which appeals to all the results of Divine teaching, and to all the facts of the sacred annals, but which professes to be independent of that law of mediation, through which the Church of Christ derives all its blessings. This system is Rationalism, the final enemy of the cross of Christ, the great Antichrist of the last days.

If such be the true view of Rationalism, it may equally occur, whether men build their intellectual theory on intuition or on logic. Is their law of judgment based on the properties of nature, or on that new creation of man's race which was wrought in Christ Jesus? Is their criterion for the interpretation of Scripture based on those qualities which came into our constitution by its creation, or on those new lights of which the continual influx of grace from the second Adam is the potent cause? Is their notion of approach to the Supreme Being that of an immediate reaching forth of the spirit to its spiritual Maker; or does the God-man appear, as the sole channel, whereby God and man are united? The former set of processes are no doubt commended to us by the constitution of our nature, and if nature sufficed for our salvation it were needless for us to seek anything more; but to apply them to Revelation is to handle it according to the principles of our first creation, and thus to substitute the system of Rationalism for the religion of Christ.

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These two writers, therefore, are decidedly Rationalistic: the principles on which they base the religious judgment, the criterion which they suggest of truth and falsehood, are built upon the natural qualities of man, and not upon that higher sense with which humanity has been endowed through the Christian covenant. We may take them in a measure apart, because the one forms a sort of introduction to the other; Mr. Morell's work, far more deep, calm, and comprehensive, sets forth those general principles which are illustrated in the earnest, and fervid, but somewhat vituperative pages of Mr. Newman.

In reading Mr. Morell's volume we must confess ourselves to have experienced a great disappointment. Its philosophical views, at least towards the commencement of the work, are so just and valuable, they are so clearly enounced and happily illustrated, that in spite of some suspicious expressions we were prepared to find in him a valuable instructor. And such we are persuaded he would have proved, if he had been contented to take his philosophy from Jacobi, without taking his theology from Schleiermacher. As we would fain give him all the praise which is his due, we shall first notice the more gratifying part of his volume. We find in him a complete emancipation from that low and sordid system of Locke, which has been at the root of so much infidelity both here and on the Continent. The nobler and truer views which Jacobi set forth so successfully in Germany, and which our own Coleridge lived to vindicate, have found in him an apt disciple. We trust we may hail this circumstance as a proof of the increasing prevalence of that higher taste in philosophy, which though not necessarily involving theological truth, is yet essential to its prevalence. For though men who hold the doctrine of the Moral Sense in its completeness may unhappily stop short at that point of their progress, yet its denial is incompatible with any theory of religion. And though, through the infirmity of reason, this error fails happily of its result in individual cases, yet in the long run its pernicious consequences are sure to display themselves. We hail, therefore, the healthier tone of Mr. Morell's philosophy.

The portion of his work which we have read with the greatest pleasure is the second chapter, in which, after a general sketch of the human faculties, which does not contain anything very instructive, he proceeds to 'the distinction between the Logical and the Intuitional Consciousness.' The points which he brings out in this chapter, and which we shall illustrate by quotations, are, first, the degree in which intuitive consciousness lies at the root of human knowledge; secondly, that while the *form* of things is communicated to us through the senses, a knowledge

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of their *matter* is intuitively apprehended by the mind; thirdly, that the criterion which supplies a test for the verification of intuitive judgments is that decision of mankind at large by which the private judgment of individuals is amended. These we conceive to be important steps towards a right judgment of *the whole*, as Lucretius would term it, and especially do we consider that they lead to the admission of an objective reality in the domain of those spiritual essences which address themselves so peculiarly to our inner nature. It will not of course escape observation that Mr. Morell's view of matter and form would go far to justify such statements of the Real Presence as were introduced into the terminology of the mediæval Church. We need not quarrel with the word *substance*, as denoting the manner of our Lord's presence in the Holy Eucharist, if interpreted according to this sense of the term *material*. But to come to our author:—

'The fundamental realities of the true, the beautiful, and the good, all alike come to us at once by virtue of an intellectual sensibility, which apprehends them spontaneously and intuitively, just as in our perceptive consciousness we apprehend the outward reality of things around us. Without this perceptive consciousness we could never attain the very first elements of physical truth; inasmuch as we could never comprehend what is given us immediately in perception, by any description, definition, or idea. Yet once given *as elements* we can reason upon them logically, and thus create what is properly termed physical science. In like manner, also, we comprehend the elements of all higher truth, whether in theology, æsthetics, or morals; but having thus got access to them by our intuitional consciousness, then at length we can reason upon them by the understanding, until we reduce them to logical or scientific terms.'—P. 40.

On this is founded the remark, that

'The knowledge we obtain by the intuitional consciousness is *material*, that which we gain by the logical consciousness is *formal*.... The division of human knowledge into the *matter* and the *form*, is one which has stood its ground in the history of philosophy throughout a vast number of centuries, and has generally indicated an advanced state of metaphysical thinking, in proportion as it has become thoroughly realized, and incorporated into the science of the age. In this particular aspect of the distinctions in question, as in those we have already considered, the best illustration of the subject we can present is the analogous case of our sense-perceptions, since the co-existence of *matter* and *form*, in all knowledge depending upon the experience of the senses, is precisely similar to their co-existence in knowledge of a higher and more general description.'—P. 45.

And hence we advance to the third point—the criterion which is supplied for the testing of our principles of intuition by the collective judgment of mankind.

'The logical consciousness is *individual*, the intuitional consciousness is *generic*... The contest has long been going forward, how far we must appeal to the individual reason as the basis and test of truth, or how far we must make our appeal to the common consent of mankind. On the one hand it has been argued that the individual reason must be the final appeal

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for in whatever way truth comes to us, still our own individual faculties *must*, as far as we are concerned, be the judge of its evidences and the interpreter of its meaning. . . . . On the other hand it has been argued forcibly enough that the individual reason is altogether untrustworthy, for it *may*, and often does, give its assent to the very grossest errors and delusions. . . . Hence it is concluded that the reason of humanity, the common consent of the race is our true test, our last appeal. Now both these theories have truth on their side, although they appear to stand in direct opposition to each other. The ground of their antagonism arises from omitting to consider what is within us which is individual in its character, and what that is generic, or belonging to the race of mankind at large. We all feel conscious that *there are* certain points of truth respecting which we can appeal to our own individual understanding with unerring certainty. No amount of contradiction, for example, no weight of opposing testimony from others, could ever shake our belief in the definitions and deductions of mathematical science, or the conclusions of a purely logical syllogism. On the other hand, we are equally conscious, upon due consideration, that there are truths, respecting which we *distrust* our individual judgment, and gain certainty in admitting them, only from the concurring testimony of other minds. (Of this nature, for example, are the main points of moral and religious truth.) Hence it appears evident that there is within us both an individual and a generic element, and that answering to them there are truths for which we may appeal to the individual reason, and truths for which we must appeal to the testimony of mankind as a whole. . . . The logical consciousness is stamped with a perfect individualism, the intuitional consciousness with an equally universal or generic character.'—*Morell*, pp. 51—53.

We have been more full in these extracts, because we conceive them to be the most valuable part of the volume before us, and desire to see them apprehended by those who might be repelled by other parts of it. But we wish that Mr. Morell had ascended a step higher, and traced to its source the authority of that intuitional consciousness which dwells in the family of mankind. For, though men might be influenced in their judgments by the simple coincidence of testimonies, yet we are persuaded that a deeper and more real authority is to be ascribed to the intuitional consciousness of humanity. Its existence in that whole family, which owes its origin to a common creation, shows it to be the impress of the Parent mind, whose being and nature is one of the most indelible of those instincts which He has implanted upon His creatures. Here we trust that our author is fully with us, for he points out with great force and beauty that the idea of God is no mere negative notion, attained by abstracting the limits of things; that it lies in the inherent belief of the Infinite and Absolute, as of a positive and necessary Being.

'Reason up to a God, and the best you can do is to hypostatize and deify the final product of your own faculties; but admit the reality of an intellectual intuition, (as the mass of mankind virtually do,) and the absolute stands before you in all its living reality.'—*Morell*, p. 39.

With this view of the Supreme Nature, our author, we are

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persuaded, must sympathise in the sentiments of Aquinas, when he claims a Divine source for those inherent judgments of the human race which have been vindicated by all true philosophers from Plato to Jacobi.

'Supra animam intellectivam humanam necesse est ponere aliquem superiorem intellectum, a quo anima virtutem intelligendi obtineat.—Plato intellectum separatum, imprimentem in animas nostras, comparavit Soli.—Sed intellectus separatus, secundum nostræ fidei documenta, est ipse Deus.'

We are indebted for this quotation to a recent work by Archdeacon Wilberforce, and we shall quote his words, as illustrating our assertion, that the unity of creation supplies the authority for those common judgments which are due to the moral instincts of mankind.

'If it be asked why men are not justified in adopting those conclusions to which their single consciousness conducts; why they should admit more than, by processes within themselves, they can ascertain and accept; the answer is, that they do not stand alone; that they are parts of a race; that He who made them has established certain laws, which find a response in their common nature, and has thus fixed His impress on their collective being. . . . Starting from the fact that they were all "the offspring of him that was first made from the earth," they must conclude that wisdom was "the breath of the power of God, and a pure influence flowing from the glory of the Almighty." And Revelation witnesses that men's natural power of appreciating moral truth is the gift of that Eternal Word, who never totally forsook the beings whom He had created. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." This is the origin and divine cause for that community and connexion of the souls of men, the natural and apparent grounds of which have been already stated.'—*Wilberforce on the Incarnation*, p. 494. 2d Ed.

But why, it may be asked, should we have wished Mr. Morell to have entered upon this subject, and to have stated the law, from which the intuitional consciousness of nature derives its validity? Because, had he done so, he might probably have been led on to the recognition of that higher law, which occupies a corresponding position in the economy of grace. And here it is that we are compelled, however reluctantly, to part company with him. After this philosophical estimate of the nature of consciousness, he advances onwards to the essential characteristics of religion in general, and in particular of the religion of Christ. This leads him to speak of Revelation, of Inspiration, and of the criterion by which its truth and falsehood is to be discriminated. Now, in this progress, instead of going on 'to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ,' he never rises above that natural level which is all we fear that a disciple of Schleiermacher can be expected to attain. He admits freely the influence of Christ as a historical Person, and as raising humanity above itself, but we lack that law of a new creation, which supplies the real distinction between the system of nature and the system of grace.

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This becomes painfully apparent when he discusses the two great questions which at present are most pressing on the minds of thoughtful men,—the Inspiration of Scripture and the Criterion of Truth. Of the importance of these subjects our author seems indeed to have a due estimate.

'The age in which we now live, an age universally fruitful in independent thinking, is fast driving the questions of reason and authority, as held by the Protestant world, to a point. Multitudes fully conscious of the logical untenableness of their ordinary professions, have been impelled to one or the other extreme. Some, following out the principle of individualism, have seen it land them in the lowest abyss of Rationalism; while others, naturally shrinking from such a result, have thrown themselves into the arms of absolute authority. On this spectacle the Christian world is now gazing; and many is the throbbing heart which is asking at the hand of the Protestant Church, in which its faith has been nurtured, an intelligible solution of this all-important question.'—P. 378.

The importance assigned, not unjustly to this subject, leads us to weigh somewhat more fully the theory of our author. Its failure seems to us to be attributable to the unfortunate deficiency which we have already noticed. His general view of the nature of Inspiration we are far from quarrelling with. 'Revelation,' he says, 'is a process of the intuitional consciousness, gazing upon eternal verities,' (p. 141.) 'Inspiration is the power of spiritual vision,' (p. 151.) Neither do we call in question his assertion, that 'there is no positive evidence of a verbal dictation' of Scripture. What then, it will be said, is the objection to his theory? The objection is this, that he disbelieves the reality of that new system which truly altered all the relations of heaven and earth, and made the estate and prospects of men wholly other than they had been before. The Gospel dispensation was a new creation, a re-moulding of the former state of things; the visible and invisible were alike altered; the new birth of time was come: 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will towards men.' This mighty innovation in the ancient order of the universe did not fail to involve an alteration in the condition of those by whom it was witnessed; but it was not only a change in their sentiments, an enhancement and excitation of their feelings; they were truly altered by a supernatural power, even as objects were altered around them. For then came in the Law of Grace in place of the Law of Creation; and the ordinary comprehension of the children of Adam was superseded by the inspired judgment of the members of Christ.

Now, to this great change our author does no justice. Inspiration with him is merely that intenser action of the powers of a moral intuition which was called forth by the deeds and influence of Christ.

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'The personal experience of the life, preaching, character, sufferings, and death of Christ, together with the remarkable effusion of spiritual influence which followed His ascension, were assuredly most extraordinary instrumentalities, wonderfully adapted, moreover, *to work upon the minds of the Apostles, and raise them to a state of spiritual perception and sensibility.*—*Morell*, p. 166.

Contrast this with the statement of the Apostle: 'If any 'man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed 'away; behold, all things are become new.' Or still more, refer to that Divine declaration that a real change had been produced in the actual relations of the universe, whereby was fulfilled Isaiah's prediction of a new heaven and a new earth. 'All power is *given* unto me in heaven and earth. Go ye, *therefore*, and make disciples of all nations.'

Our complaint, then, against Mr. Morell's system is that it silently eliminates the Mediator out of His own world. It ignores that mighty change which is described in Scripture as the setting up of His kingdom. And, as a necessary consequence, it rejects those Divine records in which this new form of things was set forth to posterity. For, when we speak of inspiration as a higher mode of intuition, we are not referring only to an increased acuteness in appreciating the general truths of morals, or to an augmented zeal in propagating them, but to some actual power of discerning those new realities, which at this season were truly introduced into the world. Nothing but a belief in the reality of that Divine system which the Apostles professed to set forth, including, of course, such an influence on the observers as qualified them to declare it, will secure that due reverence for God's word, of which our author's theory would wholly deprive it. Not only does he deny to the sacred writers 'either miraculous powers, or any distinct commission from God,' (p. 165,) but he virtually discards the whole dogmatic teaching of the Apostles, as being 'exclusively Jewish in form,' though 'their intuitions were purely Christian,' (p. 272.) Thus, then, is the main part of Christian doctrine got rid of by a writer who still professes to believe in Scripture, and, in name, recognises the inspiration of its writers. And we are taunted by the assertion of Dr. Hampden, that 'S. Paul never meant to treat of doctrines in his Epistles,' (pp. 233, 272.) Such is the usual history of heretical statements. This position had no sooner been advanced by Dr. Hampden, than it was condemned by the common voice of the Church; and it formed one of the main grounds of his censure by the University of Oxford. Dr. Hampden, instead of taking the manly course of saying that, if there was any thing in his teaching inconsistent with the doctrines of the Church, he retracted and wished it unsaid, called heaven and earth to witness that he had never meant what was attri-

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buted to him; and in particular, he repeatedly asserted that he *did* consider the doctrinal statements of the Apostles to be a binding statement of truth. Such was the language of his appeal to the Puritan party in his Inaugural Lecture. And the same statement he has often repeated. The Whigs come in again. Dr. Hampden, of course, 'has his reward' for his treason to the Church. It was said to be unfair to attribute to him an error, which, by his repeated denials, he had virtually retracted. But no sooner has he attained his purpose, than we see his theological assertions quoted, as though they had been accepted *sub silentio* by the Church, and had gained a recognised position in our theology.

We can assure Mr. Morell, however, that he is mistaken if he thinks that the English public is prepared, like his friend Schleiermacher, to give up even one of the Epistles. Far rather will they throw over Dr. Hampden and the whole bench of Bishops. But what is the alternative? Is it necessary that to maintain our reverence for Scripture we should admit the extreme statements to which the naked theory of verbal inspiration has been sometimes extended? We should greatly prefer this to Mr. Morell's alternative: yet such extreme statements involve great, and as we think, unnecessary difficulties; and they were introduced merely to prop up an imperfect system of theology. Here again we will refer to Mr. Morell.

'When the Reformers threw off the papal yoke, and disowned the Church, they naturally fell back upon the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures as their most powerful appeal. Hence, the Protestant Church, which had naturally inherited somewhat of the mechanical spirit of the Papacy, was nurtured in those rigid ideas of inspiration by which alone it was able in those times to hold up an antagonistic authority to the pretended infallibility of the Papal See. The professed theologians of almost all the reformed Churches accordingly developed and maintained the doctrine of verbal inspiration with great tenacity.'—P. 188.

We believe this to be a true statement, though of course we do not include the Church of England, as our author perhaps would do, among Protestant Churches. And we fully agree with him when he points out what both history and reason show to be the necessary result of such a system.

'We find as a matter of logical necessity that the theory of religious certitude, which throws the whole decision upon the interpretations of the letter of Scripture, insensibly merges into the very foundation-principle of Rationalism; for in one case, as in the other, the individual reason is the final appeal. And this result, be it observed, perfectly coincides with the facts of history, for nearly all the Rationalism of modern times has based itself upon Biblical interpretation, and appeals even to the Scriptures themselves as a verification of its conclusions. . . . Little do they consider who proclaim so loudly the doctrine of private judgment, or private interpretation *as an intellectual principle*, what lies concealed in it *now*, and what may come forth from it hereafter. Once give the individual principle full

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play, and whatever be the result of a man's speculations on the Bible, you have not a word wherewith to meet him. *His* individual judgment is theoretically as good as your own, and if he be a keener logician than yourself, a thousand to one but he will beat you entirely out of the field, and set up his logical Rationalism completely over the head of your logical orthodoxy.'—*Morell*, pp. 333, 335.

Our author has a perfectly just conception of the process which is now going on among the Dissenters, and of which the whole Puritan party is the unconscious victim. Let us review his steps. He objects to the system of a mechanical inspiration as untrue in fact, because not consistent with history. 'It came in,' he says, 'as an expedient to enable men 'to do without that belief in a Divine guidance, on which 'Church authority is dependent. But by making the intellect 'of the individual the law of appeal, it leads of necessity, (as is 'proved by the example of all Protestant Europe,) to Ration-'alism.' Now what does our author suggest instead? You must have a better law of appeal. Individual intellect will not answer the purpose: you must appeal to the *intuitive consciousness of humanity.* But now comes the sacrifice. You must pull down Scripture to the same level with the mind, which is its adequate criterion. You cannot have a Divine law and a merely human interpreter. Had this been aimed at, the inspired sayings of the Apostles must have been cut off by some sharp line of demarcation from their ordinary remarks on common subjects. But no such thing is recorded. (Pp. 155, 164.) 'I go a-fishing.'—Was the Apostle always inspired when he thus spoke, or what was there to indicate his inspiration to himself, in the single instance recorded in Scripture?

Our author's view then is, that inspiration is a singularly rich vein of intuition,—a peculiarly happy example of that power, by which all moral truth is apprehended. Such an effect he concludes to have followed from that mission of the Saviour into the world, the object whereof was to raise the natural tone of humanity. 'Our knowledge *is* Divine, but it is 'so, just because humanity itself is Divine; it comes from God, 'because we came forth from God,' (p. 328.) And if *we* can give to Revelation a higher place, it must be because we suppose the advancement of humanity to depend on a higher principle,—because we look on Christianity, not as an exaltation of man's natural state, but as a re-creation in Christ Jesus.

So far we fully agree with Mr. Morell, that whatever origin be ascribed to inspiration, the same must be given to that power which is the adequate criterion of its meaning and its claims. You cannot exalt the natural above the supernatural. To do so were against history and against reason. It were against

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history, which relates no such attempt: it were against reason; for what were the use of a supernatural guide, if its meaning were to be prescribed by a natural interpreter? Either, therefore, you must pull down Scripture to the level of reason, or you must admit the existence of some Divine principle of guidance in the Church of God. For it is at once the interpreter of Scripture, and the judge of its inspiration. A middle line was attempted by all the Protestant bodies at the time of the Reformation. They built up fabrics, which promised to be enduring, the basis whereof was, first, the verbal inspiration of the sacred canon, and secondly, certain arbitrary interpretations of it, which were drawn up by eminent men. Mr. Morell relates, with evident satisfaction, that not one of them has stood its ground. 'The first assault of a vigorous philosophical 'Rationalism shattered into fragments the brittle texture of 'those logical systems, &c.' (p. 283.) And why not? What right had Luther or Calvin to set eternal limits to the mind? We wonder that Mr. Morell, who, generally, is neither weak nor unfair, should not have discerned the wide difference between dogmas, which thus stood upon nothing, and those synodical decrees of the English Church, which are confessedly put forth as not contrary to Catholic consent, and are built upon the Church's claim to 'authority in controversies of faith.' For this claim plainly rests upon the other principle which has been noticed. The objection to which it will be liable is, that it involves the claim to infallibility. But what it asserts is not the infallibility of the Roman Church, but the indefectibility of the Church Universal. Unless this can be maintained, we see no alternative but our author's. Either Revelation was not above humanity, or the power by which it is judged must be so also.

The contrast then between the system of our author and that of the Church is manifest. All that can be attained by mere humanity, he asserts for his criterion of truth. Its ground is intuition, not logic; the judgment of the race, not individual intellect; the enlightened mind, finally, which has been duly moulded by the great Teacher of humanity, and His lofty-minded disciples. But it remains a human judgment still. We should be sorry to impute to him opinions, from which his English education may have saved him; and we do not assume, therefore, that like his master, Schleiermacher, he has fallen into those deadly errors, which deform the works of that able man. We do not infer that he disbelieves the doctrines of the Trinity, because he sneers at S. Athanasius, (p. 246); or that by him, as by his German teacher, the great truths of our Lord's satisfaction for sin, or of Eternal Judgment are denied. It is enough that he

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lowers the mystery of the Gospel to the standard of nature. Man natural is his standard of truth, not man redeemed. What God bestows upon man, he supposes to have been bestowed according to the law of creation, not the law of grace.

Now to all this we oppose the Divine mystery of the Gospel; we assert that when the manhood was taken unto God, there began that sublime system of grace, which is characteristic of the Christian kingdom. We affirm that it is still acting in the ordinances, and speaking through the judgment of the Universal Church. For 'lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.' And from this power were derived those higher intuitions, whereby the secrets of the unseen world were laid open to our Lord's disciples. And if we are asked how we can discriminate what has been uttered on this undoubted authority from such less important sayings as, no doubt, proceeded at times even from the mouths of Apostles, we refer to the criterion which is supplied by the judgment of the collective body of Christ. This body we believe to have often spoken by its authorized representatives, and we hope and believe that it will yet again speak; and to its decisions we shall listen as to the voice of God. But this voice will never speak for the purpose of making new Revelations, but only of fixing the sense of old ones. For such is the promise of God Himself. And having this criterion of truth, we can afford to discard that system of a mechanical inspiration, which would otherwise be essential. For since the criterion is Divine, the Revelation itself must be Divine also. The intuitions, on which it is dependent, must be supposed to be a real communing with things unseen. A spiritual world is truly round about us, and of its immortal verities the Apostles had the same clear perception as the senses convey of the material universe. In recording the result of these sacred communings, what was necessary, save that they should speak the truth? When the Apostle tells us that he left a cloak at Troas, we do not think it necessary to assert more than that he had truly reason to say he had done so. And when S. John relates that the 'Lamb that was slain,' was seen before the throne, or when S. Paul expresses the same fact, by declaring that 'He ever liveth to make intercession for us,' still, that they speak the truth is all which it is essential for us to affirm. What matters it, that in the one case the informant may have been memory; in the other, inspired intuition; supposing that we have the testimony of an unfailing witness that both are to be believed. There will be no evil in admitting that in both cases the results are conveyed to us in human words, provided we hold firmly to these two facts, of which the Church's witness assures us, 1st, that an actual world of wonders

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has its existence outside of us; and, 2dly, that with its secrets the Apostles were as fully conversant as they were with those bodily and sensible appearances which their eyes beheld or their hands handled.

In conclusion, we will recapitulate the three particular complaints which we have to make against Mr. Morell's theory of inspiration. 1st. He does not recognise the distinction which ought plainly to obtain between the words of Him who 'spake as never man spake,' and those of His Apostles. To them the unseen world was opened by His power, and their spiritual eye was armed to discern its mysteries, but how far their knowledge may have extended respecting the universe we are not concerned. It is indifferent whether S. Paul was acquainted with the system of Copernicus; but it is otherwise when we come to Him, to whom all the secrets of time and space are naturally open. That any words of His could be imperfect or inaccurate, it were a profanation to conceive.

2dly. Our author does not make due account of miracles. Supposing that Scripture does not mount above the level of nature, he sees no value in those miraculous events, by which a superhuman system was naturally accompanied. We are far from looking at the subject of miracles in that cold calculating spirit, which has often been applied to them. We need not count or weigh them; nor do we conceive that each act of revelation must be countersigned by a corresponding act of power. But we cannot forget that our Lord referred to miracles, and that S. Paul, whose words are our especial authority for many new views of truth, alludes more than any other Apostle to this sanction. (Gal. iii. 5; Rom. xv. 19; 1 Cor. 14, 18.) We look therefore with great suspicion on the tendency which appears in other quarters, as well as in our author, (p. 152,) to depreciate the weight of miracles, even without denying their reality. It is part of the same system which would sink the mystery of redemption into a mere exaltation of the natural powers of man.

3dly. Our author treats the words of the Apostles with a contempt, which he could never entertain, if he recognised that Divine intuition of which they were possessed. Did he believe that the unseen world was open to their gaze, he would hardly think himself justified in rejecting their expressions, because they do not range with the partial deductions of his own logic, (pp. 175, 6.) How differently is this subject treated by the ablest of modern writers.

'Supposing, for argument's sake, S. Paul's reasonings are separable from his conclusions, and he is only inspired in the latter, yet, is it indeed come to this, that in order to defend the Gospel, an Apostle must be supposed to indulge in words and arguments, which mean nothing? Is one who is greater than

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man with inspiration, less than man without it? Are his antitheses and amplifications and similitudes, are his words of emphasis and weight, such as "light," "power," "glory," "riches," "height and depth," "inward working," "spirit," "mystery," and "Christ indwelling," to stand for nothing? Are they random words uttered for effect, or from a sort of habit, as sacred names are now used by sinners to make their language tell? Are his expressions glowing, not because his subject is great, but because his temperament was sanguine? Is he antithetical, not because he treats of things discordant, but because he was taught in the schools of Tarsus? Or does he repeat his words, not from the poverty of human language, but the slenderness of his vocabulary? . . . Surely it is not only shallow but profane, thus to treat the argumentative structure of an Inspired Volume.'

Mr. Morell's volume is not likely, of course, to gain much acceptance with the Puritan portion of the Church of England, the sceptical tendency of whose tenets he so forcibly exposes, and whose intolerance he is unable to speak of with patience. He has no sympathy with those who rant about 'the *simplicity of* 'the *Gospel*,' (Pref. xv.) He complains that 'the religious excite-'ment of the age leads insensibly into the same diplomatic 'habit of action, which we find in the contentions of political 'and other purely secular interests,' (Pref. xxiii.) But does this party expect more support from Mr. Newman? They might have some right to do so, for Mr. Newman's volume is but the expansion and enforcement of the main truth of Puritan theology, the existence merely of personal religion; Mr. Newman's whole object is to contend for this principle; to show that it involves all goodness and all truth, that nothing else is worth seeking after, that it is idle to waste attention on non-essentials, when everything turns in reality on the relation between God and the soul. Now this is so much what we have been used to hear; it is the very opinion which has been made the ground for neglecting all sacramental ordinances, that we might expect the work in which it is ably and clearly set forth to be an especial favourite with the depreciators of the Church's system. The offer made to them by this writer is of an intellectual rectification of their own principles; their system is stated with force and defended with earnestness. How many will be led away by the subtlety of the work, we cannot say. It would be more persuasive, if it stopped short of the conclusions which it develops. We observe, however, that the 'Record' newspaper speaks of our author as 'the greater of the two Newmans,' a title which can only be justified by an attraction towards some of his opinions. Perhaps their unreasoning apprehension from the 'Sterling Club,' may act as a salutary caution against the real dangers of their position.[1] But let us notice some of the particulars in

[1] Having alluded to this subject, we cannot help inserting the observations of that sensible paper, the 'New York Churchman,' for April 28. Persons at a

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Mr. Newman's work, which may be expected to find favour in their eyes.

Nothing is of greater moment than the means of acceptance with God. This is of course the main object of all religion, its professed purpose—to rescue man from a state of alienation, and to bring him into favour with God. We all know what is to be heard on this subject from Puritan pulpits, that men must come to Christ as they are, that they have only to believe themselves as one with Him, and they are so; that such faith will of itself lead to right conduct, and that the great impediment to it is the habit of trusting to the routine of ritual observances, or of making work-righteousness a condition of acquittal. We do not stop at present to inquire how far truth and falsehood are mixed together in such a system; we notice it only to observe that Mr. Newman says Shibboleth, the right way, and therefore might pass muster with the Tryers of the Pastoral Aid as a converted character.

'The great, the imminent danger is, that the soul which begins to turn once more towards God, should exaggerate the difficulties in the way of its restoration; and often nothing can be happier, than if in a fit of unreasoning enthusiasm it suddenly conceives itself to be the special object of the Divine favour. Let the man but once come really under a sense of God's unchangeable complacency, and he will then soon mourn bitterly enough for his sins, and profitably to himself. "Thou shalt be loathsome in thine own eyes, *when I am pacified with thee* for all that thou hast done." This is the rationale of the recovery of men from deplorable hardness and remorse, under the influence of doctrine commonly esteemed fanatical, but practically proved to be far more powerful to convert and rescue than any wisdom of the mere moralist. The preacher anxiously warns the sinner not to think that he must make himself good and righteous *before* he comes to Christ; but let him "come as he is, ragged, wretched, filthy, with all his sins about him:" let him believe that he is accepted, and he shall instantly be made whole; he shall be received with joy, as the prodigal son returning: a ring shall be placed on his hand and shoes on his feet: the angels shall be glad because of him: he shall be justified in the midst of his ungodliness; and his faith shall be counted as

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distance are sometimes better judges than those near at hand. 'The London "Record," and some sectarian papers in this country, have been making a loud outcry about the "Sterling Club," of which the Bishops of Oxford and St. David's, with several other distinguished divines, are said to be members. As the Rev. Mr. Sterling died a more than suspected infidel, it was, of course, charitably inferred that all the members held the same sentiments, and we have had much whining about the lamentable results of Puseyism and High Churchism. It appears, however, that the "Club" was formed ten or twelve years ago before the heterodoxy of Mr. Sterling was ever suspected; it consisted of literary men, artists, and other clever people who met for social purposes, and not for the maintenance of any set of opinions. It was called by that name partly because Mr. S. was the prime mover in the business, and partly as a pun upon the word. Many of the original members have long ceased to attend its meetings. It is needless for us to add that the word of the "London Record" is not to be taken for anything.' Whatever objections may, not unreasonably, be made against the 'Sterling Club,' the attempt to connect 'Tractarianism' with Mr. Sterling's speculations is sufficiently absurd.

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righteousness. Undoubtedly if the hearer imagines that this is some process for enabling him to continue in sin without evil consequences, it is a ghastly delusion; but if he accepts it as a method of freeing him from the power of inward sin, as well as from all farther spiritual consequences, it is precisely the thing needed for his case. There is no single thing which more strikingly shows the gross blindness of common moralizing divines concerning the soul, than the incredulity and contempt which is cast upon sudden conversions.'—*Newman*, pp. 78, 79.

Let any one read these lines and say whether Mr. Newman should not be allowed by the Puritan party to understand the Gospel. Here is their 'articulus stantis aut cadentis ecclesiæ' fully adopted. And this doctrine carries its proof so completely in itself, that no further question seems admissible. For if faith be its own criterion, if those who are conscious of it have in that circumstance a sufficient test of the sincerity of their profession, what more can be required. The favourite argument against the sacramental system is, that it is a needless interference, which is superseded by that immediate apprehension of pardon which is provided by faith. But Mr. Newman's sympathy with the Puritan party does not stop here. The 'eadem velle et eadem nolle' may be shown by other instances. He joins with them in protesting against the notion that any real objective gift of grace is bestowed in either sacrament through the efficacy of sacerdotal blessing. Its result, he says, is that 'a wafer 'blessed and water sprinkled by a priest are often invested over 'the breadth of Europe with magical virtue; and the words of 'a creed, reverentially recited by one who does not profess to 'understand them, are believed to have power in heaven and 'hell,' (p. 10.) Again, he asserts that to have any value for Ordination is a form of Feticism: 'the ordained and consecrated are all *Fetish*,' (p. 11.) Fasting is a 'Babylonish practice,' (p. 83.) He refuses to believe 'the pretended magical force of a sacrament, until some tangible proof of it is adduced,' (p. 162.) It is 'to ignore the whole momentous reality of the new birth,' to identify it 'with a magical process effected by sprinkling water on an infant,' (p. 111.) And not only does he thus sympathize with the dislikes of the party, he also concurs in their predilections. Charles Wesley is 'that glorious hymn-writer,' (p. 65.) 'As mariners or travellers delight to remember dangers past, 'so do practical Christians; and the distresses of their inward 'life have furnished abundant themes to Christian hymn-writers 'innumerable. From these, without undergoing their throes, we 'may gain rather ample knowledge of their experience,' (p. 89.)

All this might well induce the party in question to suppose that in Mr. Newman they have gained an accession to their ranks. And the earnestness with which he advocates his views, must needs produce a favourable impression in his favour. Nor

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are those views anything more than a legitimate deduction from the belief that all religion consists in the personal surrender of the individual soul to God. Let this notion be taken as the sum of all religion; let the idea of a Federal union, of Church-membership, of approach to the Father through those common ordinances, in which we take part together as members of the Lord's body, be looked upon as something which is merely superadded and non-essential, and we undertake to say that Mr. Newman's conception of religion is correct, and that those whom he addresses are bound to accept the conclusions which he develops. Those conclusions, however, are sufficient, we hope, to make many of them doubt the sufficiency of that article of Justification by Faith in Christ, which they have usually represented as not only true but as the sole adequate test of orthodoxy. In the book before us we have a sufficient proof that a man may comply with the letter of this test without being a Christian at all. For not only does Mr. Newman deny the advantage of liturgical prayer, (which some would be less offended at,) but he attacks in reality the idea of all public prayer whatever. He protests 'against that tyranny of public opinion which stigmatizes as 'irreligious all who are indisposed to "come to church," and 'hinders each from following the indications of his inward 'monitor. Under church I include chapel; for there is much 'in common," (p. 167.) Nor is he more favourable to the idolized ordinance of preaching. We must really quote his words; their truth we are sure will be keenly felt by those who have suffered under the infliction of Puritan preaching:—

'The sermon! Can any one say a word against this? Is not this at length "the means of grace?" Reader, must I ask whether thou hast ever heard a bad sermon? One so dull and drowsy that it was impossible to maintain attention: one so empty, that no food for heart or mind could be found in it: one so logical, that the soul was never addressed at all, but only the critical faculty called out: one so illogical, that the hearer's understanding violently resents it, and will not leave his soul free to feed on the good food which is intermixed: one so uncharitable as to turn the heart sick: one so full of gross carnal superstition as to excite indignation, that Paganism and Formalism still live to vex us: one so vulgar, coarse, and profane in the manner of address, as to spoil good matter. . . Under all these things, I, oh reader! have groaned a hundred times—perhaps thou hast not. . . . Occasional listening to a preacher will always be more or less coveted: but it is very hurtful to imagine that we *all always* want a "regular ministry" to teach us. Nothing is more desirable for those who are already fully fledged than that each should be driven out from the nest to seek his own food by soaring through God's wide heaven, instead of huddling together, as now, with closed wings, on the flat earth, gaping for morsels of meat, killed and cooked by another.'—Pp. 173, 175.

Here, then, is the whole *public* portion of Puritan religion swept away at a stroke. But still worse remains, if anything can seem worse to those who make piety consist in hearing

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sermons. Our author goes on to tell us that 'Sundays have nothing to do with abstinence from worldly business,' (p. 156,) and that it would be far better to employ them in a measure as days of labour. Finally, he totally denies all *authority* to Scripture, (p. 198,) and asserts that to ascribe any supernatural knowledge to the Apostles is incompatible with the clearer perceptions of truth which have been attained by this reasoning age, (pp. 208, 210.) Of course this implies unbelief in the doctrines of Christianity. Yet he uses the name of Christ, stating it to be equivalent to that of God, (p. 64.) What is the precise form of heresy which he has adopted he does not tell us; probably it is moulded of so many erroneous elements that he fondly fancies it original. His positive system, if we were to express it in Christian terms, would be a modification of the Sabellian heresy; though it would hardly be correct to apply a name, which has been commonly used of those who call themselves Christians, to one whose real theory is that Christianity has wholly passed away, and that its sole residual effect is the impulse which has been given to the intellectual progress of society. Mr. Newman, however, occasionally uses Sabellian language in a manner not unlikely to mislead others; and it is so usual for men to hesitate in carrying out infidel principles to their full logical result, that we should not be surprised if (as was so long the case with Blanco White) he still deceived himself, and fancied that he was only rejecting the niceties of S. Athanasius, when, in truth, he is attempting to harmonize the usual phraseology of the Christian world with a bare belief in the abstractions of Theism.

But why, it may be asked, have we asserted Mr. Newman's theory to be the full expression of the Puritan system, if he advances so many propositions which that party abhors? We never said that he represented its present aspect; we affirmed only that his views were the *intellectual complement*, if we may so express it, of theirs; that the one therefore in the end leads of necessity to the other. And Puritanism has in fact so often issued in infidelity, that their intellectual proximity is in no degree surprising. Now what is Mr. Newman's theory? We have already stated it to be that all religion consists in the individual relation of the soul to Christ, meaning, as he says, by Christ to express God. And what is the objection which is commonly made by Puritans to the sacramental system? They are ready to respect sacraments, as a very effective mode of preaching, a sort of acted sermon; but to suppose them essential, is to limit, they say, the freedom of man's access to Christ, and thus to put the Church between man and his Saviour. And why is this supposed to be an obstruction? Because God, they say, is a

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Spirit, to whom the spiritual part of man can betake itself by immediate approach. What need then of any authorized time and place, or of the intervention of any appointed minister, when man has but to enter into the temple of his own heart in order to reach upward to the Godhead? These things are useful as helps to the untaught, but to the spiritual worshipper they are rather an obstacle. And therefore, to make them essential, to bid us wait for them, to depend on them, is to put the Church or sacraments instead of the Saviour.

All this language, be it observed, depends upon the hypothesis that by the exercise of their thoughts men have at once an approach to God. It supposes that their thoughts are an immediate object to the Supreme Being, as is doubtless true, and likewise that the mind of man is able, by its immediate energy, to approach God. And that such was the case, according to the law of man's original creation, must be admitted. But to rest on this at present is to depend on what at the commencement we showed to be the Rationalistic, as opposed to the Christian scheme. For there are but two ways in which those Divine gifts, on which all Theists profess to depend, can flow forth into man from his Maker. The first is that natural connexion which was introduced by creation, and which sin has obstructed. The second is the re-creation of man's race in Christ, which began in the sanctification of that manhood which was personally one with God, and issues in the sanctification of His brethren, through their sacramental union with Himself. This second, therefore, is the law of grace: the first that of nature. But when it is maintained that the intercourse which the individual soul maintains with God is the *natural* mode of intercourse, it is evident that men have in view that law of connexion, which was introduced by creation, and not that new law which has been introduced by grace. To this they look then as the means of intercourse with God. It is an immediate and direct connexion; the same whereby Adam received from his Maker those commands which were anterior to any other channel of intercourse. And did such a connexion exist at present, (as it might if man had not fallen,) men might still receive intimations by such direct influence of the Supreme Being, as must be of paramount authority in the guidance of their lives. Now this is exactly the position of Mr. Newman. He who receives directions from a superior by word of mouth, knows them to supersede any previous written instructions. Let men hold intercourse, therefore, with God by that immediate relation which obtains between their souls and His Eternal Being, and a previous provision can affect the fulness of their information. Why should Scripture or usage, why should public worship or

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sacramental union, be allowed to intrude, when man is already in immediate contact with his Maker? Why should such outward impediments 'hinder each from following the indications of his inward monitor?'

It is plain that no external means can be necessary as a channel of intercourse between God and man, supposing that this intercourse is completely attained according to the law of nature, and through the relation which the mind bears to the mind's Creator. But allow that man has been alienated from God; that Christ, as the God-man, is the necessary link between them, and the whole theory of the immediate relation of the mind to God falls at once, while the sacramental system comes in as the natural means of a renewed intercourse between man and his Maker. So that in fact there are but two grand systems into which this whole class of subjects is divided. Let the system of nature be taken, and there comes in the notion of Rationalism; of an individual relation of mankind to God. Adopt the principle of the new creation, and you must take the sacramental system, as being the manner in which the mediation of Christ extends itself to mankind. So that the Puritan creed, which would begin with the individual and pass on to the body, which makes the private relation of mankind to God the basis of religion, and represents our collective union in Christ as a mere system of technical convenience, must of necessity end in Mr. Newman's theory, because it adopts his fundamental principle. Does the teaching of Scripture, or belief in the person of Christ, or the doctrine of present grace, or the expectation of future judgment, go against any man's private will; and they must respectively be thrown away, as inconsistent with that primary principle which allows no higher criterion than itself.

Thus it is, then, that Mr. Newman is led to affirm the system of mediation to be a mere *Feticism*, a blind confidence in a certain artificial scheme, invented by men for the deception of their fellows. His own acute mind must, of course, be conscious (perhaps all his readers are not) that the whole Christian theory, the Incarnation of the Son of God, His atonement and sacrifice, must all be referred to the same class with the sacramental system, its ministering priesthood, its holy rites, its prayers, and blessings. And for our part we may remind him, that, as believers in Scripture, we have a definite declaration that his rash profaneness *cannot* have been suggested by the Spirit of God. For 'no man, speaking by the Spirit of God, calleth Jesus accursed.' We wish that we could believe that our author could be unconscious how wide is the extent of that awful malediction which, in the pride of his individual confidence, he has ventured to utter:—

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'The *cursed* invention of Mediators is designed to hinder this contact, [of the soul with God,] and have too effectually done their work, whether they be the lower gods of polytheism, or priests, saints, and a Virgin. *All* Christianity might have been thus blighted, only that, side by side with the growth of the Mediatorial idea, the reverential imagination of the Church at Antioch sublimated the Mediator into something spiritually undistinguishable from the morally perfect and omnipresent God; and thus neutralized the doctrine, saving spirituality at the expense of logic.'—P. 68.

What is this but a declaration that Christ, as the *Incarnate* God, as partaker of our nature, and as thus distinguished from Parent Deity, is in fact included in the anathema, which this man, in the strength of his self-esteem, has uttered against all who interfere between his spirit and the Spirit of his Maker? For here is a distinct avowal, that 'we will not have this *man* to reign over us.' Were we to express our author's opinions in a few words, we should paraphrase them thus:—I, Francis William Newman, address myself directly to the Parent Spirit of the Universe, and respond to the aspirations of my nature. I want no human help: I am indifferent to Aquinas and Paul, to the first Adam, from whom my race was drawn, and to the last Adam, who was born of a virgin.

And were we wrong in representing this as a form of the final apostasy—popular as are such errors, and covering themselves, as they often do, with the forms of the Gospel? Is there anything by which the whole Christian system is more directly opposed; anything which heaps greater contempt on the cross, or does fouler despite to the Spirit? 'Hereby know ye the 'Spirit of God: every spirit that confesseth that Jesus Christ is 'come in the flesh is of God: and every spirit that confesseth 'not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God; and 'this is that spirit of Antichrist whereof ye have heard already 'that it should come, and even now already is it in the world.'

We will not stop to enter further into Mr. Newman's volume; to refute his assertions, or illustrate the tendency of his system. It is enough for us to have shown their parentage and their result. They have their origin in his denial of those supernatural influences which are still acting upon humanity in the ordinances of the Church. They are the systematic expression of that heresy, which, in its less methodical form, exhibits itself in the denial of Baptismal Regeneration, or in the exaltation of the intellectual appeals of the pulpit above the ordinances of grace. This theory our author has determined to put into shape, and to carry out into its logical consequences. He has wished to show us that Rationalism can have its *development* as well as the Church. And his result is the denial of the Gospel, and of its authors; of the hallowed influence of all holy words, and even of that Word Incarnate, whose Presence is Life.

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ART. IV.—*Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers, including their Private Correspondence. By* ELIOT WARBURTON, *Author of the 'Crescent and the Cross.'* London: Bentley. 1849.

THE oft-told history of our great rebellion is once more before the public in three octavo volumes by Mr. Eliot Warburton. This eventful period of our constitution will never weary the historical reader; our martyred king, his friends and his foes, are lasting characters in the English mind, the *dramatis personæ* of civil discord and political tragedy, according to our first and our clearest conceptions of these national calamities. The importance and the interest of this period does not depend so much on the extent or the terrors of its consequences, although it claims consideration enough on this ground alone, as on the gradual development of certain principles, the steady and persevering opposition between two ideas, which may be traced throughout it. The whole history of Charles is the cold-blooded battle of modern politics. Individual minds are laid open, private thoughts and motives exposed, in a manner which would be impossible and without interest in writing of almost any other time, but which give a profoundly moral and philosophical character to the study of these men, their principles, and their actions.

The French Revolution, and the recent disturbances throughout Europe, as also the fearful ravages of anarchy in mediæval Germany, are known more by their results than by the stages through which men rose up to the final explosion. A sudden frenzy of madness does not afford the same room for study and examination as the history of a quieter but more fixed hatred, working its way, and placing two opposing factions in long-continued hostile array. England was, on many accounts, the fairest example of the real character of that great change which, at one time or other, in every country, has placed modern habits of thought and modern politics, both civil and religious, on the system of the middle ages. English people are not so quickly aroused as many nations on the Continent, but they dwell with peculiar tenacity on their ideas of truth, or may be their prejudices; and, from a natural love of fair play and justice, they fight their cause out with unequalled perseverance. That age, therefore, or that generation whose sad lot it is to be actors in such a contest, affords experience at the bitter price of its own happiness, and gives knowledge by its demonstration of human frailty.

It is strange to watch the mixture of good and evil, the

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elements of truth and the corruption of falsehood, in all parties at such times as those we are discussing! Varied, however, as are the motives, equally varied is the success. Good in the end ever works its end and triumphs, 'Magna est veritas et prævalebit;' but, nevertheless, its visible triumph is often overshadowed by that vengeance which, with equal certainty, pursues the evil adhering to it. The Cavaliers and the Puritans both were conquerors and were both conquered. The cause of loyalty and of the Church, so nobly advocated by the Cavaliers, after many sufferings and memorable sacrifices, to atone as it were for its errors, was at length triumphant, yet fell from its lofty position because its sins were not purged away. And the cause of Puritanism, as being a wholesome scourge to both Church and Throne, effected its purpose with a terrible conquest, again fell, and yet has remained a thorn in the Church and State, rankling with no little power from that time to this. It is, however, of the individual actors in the awful tragedy itself that we would now speak. The group of Cavaliers and Churchmen by whom we are surrounded, when we dive into the study of these times, are a motley crew; every exalted virtue, every heroic faculty, has there its type, but every infirmity of our nature has the same. Well, indeed, would it be for any to escape unharmed by the breath of fame from such a scrutiny, and such hatred as the leading Cavaliers have been exposed to. The sad but graceful Charles, the zealous and determined Laud, the stern but heroic Strafford, the impetuous Rupert, the graphic Clarendon, the gentle Stanley, are poetically impressed in our imagination, and we trust that the cruel and bitter judgments of Mr. Macauley, and those of his school, will not be the future opinions of the people of England. Let them remember that caution need be used in trusting the honour of England's Church and throne to a political historian who appreciates neither Church nor loyal principles; who exaggerates the vices of those he does not sympathize with, and glosses over those of his friends; and whose whole history we have justly heard described as a book written for a particular party, at a particular time, and for particular purposes.

Before we bring forward any extracts from Mr. Warburton, we will first make a few remarks on the author's own part in the work; we can then the more freely lay before our readers some examples of his illustrative and descriptive powers.

The author of the 'Crescent and the Cross' is aware that history, strictly speaking, is not his province, and therefore he does not pretend to call these volumes by that solemn and responsible name. He feels more at home under the idea that he is collecting memoirs and garnishing them with a little gossip.

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The 'stately march' of history he does not aim at; nor is he sufficiently equal in his style ever to become an historian. Few can equal him in brilliancy of touch when a scene or character is before him towards which his heart warms; but when the minor details of politics or warfare are to be described, we cannot say that he sustains the reader's interest. Yet these details are given at great length, and occupy a large share of the whole work. One *cause* of this inequality is, no doubt, the constant interspersion of letters, which, though of no great individual interest, yet form the very plan of the work, and are necessary to illustrate the more prominent events. Yet one *consequence* is to give rather a sentimental tone to the whole work, as though it were undertaken, not so much from deep interest in the cause he would advocate, as from the attractiveness of particular actions and phases of character. Perhaps, indeed, this is really the case, and not only the accidental consequence of our author's plan. Great timidity is apparent in defending the true cause as established by the King, Laud, and Strafford. A large part of the first volume is occupied with preliminary assurances that these three persons were to blame throughout; and that it was only a part of their characters which is the subject of his admiration. After having done this, he professes to throw himself into the royal cause heart and hand, yet the same spirit is ever showing itself. The secret, we suspect, is, that Mr. Warburton has no sympathy with the Church party in this contest, and without that, the cause of the cavaliers has no foundation; for it was on this that their master himself rested his own royal prerogative. Chivalrous loyalty unconnected with the consecration of the Church, which is the meaning of the much-contested expression, 'jus divinum,' is but a romantic shadow, and deserves the jealous suspicion of the world, which has every right to remonstrate against the arbitrary dominion of an irresponsible human power. A christian monarchy claims allegiance on the ground of its responsibility to heaven, and therefore, if that high title is given up, no wonder that the people insist on the monarch's responsibility to themselves. We do not here advocate the principle of 'jus divinum,' as sanctioning arbitrary power, or as being altogether in place of constitutional safeguards. Heaven alone is fit for such a government. But there is a certain balance between ideal principle and the necessities of a corrupt world which it is the chief object of man to arrive at in every branch of morals; and our own constitution we would instance as a wonderful example in political government of the adaptation of a theoretical 'jus divinum,' to the proper claims of a well-disposed community.

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Grievous troubles, however, have been necessary before this constitution has been granted us, and therefore it is that we look with peculiar interest to such times as those we are now reading of. In a contest like that between King Charles and the Puritans, we see arrayed against each other no mere personal enemies; no hired troops, fighting under the direction of the supreme power, about they know not what; but we see the two principles, of a Divine right to govern, and the power of the visible Church of Christ on earth to consecrate that right on the one hand, and on the other hand, of the denial of all visible delegation of power either in religion or politics; or, as it may almost be called, 'the doctrine of consecrated things.'

Throughout these volumes we miss the expression of any sentiments which imply that the author really felt for the cause, the heroes of which he commends. The burning intellectual and moral zeal of those great men who truly stood to their principles, Mr. Warburton passes over with comparative coolness. He looks on such as wonderful phenomena, and pathetically describes the tragedy of death which closed so many of them to this world. Again he dwells on the readily-granted infirmities of Charles's vacillating disposition, though not without sympathy or without appreciation for the nobility of his nature, yet without that entire forgiveness which his misfortunes and his death entitle him to, if ever faults can be atoned for in the judgment of fellow mortals. Our author's hero of these times, rather shows his point of admiration. Prince Rupert was a dashing, chivalrous cavalier, bold in arms and devoted to his uncle, King Charles; but he entered on the service of commanding the royal army, not so much from any especial love of the English constitution, or as representing the *principle* of that side in the contest, but rather from his love of military adventure and his allowable wish to assist his uncle in distress. No doubt he was a zealous royalist, but it would not appear he had much sympathy for the Church's part in the question, or that in his private capacity he exhibited the religious spirit which was part of the true cavalier character.

It is time, however, now that we come to the book itself. The following extract from the preface will explain the nature of our author's plan:—

'For the first and second volumes of this work I am answerable as an Author; for the last, as little more than Editor. I have undertaken the responsibility of introducing therein a large collection of Original Papers relating to the Civil Wars.

'This collection is derived from Colonel Benett, Prince Rupert's Secretary. It contains upwards of a thousand letters, written by the leading cavaliers to their young chief during the war, together with many of a later date. Besides such letters, there are considerable materials, in various stages of preparation, for a formal biography of the Prince; of these some are frag-

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ments, each containing an episode of their hero's life, apparently ready for publication, and corrected by Rupert himself. His biography was of more importance to this Prince than to most men: no person, perhaps, except his royal master, was ever more exposed to calumny, or less defended. He seems to have superintended the preparation of his memoirs about the year 1657, in order to meet the misconstructions of his actions which he apprehended in England, the country of his adoption. On the Restoration he found that his popularity was already restored, in the same hour with that of his royal kinsman; and from this time the preparations for his biography appear to have ceased. The extraordinary vicissitudes of his career were then nearly terminated. At all events, from this period I am obliged to seek in other sources for biographical materials.'—Vol. i. Pref. iii. iv.

The other sources here spoken of are the private collections of those families descended from the Cavaliers, which have been examined and arranged with great care. The next passage we will quote is from an introductory survey of the whole event of the rebellion. We cannot agree with our author's notion of moral courage expressed in the last paragraph.

'Nor is the interest inferior to the importance of those momentous times: there is a fearful fascination in the rapid current of their events; we are hurried along, like the actors themselves, so rapidly from scene to scene, that we have only too little time for thought. The finely balanced fortune of each battle day—the beleaguered town all but surrendered—the blessed treaty almost accomplished; the King and people yearning for rest and reconciliation; now, within a point of attaining it—now, at deadliest issue on some undecided field. Then follow the King's flight, the vain treaty, the mock tribunal, the too real and ghastly scaffold, the reign of the regicidal oligarchy, trampled on in turn by their master-tyrant.

'And through all these stormy times shines steadily the heroic character of English nature, nobly manifesting its grave and earnest power: terrible and unsparing on the battle-field, self-controlled and considerate in all intervals of peace. Compared with the great German war, generous and gentle as a tournament; yet steadfast in purpose, as behoved its great and glorious end and aim. I do not presume to canvass my reader's sympathies for either Puritan or Cavalier; I leave them to plead their own cause in their own letters:—I invite him to listen to their own long silent voices, speaking once more—eagerly, earnestly—as when armed men with desperate speed bore these, their blotted, and often blood-stained pages, from leaguered city or roving camp—from faltering diplomatist, or resolute warrior, at whose beck men died. Every letter will possess some interest for the thoughtful reader, and shed some light for him on the heart of the bygone times. He will find them still animated by the passions that were then throbbing in every breast. At first the earnest, rather than angry spirit of our memorable English war is apparent in them; but they gradually become more intense in their expression, as if they were the work of a single man; the same note of triumph or tone of despair is perceptible in all. Human nature, and the nature of each writer, is transparent in them all; the reader is the confidant of kings, princes, statesmen, generals, patriots, traitors; he is the confessor of the noblest minds and the most villainous natures; he sees the very conscience of the war.

'The greater part of these letters and this work relates to the Cavaliers, and especially to Prince Rupert. Nevertheless, I am far from assuming the indiscriminate advocacy of their cause, though I have endeavoured to do justice to the gallant men who espoused it. I believe that cause, if at

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first triumphant, would have led to despotism and intolerance; I know that it was stained by rapine and licentiousness; and I dare not suppose that by such agency the higher destinies of this great nation could have been promoted or achieved.

'But I also believe that the Cavaliers did good service in their generation, by keeping alive the generous spirit of loyalty, by cherishing the genial charities of life, and maintaining unimpaired the chivalrous character of our country. On the other hand, I do not believe that the King's party monopolized all the chivalry—or the vices either—of the war. If the Puritan cause was adorned with little outward shows or braveries, its source of energy lay deep within, in the souls of men; and there lay also, its support and power. Devoted and desperately daring as was the Cavalier, he had not the same occasion for moral courage as the Puritan; his cause was that of his "anointed King," at the same time graced and guarded by ancestral predilection and long-established reverence. The Puritan entered on the strife, not only against his sovereign, but against those ancient prejudices of world-wide respectability which to *him* also had once been dear and reverend; he left the firm and simple ground of allegiance to struggle dangerously after what was then a mere abstraction. The Cavalier, fired with visions of kingly power and courtly fame, as he dashed all plumed and scarfed through fields of blood, had nothing but the fortune of the day to fear. The Puritan, dark and grim, stood stoutly to his arms as one who knew that freedom or the scaffold were his only alternative.—Vol. i. pp. 4—8.

Prince Rupert was born soon after his father, the King of Bavaria's coronation—a coronation most splendid in its ceremonies, but most unhappy in its results. Frederic, Prince Palatine of the Rhine, with great possessions, and head of the Protestant union, occupied a most distinguished position, and he wisely hesitated about accepting the Bavarian crown, but Elizabeth, his Electress, sister of Charles I., taunted him for his fears, and in an evil day gained her object. 'You were bold 'enough,' she said, 'to marry the daughter of a king, and you 'hesitate to accept a crown! I had rather live on bread with a 'king, than feast with an Elector.'

We now pass on to the consequences of this advice. She who enjoyed the fair names of the 'Queen of Hearts,' and the 'Pearl of Britain,' had rough scenes to go through, which early brought her infant Rupert into the field of battle.

'And their loved and lovely Queen,—the queen of many a heart now stilled for ever in her cause—her reign is over! Her lofty spirit had led Frederic into danger; it now sustained him in defeat. Prostrated by his ruin, he was only roused to the exertion of escaping by the energy of Elizabeth; and it was full time. The stern Maximilian was at the gates, and allowed the city but eight hours to frame such terms of capitulation as might save it from the horrors of assault. Before then, or never, the young Queen must be far away over the rugged mountain passes through the wintry snow. Nor did she hesitate; delicately nurtured as she was, and within a few weeks of her confinement, the brave Englishwoman preferred any fate to that of captivity and disgrace. One moment her voice faltered, as her devoted followers offered to set the enemy at defiance, and defend the city to the death, to cover her retreat. "Never!" she ex-

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claimed, to Bernard Count Thurm, "never shall the son of our best friend hazard his life to spare my fears,—never shall this devoted city be exposed to more outrageous treatment for my sake. Rather let me perish on the spot than be remembered as a curse!"

'The carriage that was to convey the royal fugitives stood ready for their flight, when, a sudden alarm being given, they were hurried away by their servants, and borne off among the crowd with desperate speed away over the level plain, attended by a few faithful followers, and up, by rarely-trodden paths to the mountains, where wheels could no longer move; there the poor Queen was placed on a pillion behind Ensign Hopton, and sped forward again as best she might, with all her sorrows, through the snow.

'Meanwhile young Rupert was sleeping soundly in his nurse's arms, undisturbed by the tumult and distraction round him. The terrified woman laid down her charge to hurry after the fugitives, and Baron d'Hona, the King's chamberlain, found him still asleep upon the ground. There was then no time for ceremony; the chamberlain flung the prince into the last carriage just as it dashed away from the Strahoff. The rough jolting soon wakened the poor child, who had rolled into some indescribable recess they call "a boot;" his lusty cries attracted attention, and he was restored in safety to his mother.'—Vol. i. pp. 37—39.

In due time the young Prince Rupert went to the University of Leyden, and of this period we have the following notice:—

'Schoolboy experiences and events, however deeply they impress the character, leave little to record, and we only learn that our Prince became well grounded "in mathematics and religion," and was, "indeed, made Jesuit-proof," so that those "subtle priests with whom he hath been much conversant, could never make him stagger." Nevertheless he was by no means an exemplary scholar, for he had an utter distaste for the learned languages, and infinitely preferred amusement or military exercises to the most abstruse metaphysics.'—Vol. i. p. 44.

His more congenial occupation of war commenced in 1635, as volunteer in the life-guard of the Prince of Orange, 'rejecting all distinction of his rank, discharging all the duties, and sharing all the hardships of the private soldier.'

This campaign was in alliance with the Protestant Republicans, and, strange to say, with the Red Cardinal of France, (so called to distinguish him, that is Richelieu, from Mazarin, styled 'His Black Eminence,') against the Catholic powers of Spain and Italy. The campaign, however, was not worthy of note, except as affording an opportunity for individual acts of chivalry.

Prince Rupert, soon after this, visited the English Court, and there passed a pleasant and quiet year. Various suggestions were here made, with a view of placing him in a comfortable birth. The young soldier objected to a bishopric, which was thought a convenient settlement, and an expedition to 'goe as vize-roy' to Madagascar also failed. A rich heiress was then thought of, but Rupert's heart was not so easily affected in youth as it appears to have been when more advanced in years. Meanwhile he was made honorary Master of Arts in the University of Oxford, which city he visited with the King, and then proceeding

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to London, enjoyed the dissipation of Whitehall. The following notice of the English Court at this period is interesting in itself, and forms a melancholy contrast with future events:—

'"At this period Charles the First held the most splendid court in Europe:" it was so, not only for the pomp and magnificence displayed there, but for the refined taste and exquisite judgment that had enriched its precincts. The finest works of art in Europe were collected there, and Rubens and Vandyke were found among their own creations. Ben Jonson was poet-laureate to the Court, and Inigo Jones gave classic beauty to its decorations Ferabasco refined the musicians to the standard of his own exquisite ear, and the King had skill and power to appreciate and to heighten all. Bassompierre described the company of this rival Court as "magnificent, and its order exquisite." We may be excused for dwelling a moment on this graceful splendour when the rest of our lives are to be past in the camp or leaguer, the restless bivouac and the dreary moor.

'"Charles appears," says Mr. D'Israeli, "to have desired that his Court should resemble the literary Court of the Medici. He assembled about him the great masters of the various arts. We may rate Charles's taste at the supreme degree, by remarking that this monarch never patronised mediocrity: the artist who was honoured by his regard was ever a master-spirit. Father of art in our country, Charles seemed ambitious of making English denizens of every man of genius in Europe." Vandyke and Rubens were domiciled in England; and who can tell how much the Cavalier cause owes of its romantic interest to the classic, yet original grace, with which the former has immortalized the persons of its heroes. The Italians happily call him "Il Pittore Cavalieresco," and it was in one of his happiest moods that he made that fine picture of Prince Rupert bequeathed, in gratitude for many a noble service, to Lord Craven, and now in possession of his descendants at Combe Abbey.

'In the midst of such society it was natural for our young Prince to imbibe the accomplished tastes he saw so richly displayed around him, and therewith to nourish and cultivate his own natural genius for the arts. We shall soon find him a solitary prisoner, consoling himself with such resources, and exercising those gifts that ultimately made his pencil as famous as his sword.

'But these Medicean enjoyments were not the only attractions that the Court of Charles possessed for the young Palatine. The Queen, Henrietta Maria, had a passion for society, and a Frenchwoman's wonderful tact in sustaining its effervesence. She had contrived to impart to her drawing-room gossip some of the deep and agitating importance of the Council Chamber. Every interest was, therefore, concentrated there: every political or social intrigue was there to be heard of, to be canvassed, and schemed about yet further. Under this glittering mask, most of the many mischiefs of the State were concocted, or, at least, received their poisonous ingredients. The Queen's winning manner and sweet beauty threw a grace and fascination over all this, and Lady Carlisle, the prime minister of her boudoir and petty politics, was also beautiful and persuasive: Lady Rivers, Lady Aubigny, Lady Isabel Thynne, belonged to the same circle, and were similarly qualified. Their charms, or talents, or interest, as well as the magic of their place, secured for them the adoration of the poets and wits, Donne, Carew, Suckling, Waller, Lovelace, Matthewes, and others, through whose flattery they are best known to us, and whose wit is living still in the cold and unexplored recesses of our libraries. Among the men of higher "caste" and lower intellect who were then Court butterflies (or caterpillars) were Lords Holland, Newport, Devonshire, Elgin, Rich, Dun-

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garvon, Dunluce, Wharton, Paget, Saltoun; and some of worthier stamp, as the Duke of Lennox (Richmond) Lord Grandison, and Lord Fielding, (Earl of Denbigh's son). Turning from the sparkling "Academie," and the treachery-brooding "chamber" of Lady Carlisle, truth, intellect, and honour, were to be found in the society of Falkland, and such friends as he gathered round him at Burford and in London. I do not know that the conversation of such men as Hyde, Selden, Hales, or Chillingworth, would have had much charm for the soldier-prince at this time, but it qualified, as men of mind will ever do, the tone of general society, in which the influence of a Bacon, a Raleigh, and a Burleigh, was still felt.'—Vol. i. pp. 72—76.

From scenes such as these, we next find our Prince in the continental wars, entering upon what may be called his career or his science of *cavalry charges;* for that line of warfare was his strong point, too much to the neglect of every other, if we may except a happy and ready manner of keeping the commissariat department well supplied, and the use of a watchful ear, which he kept about him at all times, as the following incident will show:—

'One night, there was a pause in the almost perpetual conflict; the soldiers of attack and defence both rested their wearied limbs, the besiegers in deep sleep. Rupert's watchful ear detected some sounds within the walls; now plainly audible and now so faint, that he feared to give what might have proved a false alarm. He wakened his brother Maurice, who likewise heard some doubtful sounds rising from among the red gables of the old leaguered town. The brothers moved away through the mist, and crept up the glacis so silently and so near the enemy, that they could detect the forming of troops for a sortie, and even their appointed destination. Retiring to their own camp as silently as they had left it, they hasted to Prince Frederic's quarters, and before the enemy had crossed their drawbridge, the Hollanders were drawn up in battle order to receive them.'—Vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

One of his first charges is thus described:—

'This was an unexpected pleasure to Rupert, who dashed at his assailants with delight; his charge was resistless then, as ever; the force of five hundred men and horses, reckless as battering rams, hurled by enthusiasm against masses which every man and horse felt certain they had only to reach in order to rout—had, could have—but one result; the Palatine cavalry rode through them, over them, and almost before them to the drawbridge of the town; the survivors rushed into their refuge, and Rupert, reforming his array, resumed his line of march in triumph.

'A picturesque array; accoutred in the old chivalric fashion, with plumed helmet, and bright armour over leathern doublet; steel cuisses to the knee, and huge "gambadoes" armed with the large knightly spur. Tall powerful horses, such as Wouvermans has left us, stepped proudly under their caparisons; and the small "cornet," or flag, that fluttered over each troop, gave liveliness to the gleaming column as it wound along the wide plains of Hanover. The main body also consisted, for the most part, of cavalry, as better suited to the rapid movements by which this hazardous and romantic expedition alone could be accomplished. The few infantry belonging to the army, principally Swedes, were armed with the pike and arquebuss, or musket, steel-cap, and corslet.'—Vol. i. pp. 83—85.

A similar charge soon afterwards was equally victorious for

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the moment, but ended in the Prince himself being taken prisoner. We give the account of this adventure:—

'The Prince was already on the spur; his men were, for the most part, volunteers, and led by English chivalry, and the electric spirit of his own daring shot lightning sympathy through every heart and hand. They charged, or rather dashed at, the charging enemy: their own fugitive comrades whirled past them, like the eddy of some cataract, as on they rushed, their white plumes waving like a foam, and met, and repelled, and bore down the Austrian cavalry, overwhelming all whom they encountered, and chasing the remainder resistlessly before them. Colonel Boye was despatched to look for Conigsmark, and conjure him to follow up the Prince's success, but in vain; it seemed the destiny of Rupert ever to be defeated, even while he conquered. The Prince pursued the Austrians, who suddenly were seen to halt, wheel about, and prepare to charge again, and a fresh body of imperial troops under Marshal Götz appeared supporting them. The Prince's condition was now almost desperate; he was left unsupported, his horses fatigued, and his men tenfold outnumbered. Just then, Lord Craven came up at the gallop with two troops of the Elector's guards, and renewed the fight. Once more the Austrians charged, and forced the Palatine cavalry back, still struggling, into the defile from whence they had issued: but here they made a firm stand, repelling every attack, until a strong body of the enemy crept down the hill-side, charged the Prince's flank, and put his few remaining troops to the sword, or threw them into irretrievable confusion. No thought of retreating ever occurred to the Prince's mind; he struggled onward through his enemies as fast as horse and sword could force their way, when suddenly he found himself the sole object of attack to a score of cuirassiers: he turned for a moment to cheer on his men, and found himself alone! With a desperate effort he broke through his assailants, and soon afterwards, to his surprise, found himself disregarded by the eager enemy. For a moment he was unable to account for their neglect; until he observed that the Austrians all wore a white ribbon in their helmets as the sign. He had by chance adopted the same mark to render himself conspicuous to his followers, and thus passed uninjured among the hostile forces. As he rode through the confused and still struggling bands under this disguise, he observed one of the cornets, whom Lord Craven had brought up, struggling with a few gallant soldiers to defend the Elector's standard. In a moment Rupert was in the *mêlée*, fighting fiercely till his last comrade fell. Then, once more bursting from his assailants, he rode at a high wall, his exhausted horse refused it, and sunk upon the ground. His pursuers rushed forward to secure him; but striking down the foremost man he refused all quarter, and fought desperately on, until overwhelmed with numbers and borne by sheer strength to the ground. Colonel Lippe struck up the visor of his helmet, and, not knowing his face, demanded who he was? "A colonel," replied the Palatine. "*Sacrémet!*" cried the grey-haired veteran, "you are a young one." Just then, General Hatzfeldt rode up; he immediately recognised his prisoner, addressed him with respect, and committed him in charge to Colonel Devereux to escort to Warrendorp.'—Vol. i. pp. 88—90.

For three years did Rupert 'pine like a caged eagle' in his captivity, relieved only by his own thoughts. The retrospect of his life even now afforded him much to dwell on, and no doubt his spirit looked forward with confidence to future activity. *Meanwhile*, however, he was not without the consolation of

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agreeable society. A little romance even tinged this quiet portion of his life.

'Among the few recreations permitted to the Prince was an occasional dinner with the Governor, and free access to his gardens. It was destined that his imprisonment, as well as his chivalric career, should lack nothing of the requirements of romance. Strange as it may read in these matter-of-fact pages, Count Kuffstein had a daughter, an only, cherished child, who lived in his stern old castle, like the delicate Dryad of some gnarled tree. She was "one of the brightest beauties of her age," and rarely gifted, "no lesse excelling in the charmes of her minde than of her faire bodye." The imagination of the reader will easily supply what the faithful historian is not permitted to record. How the heroism, the misfortunes, and the noble person of her royal captive, touched her imagination: how the impetuous young Prince, whose thoughts had ever fed on tales of love and glory, passed his time in that grim castle hitherto without an object, save to watch time and the old Danube rolling by: how this fair girl dawned upon his gloomy life, charged by her father to cheer her royal prisoner, and, if it might be, to win his soul over to the ancient faith. Does the reader pity him—or even her? Though soon to be forsaken, she never was forgotten in all the wild vicissitudes of his dangerous and reckless career; and to woman's foolish heart even this is something. And for him—how often, when wearied of the doomed yet charmed life he bore, must his thoughts have flown back to that fair girl: back, from the hushed ambush, or raging battle-field, or stormy seas, to those quiet and innocent days, when he listened to her loving controversy, as they stood by the antique battlements, with the old Danube rolling by!'—Vol. i. pp. 94, 95.

Soon, indeed, was this pleasure lost; for in a short time, instead of her 'gentle presence, twelve mousqueteers and two halberds watched night and day over that beardless boy in that strong castle:'—

'Still, youth and its hope triumphed over persecution. Debarred from all human society, the Prince made friends of a "beautiful white dogge and a hare." The former was given to him by Lord Arundel, and was "of a breede so famous that the Grand Turk gave it in particular injunction to his ambassador to obtaine him a puppie thereof." It is curious to observe this daring and restless man amusing himself by teaching a dog that discipline he himself could never learn, and inducing a hare to lay aside that fear towards him that he inspired so widely even among brave men. "This hare used to follow him about, and do his bidding with docility," having discovered in this wild soldier some touch of the same gentle nature that its fellow found in the poet Cowper.'—Vol. i. pp. 99, 100.

At length, however, sufficient interest was made to procure his release, and henceforth Rupert devoted himself to the cause of the Cavaliers. On his road to England he passed through Prague, where he was welcomed by a banquet and a vehement German 'drinking-bout.' Rupert, always temperate, soon left the table, on which the Elector exclaimed, in pure astonishment, 'What *shall* we do with him, if he won't drink?' As a sample of the extent to which these 'drinking-bouts' were carried on, we have the following account of the reception of an ambassador:—

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'"The King of Denmark feasted my Lord Leycestre from eleven in the morning. He gave thirty-five healths; the first to the Emperor, the second to the King of England (his nephew); then all the kings and queens of Christendom, but omitted the King of Bohemia [in whose cause the ambassador had come to his Court]. The King was taken away in his chair, but when two of the guards came to carry my Lord Leycestre, he shook them off, and walked away stoutly." '—Vol. i. p. 105.

Prince Rupert landed first at Dover, but returned to the Hague with the Queen of England. He then landed at Tynemouth, and made such haste to join his uncle, that, his horse slipping in the dark, he dislocated his shoulder. With the assistance, however, of a 'bone-setter,' he resumed his journey in three days, and proceeded to Nottingham; thence he went to Leicester to join the King, and there received charge of the royal cavalry, consisting of but 800 horse! The next day, being the 22d of August, 1642, they proceeded to Nottingham, where the royal standard was then set up amid the gloom of a raging tempest—sad omen of approaching times.

Having now enlisted Rupert fairly in our great national contest, let us look at the personal appearance of this hero who inspired his drooping party with such fiery zeal, and won for himself a name so renowned:—

'Prince Rupert was now nearly twenty-three. His portraits present to us the ideal of a gallant cavalier. His figure, tall, vigorous, and symmetrical, would have been somewhat stately, but for its graceful bearing and noble ease. A vehement, yet firm, character predominates in the countenance, combined with a certain gentleness, apparent only in the thoughtful, but not pensive eyes. Large, dark, and well-formed eyebrows, overarch a high-bred, Norman nose: the upper lip is finely cut, but somewhat supercilious in expression; the lower part of the mouth and chin have a very different meaning, and impart a tone of iron resolution to the whole countenance. Long flowing hair (through which, doubtless, curled the romantic "love-lock") flowed over the wide embroidered collar, or the scarlet cloak: he wore neither beard nor moustaches, then almost universal; and his cheek, though bronzed by exposure, was marked by a womanly dimple. On the whole, our cavalier must have represented an appearance as attractive in a lady's eye, and as unlovely in a Puritan's, as Vandyke ever immortalized.'—Vol. i. p. 113.

The spirit which Rupert at once infused into the royalists is a proof of his wonderful energy of character. The means he adopted to recruit the army are thus described:—

'For the Prince flew like wildfire—as Parliament writers affirmed—from place to place; breathing and inspiring ardour, astonishing country gentlemen, and giving a momentum to corporate bodies, incredible till then. Restrained by no local influence or patriotic misgivings, he only saw in the anti-royalist a foe: wherever he found a Roundhead horse, he clapped a cavalier trooper on its back; and with equal decision, when he dashed into a Puritan town, he levied a contribution. The good people who had been quietly debating about abstract rights and wrongs, were taken by surprise at these practical acts. Now here, now there, a gallant troop of cavaliers

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would come cantering up, swaggering, and, I fear, swearing not a little, but comporting themselves in a good-humoured off-hand sort of way, that gave less offence than injury, especially to the women. Now some peaceful village had to furnish a day's creature-comforts for a squadron of these merry "malignants," and now some respectable assize-town was called upon to pay them for a week. Saddles too, for their horses, were very often required; spurs for their boots, feathers for their hats; iron for armour, cloth for doublet; it was wonderful how much they wanted, and how much they got. Throughout the wide north and west no place was secure from their visitation; reckless of danger and setting all odds at defiance, their merry foraging parties seemed indeed to make a game of war. The fiery and impetuous daring of Prince Rupert, his perfect indifference to danger, moral and physical; his fertility of resource, his promptitude and zeal for the cause, had endeared him to the young cavalier; while the old soldiers respected his experience in havoc, and knew that his terrible *prestige* was well-founded. Wherever the flutter of a cavalier-scarf was seen, Prince Rupert was there, or believed to be there: by his name contributions were levied at the unscrupulous will of the trooper; by his name villages were conquered and cities menaced and children stilled. And, in truth, he was seldom far off or over-indulgent when he came: his sleepless vigour, his untiring energy, were everywhere felt, dreaded, and admired. With such a leader, and in such a time, his forces rapidly increased. He rode forth from Leicester on the 26th of August, at the head of eight hundred horse, ill-equipped and almost undisciplined: he paraded at Shrewsbury, on the 28th of September, with upwards of three thousand troopers and dragoons, well-fed, well-horsed, and laden with Puritan plunder and execrations.'—Vol. i. pp. 387—389.

It is not our purpose to follow the melancholy course of this war in any chronological order, but a few incidents immediately connected with our hero, and a few of Mr. Warburton's brilliant descriptions in the field of battle, or otherwise, will be interesting to our readers. The following extract tells a story which brings the evil of civil war very near home. The Cavaliers were attacking a Mr. Purefoy's house in his absence:—

'The attack was renewed during some hours, with heavy loss to the Cavaliers, who had nothing but pistols and perhaps a few dragoon's carbines to oppose to an enemy firing with deadly certainty from behind impregnable stone walls. There were only twelve muskets in the house, but these ladies and their maid servants loaded as fast as they were discharged, melting down the pewter plates for bullets when the ammunition began to fail. At length even Rupert consented to retire his men under shelter; but finding a strong wind blowing from the farm-yard, he fired the barns, and advancing under cover of the smoke, assailed the very doors. Then at last the brave lady came forth, and claimed protection for the lives of her little garrison. When the Prince ascertained their number, his anger was changed into admiration; he complimented Mr. Abbott on his gallant defence, and offered him a good command in his regiment, which was declined. The Prince then respectfully saluted Mrs. Purefoy and drew off his troops; nor did he allow a man of the garrison, or any property whatever, to be injured.'—Vol. i. pp. 391, 392.

Rupert's way of dealing with mayors and corporations was summary, and must sadly have disturbed the composure of those bodies. In a letter to the Mayor of Leicester he required

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two thousand pounds sterling to be given for the King's service, at ten of the clock next morning, adding to his letter the following ominous postscript:—

'P.S.—If any disaffected persons with you shall refuse themselves, or persuade you to neglect the command, I shall to-morrow appear before your town, in such a posture, with horse, foot, and cannon, as shall make you know it is more safe to obey than to resist his Majesty's command.'—Vol. i. p. 394.

It is just to the King to say that he repudiated such conduct, but nevertheless 500*l.* was paid, in this case, at the appointed hour. Rupert on several occasions acted as his own spy, and adopted various disguises, such as the following extract describes:—

'Meanwhile the restless Rupert, chafing at delay, made a reconnoissance towards Warwick, in order to employ himself, unattended by a single trooper: it was an adventure in which his heart rejoiced. He was overtaken, when near the town, by a heavy shower, and took refuge in an alehouse. He there found a country fellow who was on his way to Warwick to sell cabbage-nets. The Prince could easily ingratiate himself when he pleased with those about him, and was soon in high favour with all the topers at the inn; he, of course passing as a Puritan. Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him: "Hold, my good fellow!" said he to the net-seller, "*I* want to go to Warwick, and I'll sell your nets for you; here's a crown for you and these good fellows to drink till I come back, for I must have your horse; ay, and your coat too, my friend. I want to put 'a touch' on a friend of mine." The countryman thought that this was at the same time "a good bargain and a good joke," so he doffed his long coat and slouched old hat, and the disguised Prince having assumed them, rode forward to the stronghold of his enemies. He soon sold his nets, as the purchasers might have them at their own price; he heard at the same time all sorts of accounts of the battle, and no small share of execration on himself, which he bore with great philosophy, and apparently with relish. He ascertained the state of the Roundheads' army, and all the approaches of the town, and then returned to his expectant friend at the alehouse. Having resumed his own attire, and mounted his own horse, he told the countryman he might inform his customers in Warwick "that Prince Rupert had been their salesman; that he was obliged to them for their custom, and would soon be among them, to supply them with something else." '—Vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

The first charge of cavalry established Prince Rupert's name. The Roundhead army were unaccustomed to so impetuous a rush; we give, however, the account in his own words:—

'Rupert sprang to his feet, leaped upon the nearest horse, and called to his comrades to charge, "For the honour of God and of their country!" Not one who heard him paused or waited for his men to follow him; in gallant rivalry, each only strove to be first upon the enemy; unarmed as they were, they spurred forward with the cheering war-cry, "For a king!" and so charged their iron-clad enemies, and charged them home. The Roundheads met them stoutly, too, though scarcely disengaged from the narrow lane. They were mailed all over and well commanded, never-

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theless, they could not stand before that furious charge. Rupert was ever resistless when first he came upon his enemy, and now he and his comrade Cavaliers, not only dashed through, but rode down the hostile ranks. At the same time Lord Crawford was ordered by the Prince to fall upon the right flank of the enemy, which he did with severe effect. Swords, however, struck almost vainly upon the impenetrable armour of the Roundheads; they seemed unwounded, yet they were shaken, routed, driven into the river and drowned, or utterly dispersed. The brave Sandys, their colonel, did not share their flight; he fell in the first shock, as did his major, Gunter. The survivors never drew rein for four miles, when they were espied by Essex's life-guards, galloping into Pershore with swords drawn; many unhelmeted, and all filled with such fear that they frightened the life-guards too; then they galloped altogether to the head-quarters of the Lord-General, where they received but "a cold welcome," which one of them candidly confesses was their due. As the Cavaliers returned from the pursuit, they found, to their surprise, that but four or five of their troopers had fallen, whilst of the officers, who formed the front rank in the irregular and chivalrous charge, all had received some wound, except Prince Rupert. On the other side, four hundred are said, by Lord Falkland, to have been slain; few were taken prisoners, but five or six standards were won, and many good horses, which proved far more valuable.

'The moral effect of this skirmish was very great. That the best Parliamentary cavalry, fully armed and well mounted, should have been put to sudden and utter rout by half their number of Cavaliers, without armour, and on wearied horses, appeared very ominous. The defeated troops magnified their opponent's valour, in order to mitigate their own disgrace; many wandered altogether awry from the Roundhead standard, and spread abroad the "terror of Prince Rupert's name; his irresistible courage, and that of the King's horse."'—Vol. i. pp. 403—406.

The following survey of the royal army is given by our author shortly before the great battle of Edgehill:—

'It is difficult, perhaps, for quiet people, in the nineteenth century, living under a powerful and prosperous sovereign, to imagine the enthusiastic sentiment, the passionate loyalty that was excited by the misfortunes of Charles I. To all the devoted affection with which in after times the Pretender's cause was cherished, there was now added the solemn sense of religious duty, and an intense conviction that in their King's safety, all the glory and prosperity of England was involved. Loyalty was, then, to the Cavaliers' politics, what religion was to morals, a rule, a cause, and a foundation. Therefore it was that fathers, and mothers, too, sent their only sons, with joy and pride, to fight for the fatal standard; loving wives embroidered for their husbands the scarlet scarf that was soon to be more deeply dyed: man, woman, and child, wherever loyalty was professed, gave their heart's first wish, their soul's most fervent prayer; for that they freely offered up their wealth, their nearest affections, and their lives, to the advancement of the royal cause.

'The King's array at Shrewsbury, where his little army was assembled, is not to be regarded coldly, as a mere mass of men collected to do a master's bidding for a master's wages. Almost every gentleman and many a poor soldier there, represented some home left unprotected, and household goods endangered. No love of lucre or prospect of ambition had filled up those doomed ranks: the better, and the greater part, were not only volunteers, but self-despoiled, in order to promote the royal cause. Every gentleman brought with him a retinue, according to his means, together

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with money, plate, and arms, to furnish which, many a household was stripped bare and many a comfort sacrificed for ever. But it was all for their King! And that, to their brave old-fashioned hearts, was a sacred word and an irresistible appeal.

'Not that the royal army was altogether composed of such materials; had it been so, that King had never died a felon's death upon a scaffold. But that such true-hearted men abounded in his ranks, is proved by the long and desperate struggle they maintained against all the power of Parliament. In our future pages, we shall find some traces of this nobler, purer spirit to the end, but they are far too few, and gradually become still more so. Men of evil and violent passions always work their way into foremost places in troublous times, and leave the stain of their own characters upon their cause: thus, Falkland, Hopton, Carnarvon, are pushed aside by Goring, Digby, and even Lunsford, in the path of notoriety, if not of fame,—as they were but too often, even in the royal favour.

'To the latter the King's preacher, Dr. Symmons, thus addressed himself, in a sermon he preached before the royal army:—

'"Alas! gallant gentlemen and Christian people, you all know there are too many and too great occasions given by some amongst you to our enemies to report evil of us, I beseech you, therefore, in the fear of God, to walk worthy of your employment. You that be commanders I beg of you, that you would more strictly punish sin according to those military orders set forth by his sacred Majesty, your religious master."

'To the former, also, he addresses himself in these noble words:—

'"A complete cavalier is a child of honour. He is the only reserve of English gentility and ancient valour, and hath rather chosen to bury himself in the tomb of honour, than to see the nobility [nobleness?] of his nation vassalaged; the dignity of his country captivated or obscured by any base domestic enemy, or by any foreign fore-conquered foe. . . . . Perhaps you now expect, that by way of use, I should stir you up to be cruel, but, noble gentlemen and soldiers, if I should do so, I should forget myself to be a minister of the Prince of Mercy, and to be a subject of a most merciful King, whose meek and gentle nature, as we all love and admire, so should we strive to imitate. And I bless God for it, I could never yet speak that language of *kill, slay, and destroy*, which the ministers of the rebel side are so skilful in: I durst never incite men to fight up to the back in blood. The spirit of the Gospel is an unbloody spirit—'We,' says the Apostle, speaking of himself and all true ministers of Christ, 'have the mind of Christ which endeavoureth the salvation, not the destruction of men"' . . . .

'The preacher then exhorts his soldier-hearers to spare and to be very merciful: to live temperately and in brotherly love: and, in conclusion, he entreats them to fine every one for swearing, according to statute; and of the proceeds, to purchase comforts for the poor rebel prisoners. Jeremy Taylor was also, I believe, one of the royal chaplains at this time, and many other eminent Churchmen attended the King's army throughout their service.'—Vol. i. pp. 412—415.

The battle of Edgehill, that terrible tragedy that stained the peaceful fields of Warwickshire, is described at considerable length, one passage of which we extract:—

'The King addressed his soldiers in the name of their country and their faith. His royal nature ever rose with the occasion, and now he spoke and looked as became a chivalrous monarch: and his devoted troops regarded him with an enthusiasm unknown to tamer times.

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'"The King has come to marshal us, all in his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye:
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, 'For God and for the King.'"

'Even thus Charles I. looked and was received by his Cavaliers. He was clad in armour, with the brightest star of chivalry upon his breast; and his voice was firm and cheerful as he addressed his soldiers in these brave words:—

'"If this day shine prosperous unto us," said he, "we shall all be happy in a glorious victory. Your King is both your cause, your quarrel, and your captain. The foe is in sight. You show yourselves no 'malignant party,' but with your swords declare what courage and fidelity is within you. I have written and declared, that I intended always to maintain and defend the Protestant religion, the rights and privileges of Parliament, and the liberty of the subject, and now I must prove my words by the convincing argument of the sword. Let Heaven show his power by this day's victory, to declare me just; and, as a lawful, so a loving King to my subjects. The best encouragement I can give you is this: that come life or death, your King will bear you company, and ever keep this field, this place, and this day's service in his grateful remembrance."

'There is no sound that ever rent the air so terrible as the deep silence of suspense before the battle word is given; it is the moment when the soul sinks under the awe of something that thrills deeper than any fear. During that dread pause many a fervent prayer was offered up by the true hearts that abounded in both armies, but none was more simple and sincere than Sir Jacob Astley's, uttered manfully aloud: "O, Lord! thou knowest how busy I must be this day; if I forget thee, do not thou forget me;" then rising, he exclaimed, "March on boys!"

'The Parliamentary army began the fight by three shots from their guns upon the right; the King's artillery instantly replied. Then the whole line advanced: as the Cavaliers approached, a horseman darted from the enemy's column and rode up to Prince Rupert, flinging from him the orange badge he wore. It was a lieutenant in Sir Faithful Fortescue's troop, to announce the defection of his commander with all his men, and that the signal would be the firing a pistol in the ground. The Prince, already on the move, observed the signal, and forebore to assail the deserters, but Killigrew and Byron slew several of them before they discovered their purpose. Rupert now led on the royal horse, commanding them to use their swords alone, and "charge!" Before the word was fairly uttered, that brilliant cavalry was on the spur; away in one wild sweep of magnificent confusion the proud chivalry of England dashed, in generous rivalry each seeking to strike the first home-stroke "for God and for the King!" What could abide that thundering charge, all spur, no rein, every heart within that flashing armour was on fire, every voice a shout of triumph, every plume bent forward to the charger's mane! The Roundheads seemed swept away by the very wind of that wild charge. No sword was crossed, no saddle emptied, no trooper waited to abide the shock; they fled with frantic fear, but fell fast under the sabres of their pursuers. The cavalry galloped furiously until they reached such shelter as the town could give them; nor did their infantry fare better. No sooner were the royal horse upon them than they broke and fled; Manderville and Cholmondeley vainly strove to rally their terror-stricken followers; they were swept away by the fiery Cavaliers. "But," adds the canting and profligate Lord Wharton, who, it was said, hid himself in a saw-pit on the occasion, "it pleased God to begin

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then to show himself, for their cavalry took bait upon our baggage and so lost their advantage .... only three hundred of ours were slain!!" The more shame for them if it had been true.'—Vol. ii. pp. 19—23.

The sad havoc that was going on on the other side, while Rupert was thus victorious himself, is well known. Rupert was not a general to command a whole army, for it was ever his fate to conquer and then find himself conquered. On this account he can never stand high in military science. How many brave generals have been deterred from making brilliant charges, for which they might have acquired a name, by this very fear; but Rupert thought only of one thing—to sweep the very earth by the impetuous wave of his own regiment, regardless of what might happen elsewhere during his absence; thus, when he returned flushed with the excitement of victory, he more than once found his enemies in possession of the field.

An expedition from Oxford, under Prince Rupert, which passed over Magdalen Bridge plumed and glittering, ended in the death of Hampden, which is thus described:—

'Hampden now came up from the enclosures about Wapsgrove House, and endeavoured to check the Cavaliers, and give time to his comrades to rally; but he received his death-wound in his first charge; two carbine-balls struck him in the shoulder, broke the bone, and buried themselves in his body. His course was run. He feebly turned his horse, and rode away from the *mêlée* towards his father-in-law's house at Pyrton. "There he had in youth married the first wife of his love, and thither he would have gone to die." But Rupert's fierce squadrons were now scattered over the plain, doing fearful execution on the fugitives, and the wounded patriot was forced to turn back towards Thame. At length he reached the house of one Ezekiel Browne, where his wounds were dressed, and some hopes of life were held out to him. He knew better; he felt life's task was done, and he passed his remaining hours in writing to Parliament the counsels he could no longer speak. After six days of cruel suffering, he died, having received the sacrament from a minister of the Church of England. His last words were, "O Lord, save my country! O Lord, be merciful to ...." His utterance failed, he fell back, and died. He was followed to his grave amongst his native hills and woods of the Chiltern by all the troops that could be gathered for that sad duty. And so he was committed to the dust as beseemed a gallant soldier.'—Vol. ii. pp. 208, 209.

Our author exhibits much sympathy for Hampden, and, without doubt, he was more honest in his political views, as well as less inclined to violence, if he had followed his own nature, than were many of his party; but still, there he was amongst the rebels, and must share their lot of praise or dispraise: nay, his own disposition and his talents make him all the more responsible, and all the more blameable for the part in which we see him, as a matter of fact, engaged. Well was it for him that he was spared the trial of further extremes.

It is true, however, that with Hampden died the original claim of justice with which the rebellious party would sanction

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their proceedings. He represented the cause of a constitutional wrong, and after his death that pretence was almost abandoned. The stronger minds who, at the beginning of the quarrel, marked out the political line of their respective parties, were now much thinned. Strafford, Laud, Pym, and Hampden have now left the scene. The true elements of the struggle are with them forgotten, and brute force settles the question which had arisen from the contact of high principles with evil passions in the deeper minds of the first generation in this unhappy reign. Charles is now left alone to an unequal contest. Cromwell rises up as his personal enemy, with a strange and devastating power, from which Rupert can no longer protect his cause. The fatal tragedies of Marston Moor and Naseby follow each other, and leave Cromwell to his evil triumph. Rupert is the same to the last, but he avails not. The Ironsides of Cromwell are more than a match for his desperate charges. At Marston Moor, Rupert had been successful as ever with his own regiment, but the conclusion of the day is thus described:—

'And now the conquerors on either side have done their work, and have time to rally and breathe and look around them; each moving to regain his battle ground. When lo! as if starting from the dead, each victor meets another, returning from the slaughter of his enemies to claim the victory. Then came the severest trial of the day. Each occupied the ground his enemy had covered when the fight began: and through the lurid and sulphurous shades of approaching night, was seen the gleaming armour of another hostile line. Then it was that Rupert's followers failed him: the high and sparkling metal of his Cavaliers, consuming all before it in the first outbreak, fainted now before the sustained flame of fanaticism that burned in the Puritans' excited hearts. Still Rupert strove to rally the panting and exhausted troops; still his loud battle-cry "For God and for the King!" rose above the din; but he no longer found an echo to that cry. The Puritans galloped up to his Cavaliers, and met with scarcely an antagonist; "their enemies were scattered before them," as they too truly said. Away over the broken ground and dismounted guns and shattered carriages, the Cavaliers are flying through the darkness, and leave the bloodily contested field to the Puritans—and CROMWELL.'—Vol. ii. pp. 459, 460.

The prestige of military power now changes from Rupert to Cromwell, from the furious Cavaliers to the indomitable Ironsides, whose fierce fanaticism and savage strangeness of nature, which seemed to cut off all bonds of sympathy with other mortals, made them to be reputed as mysterious agents of an unearthly power. Among the dead on Marston Moor was Prince Rupert's dog, which circumstance was celebrated with great exaltation by the parliamentary journals, as the dog had been suspected of being the Prince's familiar spirit in disguise. Even this took away some of the awe which had attached to the name of the Cavalier.

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At Naseby, Rupert again won his part of the battle, but the cause received its final blow. The conclusion of this battle is thus told:—

'Cromwell's horse were there carrying all before them; and skirting the *mêlée*, was seen the King, striving vainly to rally his broken squadrons. Such was the scene the ill-starred Rupert beheld when he thought the victory was all his own. In a moment he plunged into the thickest of the fight, cleaving his way furiously towards where the King was cheering on his dismayed troopers. "One charge more, gentlemen!" cried the unhappy monarch, "one charge more, and the day is ours!" Then, placing himself at the head of his most forward troopers he prepared to charge. The royal impulse communicated itself in a moment to thousands; once more they faced the enemy, and in another moment the King might have won a glorious victory, or more glorious death, when one of his courtiers, ever his curse, snatched at the King's bridle, and turned him from the path of honour to despair. Was there no hand to smite that traitor to the ground—not even the King's, that should have done it? The momentary glow in the King's breast was past; he suffered himself to be led away like a child; he turned his back upon his enemy, his kingdom, and his honour. Rupert just then came up, but it was too late; the battle-heart of his men was broken; the horse were in disgraceful and tumultuous retreat. Vainly he strove to rally even his own devoted cavalry. They, too, were unmanned. All was over except the slaughter.'—Vol. iii. pp. 108, 109.

From this time we may trace but one melancholy progress—a gradual decline of power with Charles standing out before us, as a victim destined in his death to atone for the faults of one cause, and to be the judgment of another by the fearful sin it committed. Of Rupert, it is enough for the present to say that, after suffering much from the vacillation of Charles's disposition, who, now refusing to second his measures, and now even suspecting his honesty of purpose, grievously tried his constancy, he left this country and entered upon other adventures, of which we may give some account if space permit. Charles was wasting in strength of resolution; but what his enemies call weakness was often but too lenient a heart towards his subjects even in rebellion. After the battle of Edgehill, Charles ought in military tactics to have pushed on towards London without delay, but he did not, and, as it would appear, from the very temptation of absolute conquest. He dare not trust himself with a victorious army to enter London as a conqueror.

Charles in heart was not a soldier, yet he had courage; for his princely bearing, as misfortune tried him, brought out this as well as other excellences of his character. Some remarks on Charles's character, and also his latter end, we will extract from our author.

The commencement of fighting, and Charles's melancholy expression on that occasion, is made the opportunity for the following passage:—

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'Well might he be "very melancholy;" well might the shadow of his soul's misfortune be dark upon that brow—that lofty brow, so familiar to our memory! How many of us can recollect our childish sympathy for the first time touched by the power of art, as we gazed upon the portrait of that mournful face: the innocent boyish enthusiasm that kindled within us as we heard from loyal lips of the wrongs and sufferings for which so many of our fathers died. It was only in after-years, when reluctantly forced to abandon the once literal creed of "kings can do no wrong," that we detected other characteristics besides those of nobleness and truth in the martyr monarch of Vandyke and the Cavaliers. Yet even then, when better read in the dark facts and darker calumnies that history reveals, we trace in those sad features the characters of weakness rather than of wickedness; the unerring signs of a vacillating mind are visible; and that high-arched brow and uncertain lip, the delicate soft hand that droops by his side with all the helpless grace of a girl, the very attitude in which he stands—all bespeak a spirit, ill-calculated to encounter the storms of a state. It is not only after misfortune and disappointment had done their work, that these characteristics become visible in the portraits of Charles. From the very first, even when he sat at Velasquez during his romantic visit to romantic Spain, buoyed up by lusty youth and a bridegroom's hope—even then his portrait wears a sad, doomed look, as if he felt already destined to expiate the crimes and the follies of his tyrant ancestors.

'Having accompanied the King of the Cavaliers so far towards his fatal goal—having endeavoured to extenuate nothing, nor set down aught in prejudice, it is time to consider what there was in this ill-fated monarch that, notwithstanding all his faults, attached so many of the best and bravest men of England, not only to his cause, but to his person.

'No human character has ever been so rigorously scrutinized by cotemporaries and historians as that of Charles the First. His public and private conduct have been exposed to every test and inquisition that the most malignant hatred could suggest, or the most subtle genius could invent. The greatest writers of our own day have exercised all their ingenuity, and practised all the easy but imposing art of denunciation upon this conspicuous theme. The Milton, the Pym, and other leading minds of his own time, sought out, as a matter of conscience and duty, how they could most bitterly malign him. Every sentence that admitted of a second meaning was perverted to his reproach; every action was distorted, exaggerated, exhibited in the darkest point of view, and immortalized in sublime invective. The glory of freedom was then the great theme of orator and poet; the crime of despotism was a necessary antithesis, and its attributed author was magnified into proportionally colossal guilt. Charles I. was identified with the principles that were then most obnoxious; he was driven forth, like the scape-goat of the Hebrews, into the wilderness of reprobation, with the curses due to all others' crime heaped thickly upon his devoted head.

'The very scurrility and bitterness of the party pamphlets of that unscrupulous and heated time have been ever since sustained, enlarged upon, and taken for truth by the anti-monarchical writers of a later period. Yet how little, comparatively, has this awful array of persecution and arraignment brought home against their victim, setting aside his one great and inexcusable vice of insincerity, which he mistook for policy and state-craft necessity. Grievous and many wrongs indeed he wrought against the liberties of England; fatally he persevered in the prejudices instilled into his youth concerning king-craft, divine right, and royal prerogative; and terribly he atoned for these his errors. Nevertheless, when we peruse, even as chronicled by his enemies, his words, his letters, his expressions; when we observe his patience, his undaunted spirit, his piety, his long-

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suffering, and his redeeming death, we are forced to acknowledge that there was somewhat of righteous and heroic in this much-vilified monarch; something, apart from the high sentiment of loyalty, that justified the devotion of his followers; and that in the world of truth to come, will confute the worst accusations of his enemies. Unhappy in his time, his reign, his circumstances, his friends, his enemies,—he was still more unhappy in that which gave evil power to them all—the fatal facility and weakness so often and so pertinaciously misconstrued into perfidy and crime.'—Vol. i. pp. 328—331.

There was indeed cause for melancholy if we consider the time which passed between 'the beginning of blood, and the conclusion of the sacrifice' in his own person, as opened to our eyes in the following words:—

'The 30th of January, 1649, was the day appointed for the great sacrifice; the greatest in profane history, when all its solemn circumstances are considered. It was not only that an illustrious and gallant man was doomed to die; it was not only the sacrifice of an ancient monarchy to the vulgar ambition of a demagogue; but it was the annihilation of the time-honoured and most ancient sentiment of religious loyalty. Never again was the inevitable bondage of humanity to be ennobled by belief in the Divine nature of its government; never again was the proudest spirit to bend reverently before its King as before the "anointed of the Lord!" From that day forth the people were wiser, not happier, from their dread experience. The graceful ideal of sovereignty was turned into bloody dust before their eyes; and in its place rose up the harsh and capricious authority of brutal force.

'Some years passed on, and Cromwell was a king in all but name and nature. *He* then recognised the power that still lingered in that sacred name. He was already in enjoyment of all the irresponsible power that ever cursed our earlier kings; he had already exercised such despotism as no Stuart had ever dared to speak of; he had raised his country's pre-eminence among the nations; he had stimulated her energies, revived her prosperity, flattered her pride, and laid broadly the foundations of her future glory. Nevertheless, England cursed him in her heart. The nation, down to his own creatures, indignantly rejected him as king. He saw his power departing from him before he died; and then the people took refuge even in the vices and imbecility of the Second Charles from the revolting mockery of a protectorate.

'Every imagination is familiar with the closing scene of the Civil War's dark tragedy. The scaffold erected in ghastly contrast to the fair architecture of the Banqueting Hall; the bolts driven into the floor in the fashion of shambles by the human butchers: the headsman's block so low that the King was obliged to lie along the floor in order to reach it with his neck.

'The fierce array of fanatic troopers round the scaffold; the uncovered masses of the people, reaching far away towards the green hills that bounded the vista of old streets, or visible through the archway that opened towards the venerable Abbey of Westminster. And high above the heaving tumultuous masses of people and soldiers stood the King, with the headsman by his side: the royal victim showed a manly and cheerful bravery towards his fellow men, a trusting and deep humility towards God. His voice was calm and musical as he uttered his dying words—brief, eloquent, and full of forgiveness, of prophecy, and prayer; his eye was vividly bright as he laid his neck upon the scaffold. One moment's pause, and the King gave the signal with his hand; the axe flashed through the dark group on high; and from below, "one dismal universal groan" burst forth from a nation's breast, and all is over.

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'Charles Stuart, slaughtered by hypocrites, fanatics, and traitors, lay calmly in his coffin, in the midst of the Banqueting Hall, in the darkness and silence of midnight. His destroyer was not so calm though he had conquered: impelled by a horror of suspense, he went to visit the dead King. Did he not envy the dead majesty that lay there in calm repose, its lifework done?

'When the next morning came, and the scaffold was removed, and the streets were thronged again with their usual busy crowds, the people doubtless marvelled to think how simple a matter it was to kill a king, and yet how powerful must be those who slew him. But even those who sought the life of Charles acknowledged the grandeur of his death, and Cromwell's own laureate celebrated the event in worthy English verse. The partizan was lost in the poet, and Andrew Marvell has left us this noble picture of the scaffold scene:—

* * * * *

'"While round the armed bands
Did clasp their bloody hands:
He nothing common did, or mean,
After that memorable scene;
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpess right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."'—Vol. iii. pp. 398—401.

The King's great companions in life were not parted from him in death. The ends of Strafford and Laud are thus alluded to by Mr. Warburton:—

'But Strafford was ever superior to circumstances; he now compelled even his evil destiny to do him honour, by encountering it with lofty self-possession and magnanimity. Henceforth, until "that wisest head in England" was bowed upon the scaffold, the whole interest of the time was concentrated on his fate and the principles with which it was associated. Strafford's impeachment, defence, betrayal by the King, and dying scene contain one of the sublimest tragedies to be found in history.

'This first great offering at the shrine of English freedom was soon followed by that of his friend and coadjutor Laud. The former was doomed as the great pillar of the misgoverned State, the latter of the Church.'—Vol. i. pp. 182, 183.

'In the meantime, however, the parliamentary leaders stained their cause with an act of atrocity that the reddest days of French republicanism never saw exceeded; the condemnation of the poor old Archbishop Laud, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. It was held to be a great favour that he was only beheaded ultimately. They dared to seek the authority of the judges for this murderous and wanton deed, but even they, however timidly, professed themselves unable to assist the Parliament in legalizing such atrocity. To Laud himself it was very merciful to take him from the penury, and loneliness, and imprisonment, in which they had long left his grey hairs to whiten; to promote him from the too just imputations of arbitrariness and indiscretion under which he had long lain, to a noble martyrdom on the scaffold. His defence was magnanimous and unanswerable; his dying speech is one of the noblest and most touching that ever preceded a bloody death, and that death itself was but repose to him, and a triumph for his fame.'—Vol. iii. pp. 42, 43.

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Throughout this work there are interesting passages descriptive of the noble conduct, or noble deaths, of many who gave their all to the cause of Charles. Also there is abundant proof that Cavalier ladies were not behind their husbands in the cause of loyalty, or in personal courage, when fairly called on to exert it: Lady Arundel for instance.

'On the 2nd of May, 1643, during the absence of Lord Arundell at Oxford, Sir Edward Hungerford presented himself before Wardour Castle, demanding admittance in search for malignants, and upon being denied, called a body of troops under Colonel Strode to assist him in reducing it by force. With this army of thirteen hundred men he summoned the castle to surrender, and received no other reply than that "Lady Arundell had a command from her lord to keep it, which order she would obey." On the following day cannon were brought within musket shot of the walls, and continued to fire on the castle for six days and nights: two mines were also sprung. During all this time the heroic lady with her followers, amounting to about fifty servants, of whom only half were fighting-men, perseveringly defended her stronghold, the women supplying ammunition to the men, and exerting themselves in extinguishing the fiery missiles thrown over the walls. At length their powers of resistance being completely exhausted, and no hope of relief appearing, a parley was offered, and the castle surrendered on capitulation. The terms, however, were only observed as far as regarded the lives of the besieged; for the rebels had no sooner taken possession, than they at once set about plundering and demolishing all the valuables it contained, and wastefully ravaged the country round, so that the loss of property was computed at 100,000*l.*—Vol. ii. pp. 215, 216.

The following letter from Lady Denbigh to her son after the death of her husband is one of most pathetic eloquence. Her son, now to succeed to the honours of his father, had joined the Parliament, and her passionate appeal that he may no longer remain with the murderers of his father is as refined a composition as we ever remember to have read.

'"FROM THE COUNTESS OF DENBIGH TO BASIL, SECOND EARL OF DENBIGH.

'"MY DEAR SON,—I am much comforted with the receiving of your kind letter in this time of my great sorrow for the loss of my dear husband, your dear father, whose memory I shall ever keep with sorrow and a most tender affection, as he did deserve from me and all the whole world. God make me able to overcome this my affliction! I beg of you, my first-born son, whom I do so dearly love, to give me that satisfaction which you now owe me, to leave those that murdered your dear father—for what else can it be called? When he received his death-wound for saying that 'he was for the King,' they shewed no mercy to his grey hairs, but swords and shots, a horror to me to think of. O my dear Jesus! put it into my dear son's heart to leave that merciless company that was the death of his father; for now I think of this party with horror,—before with sorrow. This is the time that God and nature claim it from you. Before, you were carried away by error, now it seems monstrous and hideous. The last words your dear father spoke, was to desire God to forgive you and to touch your heart. Let your dear father and unfortunate mother make your heart relent—let my great sorrow receive some comfort. If I receive joy, you shall receive blessing and honour. Think, if I may be so happy as to obtain this my desire of

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you: let me know, and I shall make your way to your best advantage. I do know you shall be welcome. I give you many thanks for the care you took in paying the last rites to your father; I have a longing desire to see you, and if I had any means I would venture far to do it. The Queen hath been very kind to me, and hath written to the King to stay the place that Lord Denbigh held, that it may not be given to any, but that my lord's debts may be paid out of it; besides, the Queen did send me money, or I do not know what I should have done, I was in so great want. I thank you for the message you sent me by John Grime; so, with my blessing, I take my leave. Your loving mother, S. DENBIGH." '—Vol. ii. pp. 157, 158.

The deaths of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle are thus graphically told:—

'The doomed Cavaliers heard their sentence with astonishment, but without dismay. They were to die before sunset; they requested, but in vain, to be allowed to live until the following morning, "that they might settle some things in this world, and prepare their souls for another." They were only allowed time for some brief prayer, and to receive the sacrament. At seven o'clock they were hurried out to a green spot beneath the castle walls; three files of musketeers, with Ireton, Rainsborough, and Whalley received them there. Sir George Lisle was removed out of sight of his comrade's execution, but the volley that announced his death rang upon his ear. The gallant Lucas had died as he had lived, with the unostentatious courage of a gentleman: he knelt down upon the green sward, and prayed fervently for a little while; then rising, he stood erect, with a cheerful countenance, before his executioners; he opened his doublet, and bared his manly bosom to their fire: "See, I'm ready!—Rebels, do your worst!" were the last words he uttered; before he ceased to speak, the Roundheads fired, and he fell lifeless; four bullets had pierced his heart. Sir George Lisle was now brought forward: he knelt down and kissed the dead face of his friend, with lips that were in a few moments to be as cold. Then rising, and looking upon the firing party, he told them that they stood too far: one of them replied, "Never fear, sir; I'll warrant we'll hit you!" The Cavalier smiled as he said, "I have been nearer you when you have missed me." Then, after a short prayer, he too gave the order to fire, and nearly in the same words his dying friend had used,—"I'm ready!—Traitors, do your worst!" That moment he fell dead.'—Vol. iii. pp. 405, 406.

We conclude this sad history with a tribute to the loyalty of Oxford, a place of no small importance in these troubled times.

'On the 29th the King reached Oxford, where the royal court was for the future to be held. That loyal city "was the only one in England at that time wholly devoted to his Majesty," and although it remained faithful to the last, it suffered but little from its loyalty. The parliamentary forces under Lord Say had respected the seat of learning after a fashion, and there are fewer marks of Puritan iconoclasm to be found in this majestic city than in any other of similar beauty and similar visitation. . . .

'In those days when Oxford formed the rallying-point for all the most chivalrous and loyal men of England, and constituted the great centre of operations on which the fate of empires depended, the stately old colleges must have had some stirring experiences. When the streets rang to the sound of the trumpet summoning the young Cavaliers to mount instantly, as some daring Roundheads hovered near the city, or some foam-covered trooper brought tidings of a stolen march, or to be stolen convoy within

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their reach. Or, when the students were mustered by Dean and Warden "in buff and bandolier" under Lord Dover, to guard the walls and prove their manhood under their sovereign's and the ladies' eyes. It was only when assault was threatened, that these young volunteers were allowed to act as Cavaliers: eagerly then they saw the "toga yield to arms" and earnestly they wished every success to the Roundheads that might bring them within reach of University discipline. Musically, in those romantic times, the old cloisters of All Souls or of Magdalen gave echo to the armed tread of the Cavalier, or the faint rustle of the silken robe that floated by his side, and shared in his unweary watch.'—Vol. ii. pp. 44—46.

Elsewhere a note informs us that the Queen, and many of her ladies, resided in Merton College, during her stay in Oxford. The Privy Council was held at Oriel; the King and Prince Rupert had their quarters at Christ Church.

It is time now that we conclude with a brief review of Prince Rupert's history after the time that he left England in the summer of 1646. One occupation in which he was employed still for the royal cause is thus told:—

'The naval expedition undertaken by Prince Rupert in the autumn of 1648, is of a nature without any parallel in history. We must look back to the days of the Scandinavian Sea-kings for even a resemblance to Rupert's present mission. His was a spirit cast in the old Northern heroic mould; resolute, indomitable, adventurous and dauntless. He was one who could—

'"Turn what some deem danger to delight,
And for itself could woo the approaching fight."

He lived in a romantic world of his own, notwithstanding the dismal realities of his position: the petty intrigues of the young king's petty court; the perpetual mutinies of his own dissolute sailors; the humiliating efforts to raise money; the mercenary considerations that prompted almost every exploit; even the details of captive cargoes, the forced sales of "sugars, and indigo, and hides," not one, nor all, of these things could bring down his soaring spirit for more than a moment to their own level. From the time that he first trod the deck of his gallant ship, he assumed the bearing and the tone, as well as the habits, of the ancient Vikingr. In the commission that he received, he was invested with "all the command at sea that he had held formerly on shore:" that is to say, he was absolute. To gratify the official people about the exiled court, the young Viking received what were termed "Instructions," but those instructions were dictated according to his own resolute will, and were binding no longer upon him than he chose. Nor was this power to be wondered at: who else, in the midst of such a storm of misfortune, would or could have undertaken a post of such difficulty and danger? Who else could have borne the royal standard in such a career as his, without dishonour to it? Rupert was destined to maintain the *name* of Royal England on the seas, and to contend with his mighty enemies not only for their naval supremacy but their wealth. This last was the first great object of the Prince's cruise; the Prince of Wales and all his court were almost famishing in their exile; they looked to Rupert's squadron to supply them with the very necessaries of life. But for this consideration, the extraordinary squadron we are about to sail with would never have been fitted out. And while Ormond anxiously expected Rupert to enable him to reconquer Ireland, the courtiers' first anxiety was, that his Highness should enable them to obtain their bread. The naval specu-

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lation was perfectly successful in this point of view. The King being persecuted by every one proved a source of great profit to the royal buccaneers. There was scarcely any flag that had power to protect its owner. Wherever a ship was seen she was pursued; wherever pursued, she was taken; and the remaining process was wonderfully simplified by the nature of the "Court of Adjudication." This high-sounding tribunal seems frequently only to have comprised the officer of the watch; at other times it amounted to a court-martial of the beggared and rapacious Cavaliers. A sail in sight and a well secured prize, soon became synonymous. There was something very attractive in this sort of adventure, and it required all the native characteristics of gentlemen to prevent the sea-going Cavaliers from carrying their buccaneering to excess. But it was *not* carried to excess; at least all was done fairly and above board, as to an enemy; no cruelty was practised; fair terms were offered and honourably kept towards the victims of this predatory war.'—Vol. iii. pp. 256—259.

For some years after this Rupert was engaged in an expedition to the West Indies, of which a lengthened account is given. We there find him in storms and shipwrecks at sea, as he had ever been on land. He was now amongst wild Indians, as he had formerly been among the savages which civil war develops, even in the most civilized countries. On his return to Europe our hero betakes himself to the more quiet occupations of inventing the mezzotinto style of engraving, and also to many chemical experiments which might apply to the art of war.

At the Restoration, Prince Rupert came to England, and spent the remainder of his days in comparative tranquillity, with one or two naval expeditions against the Dutch. The old town of Windsor was his principal residence, and his pursuits maintained their scientific character. In short, he appears to have been an eccentric old gentleman, sometimes immersed in his laboratory, whither Charles II. and Buckingham delighted to visit him, and sometimes in the gayest scenes of those gay times. Nor was he free from the vices of the Court; indeed, Mr. Warburton is obliged to regret the fact that his hero was not respectably settled early in life. His latter days are thus pictured:—

'The brief remainder of Prince Rupert's existence was passed in tranquillity and retirement; a calm and quiet evening closing in after his life's stormy day. The philosophical veteran is still visible to our imagination, as he dwelt in the Old Tower at Windsor, surrounded with armour, and strange implements, and strange old books. The walls were hung over with maps of countries that he would have visited, and plans of battles that he might have fought. As he gazed from his citadel on the matchless scenery that surrounds it, he could trace the course of many a midnight march and bold assault. He had seen many of his faithful troopers perish on the very slopes beneath his eyes; and farther off, to the very horizon, there was no town that had not echoed to the tramp of his bold troopers, no church-tower that had not given warning of his march. Those troopers had all passed away; the very name of Cavalier was almost forgotten; the

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cause for which they had fought and fallen was now triumphant, yet in dishonour, and he, their leader, was estranged, if not exiled, from the King he had served too well.

'Doubtless the royal recluse had ample food for his meditation. All men of activity in youth are thoughtful in their age; retrospect is the ruminating of the mind, whereby memory is changed into experience, and becomes profitable towards a future life, either in this world or the next. In the retrospect of Prince Rupert's life, as regarded his fellow-men, there was little to visit him with self-reproach; if his career had been unprosperous, it had been unstained by one dishonourable act: he had striven manfully to perform what he esteemed to be his duty; in council and in camp he had been ever fearless and disinterested; he had endeavoured to promote the prosperity of his adopted country with grateful solicitude; and when the country and the King had fallen under the power of the Cabal, he had retired from all participation in the disgraceful proceedings that he was unable to resist.

"When impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station."

And that station he was contented to occupy until the hour of his death.'—Vol. iii. pp. 510, 511.

He died on the 29th of November, 1682, aged sixty-three, and was buried in Westminster Abbey with great ceremony. Thus ends Prince Rupert, a man of genius, of self-devotion, and unequalled bravery. His character will ever be one to excite very different feelings. Some will ever hate his very name, and we do not say but that they could make out such a case against him as to convince many that he is not the sort of man we want among us very often. But some, again, will ever most gratefully preserve the memory of one who, with reckless daring and chivalrous loyalty, strained every nerve to defend our King and country from the dark and gloomy sway of political fanatics and republican tyrants.

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ART. V.—*Visit to Monasteries in the Levant. By the* HON. ROBERT CURZON, JUN. London: Murray. 1849.

THE present condition of the Greek Church, her practical working, and future prospects, are certainly matters of sufficient importance to claim our serious consideration; and yet, it is a fact but too apparent, that the utmost ignorance and misapprehension exists on this subject in England; and that great indifference, to say the least of it, is manifested towards this living branch of the Church Catholic. It is well known that she has but lately arisen from a long-protracted and fiery trial, when her children were the unresisting slaves of a Mahomedan power, and day by day the cry of the false faith went up from her desecrated altars—while the cross was wantonly thrown down and trampled under foot on the threshold of each one of her polluted sanctuaries; but whether in these her days of persecution and misery, she may not have had her martyrs and confessors, whose holy lives, and glorious deaths of torture, were as the shining of stars in the thick darkness which enveloped her—whether there be not in her, now, as then, a singular faithfulness, in the fundamental parts of doctrine and practice, to her first apostolic teaching, are questions on which most persons in this country are profoundly ignorant. Some few able and valuable books have lately appeared on the Eastern Church, but these are not generally read, and the universal impression seems to be that it is a mere system of unredeemed error and superstition.

It may appear strange, considering the vast numbers of English travellers who yearly visit the East, that more accurate details on this important subject should not have long since been brought to England; but the truth is, that by far the larger proportion are wholly indifferent to the matter. They are lured to the shores of Greece by the charm of classical association. They luxuriate in the lovely climate; and they wander with delight in scenes where the past seems no longer a great shadowy phantom haunting the imagination, but a thing real and tangible, a shape, a form, whose vast remains are mouldering in the dust on which they tread; who, every here and there, before their very eyes, thrusts out as it were a skeleton hand from beneath its winding-sheet of ages, that they may handle the crumbling bones, and so form some notion of what the living frame has been; but it never occurs to them to

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ascertain whether this beautiful land is now the shrine of a true worship, or of a paralysing superstition; nor do they ever remember that the wild poetic people round them claim to be their brethren indeed, members with themselves of the visible Church of Christ. Others, again, who might be disposed to take some interest in that branch of the Church which has gathered so large a portion of the Christian world within her fold, are too fatally prejudiced against her before their arrival in the East, to be at all capable of discerning her actual condition. In their preconceived ideas, they have given full credence to the charge of superstition and formalism, which has been brought against her, and they take no other means for ascertaining its truth or falsity, than by witnessing a few of those outward ceremonies and customary observances of the people, which often do not even form a part of her ritual; whilst their ignorance of the language and habits of the country, as well as of the ancient forms of symbolism, all combine to furnish them with the most mistaken and extravagant notions, which they afterwards promulgate on the authority of eye-witnesses.

We are convinced that nothing would tend so much to remove these false impressions, as a few details, simply given, of the actual working of the Greek Church at the present time, not only in her public services, but in her private teaching and discipline. We were, consequently, well pleased to witness the publication of any work calculated to enlighten the English public in these matters; and we had hoped, judging from the title of Mr. Curzon's book, that his 'Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant' might have had the desired effect. We must own, however, that in this respect we have been disappointed, although his volume is cleverly written, and very interesting to the general reader.

Mr. Curzon's sole object in visiting the religious houses of the Levant, was to procure any ancient MSS. which their libraries might contain; to gain this end he did not disdain very discreditable means, even to the extent of what in England would be called drugging the wine of his guests; and he was too much absorbed in the pursuit, to use his own phrase, of his 'venerable game,' to find leisure for investigating into the state of the Greek Church, or for correcting even those misapprehensions respecting her which he entertained in common with most of his countrymen. Thus the advantages afforded him for ascertaining the truth of her position were neutralized by the bias his opinions had already received, although the gay adventurous spirit which renders the account of his travels so amusing, often placed him in scenes of great interest and novelty.

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It is, however, with much regret that we are compelled to notice in Mr. Curzon's book, something beyond mere indifference towards the Eastern Church—there is a certain tone of levity in his remarks, and an occasional disposition to treat her with ridicule and contempt, which is calculated to have a very prejudicial effect. One of the great evils of the present age, which we have reason deeply to deplore, is the reckless spirit of contempt, the thoughtless profanity with which many English travellers are wont to write and speak of foreign Churches. Most often profoundly ignorant of the nature of the things at which they scoff, they scruple not to brand with ridicule the living branches of Christ's Church, forgetting that they cannot aim a blow at one portion of the Body without the shock being felt throughout the whole. It is this fatal tendency which daily widens the rent in the seamless garment of the Lord, and places ever further from us that distant vision of the blessed unity for which He prayed in His hour of agony. But results yet darker spring from it, for it does most surely pave the way for the scepticism which is advancing on us from every side. When these persons hold up to scorn and contempt the doctrine and practice of those who profess the Faith from the same source that we do in our own communion, they think not how, in the minds of others, they may shake the very foundations of the truth itself. They may not design to mock at any, but such matters as they themselves deem incredible or inexpedient; but those who are led by them to scepticism on minor points, may not be disposed to stop short where they do. We have seen in revolutionary France, and elsewhere, that there is nothing too sacred or too awful to be exempt from human profanation when once an opening has been given to the course of unbelief; and though we doubt not that our countrymen are often wholly unaware of the evil effects of their own words, it is yet certain that by all such levity, and scoffing at practices which other men deem holy, they are but hewing down the barriers before the feet of those, who are ever so ready to rush in where angels fear to tread. We should be very sorry to assert that Mr. Curzon's pleasant book will produce such results as these; but, at least, we must lament in it the total absence of that very different spirit with which we conceive it to be the bounden duty of all men to treat of the Churches in other lands. We would have them ever go there only in all brotherly love and sympathy, free from prejudice, and treading cautiously, as on holy ground, desiring earnestly to draw closer the bonds of the fellowship which unite us, viewing with reverence and gratitude the traces of the Divine Founder's Hand, and wherever they may be discerned, and noting, if need be, the stains which the

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dust of centuries may have gathered on them, gently and tenderly, as we would think of a brother's failings.

We have said, however, that a higher and more correct view of the Apostolic Church of the East may be gained from a simple account of her system as it works in the present day; and we shall find much to corroborate this statement in the actual facts which Mr. Curzon witnessed.

The first part of his volume gives the narrative of his journey through Egypt and Syria. It is full of interesting information respecting the Coptic and Syriac Churches, and it affords, also, a valuable testimony to one fact we are too apt to overlook,—that in many a spot unknown to the world, in the desert and in the mountain solitude, Christian devotion abides and flourishes, upheld by no human care, and adorned with many of those earlier graces of her first purity which she has well-nigh lost in lands more busy and tumultuous. The following account of Mr. Curzon's meeting with the Abyssinian monks at the Coptic monastery of Souriani, which is situated in the desert of Nitria, gives us a striking instance of this fact, though we cannot but regret that it is written in such a style as to throw a shade of ridicule over the self-devotion, which, under any circumstances, must claim our highest respect.

'While we had been standing on the top of the steps, I heard from time to time some incomprehensible sounds, which seemed to arise from among the green branches of the palms and fig trees in a corner of the garden at our feet. "What," said I to a bearded Copt, who was seated on the steps, "is that strange howling noise which I hear among the trees? I have heard it several times when the rustling of the wind among the branches has died away for a moment. It sounds something like a chant, or a dismal moaning song; only it is different in its cadence from anything that I have heard before." "That voice," replied the monk, "is the sound of the service of the church, which is being chanted by the Abyssinian monks. Come down the steps, and I will show you their chapel and their library. The monastery which they frequented in this desert has fallen to decay; and they now live here, their numbers being recruited occasionally by pilgrims on their way from Abyssinia to Jerusalem, some of whom pass by each year; not many now, to be sure, but still fewer return to their own land." Giving up my precious manuscripts to the guardianship of my servants, and desiring them to put them down carefully in my cell, I accompanied my Coptic friend into the garden, and turning round some bushes, we immediately encountered one of the Abyssinian monks walking with a book in his hand under the shade of the trees. Presently we saw three or four more; and very remarkable looking persons they were. These holy brethren were as black as crows; tall, thin, ascetic looking men, of a most original aspect and costume. I have seen the natives of many strange nations, both before and since, but I do not know that I ever met with so singular a set of men, so completely the types of another age, and of a state of things so opposite to European, as these Abyssinian eremites. They were black, as I have already said, which is not the usual complexion of the natives of Habesh, and they were all clothed in tunics of wash-leather, made, they told me, of gazelle skins. This garment came down to their

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knees, and was confined round their waist with a leathern girdle. Over their shoulders they had a strap supporting a case, like a cartridge-box, of thick brown leather, containing a manuscript book; and above this they wore a large shapeless cloak, or toga, of the same light yellow wash-leather as the tunic; I do not think that they wore any thing on the head, but this I do not distinctly remember. Their legs were bare, and they had no other clothing, if I may except a profuse smearing of grease, for they had anointed themselves in the most lavish manner, not with oil of gladness, but with that of castor, which however had by no means the effect of giving them a cheerful countenance; for, although they looked exceedingly slippery and greasy, they seemed to be an austere and dismal set of fanatics, true disciples of the great Macarius, the founder of these secluded monasteries, and excellently calculated to figure in that grim chorus of his invention, or at least which is called after his name, "La danse Macabre," known to us by the appellation of "Dance of Death." They seemed to be men who fasted much, and feasted little; great observers were they of vigils, of penance, of pilgrimages, and midnight masses; eaters of bitter herbs for conscience sake.'—P. 93.

Many of the customs of the early Christian Church, as well as its peculiarities of architecture, are still palpably evident in the Coptic monasteries. It is singular that Mr. Curzon's description of one of their most ancient churches—a building half catacomb, half cave—is in most respects strikingly similar to the Greek chapels of the present day; his account of the great Coptic establishment called the White Monastery has some interesting details.

'The peculiarity of this monastery is, that the interior was once a magnificent basilica, while the exterior was built by the Empress Helena, in the ancient Egyptian style. The walls slope inwards towards the summit, where they are crowned with a deep overhanging cornice. The building is of an oblong shape, about two hundred feet in length by ninety wide, very well built, of fine blocks of stone; it has no windows outside larger than loopholes, and these are at a great height from the ground. Of these there are twenty on the south side, and nine at the east end. The monastery stands at the foot of the hill, on the edge of the Libyan desert, where the sand encroaches on the plain. It looks like the sanctuary, or cella, of an ancient temple, and is not unlike the bastion of an old fortification; except one solitary doomed tree, it stands quite alone, and has a most desolate aspect, backed, as it is, by the desert, and without any appearance of a garden, either within or outside its walls. The ancient doorway of red granite on the south side has been partially closed up, leaving an opening just large enough to admit one person at a time.

'The door was closed, and we shouted in vain for admittance. We then tried the effect of a double knock, in the Grosvenor-square style, with a large stone, but that was of no use; so I got one still larger, and banged away at the door with all my might, shouting at the same time that we were friends and Christians. After some minutes, a small voice was heard inside, and several questions being satisfactorily answered, we were let in by a monk; and, passing through the narrow door, I found myself surrounded by piles of ruined buildings of various ages, among which the tall granite columns of the ancient church reared themselves, like an avenue on either side of the desecrated nave, which is now open to the sky, and is used as a promenade for a host of chickens. Some goats also were perched

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upon fragments of ruined walls, and looked cunningly at us as we invaded their domain. I saw some Coptic women peeping at me from the windows of some wretched hovels of mud and brick, which they had built up in corners among the ancient ruins, like swallows' nests.

'There were but three poor priests. The principal one led us to the upper part of the church, which had lately been repaired and walled off from the open nave, and enclosed the apsis and transepts, which had been restored in some measure, and fitted for the performance of Divine service. The half domes of the apsis and two transepts, which were of well-built masonry, were still entire, and the original frescoes remain upon them. Those in the transepts are stiff figures of saints; and in the one over the altar is the great figure of the Redeemer, such as is usually met with in the mosaics of Italian basilicas. These apsides are above fifty feet from the ground, which gives them a dignity of appearance, and leaves greater cause to regret the destruction of the nave, which, with its clerestory, must have been still higher. There appear to have been fifteen columns on each side of the centre aisle, and two at the end opposite the altar, which in this instance, I believe, is at the west end. The roof over the part of the east end which has been fitted up as a church, is supported by four square modern piers of plastered brick or rubble work. On the side walls, above the altar, there are some circular compartments containing paintings of the saints; and near these are two tablets with inscriptions in black on a white ground. That on the left appeared to be in Abyssinian; the one on the other side was either Coptic or uncial Greek; but it was too dark, and the tablet was too high, to enable me to make it out. There is also a long Greek inscription in red letters on one of the modern square piers, which looks as if it was of considerable antiquity; and the whole interior of the building bears traces of having been repaired and altered, more than once, in ancient times. The richly ornamented recesses of the three apsides have been smeared over with plaster, on which some tremendously grim saints have been portrayed, whose present threadbare appearance shows that they have disfigured the walls for several centuries. Some comparatively modern capitals, of bad design, have been placed upon two or three of the granite columns of the nave; and others, which were broken, have been patched with brick, plastered and painted to look like granite.

'The principal entrance was formerly at the west end, where there is a small vestibule, immediately within the door of which, on the left hand, is a small chapel, perhaps the baptistery, about twenty-five feet long, and still in tolerable preservation. It is a splendid specimen of the richest Roman architecture of the latter empire, and is truly an imperial little room.

'The arched ceiling is of stone; and there are three beautifully ornamented niches on each side. The upper end is semicircular, and has been entirely covered with a profusion of sculpture in panels, cornices, and every kind of architectural enrichment. When it was entire, and covered with gilding, painting, or mosaic, it must have been most gorgeous. The altar on such a chapel as this was probably of gold, set full of gems; or if it was the baptistery, as I suppose, it most likely contained a bath, of the most precious jasper, or of some of the more rare kinds of marble, for the immersion of the converted heathen, whose entrance into the church was not permitted until they had been purified with the waters of baptism, in a building without the door of the house of God—an appropriate custom, which was not broken in upon for ages; and even then the infant was only brought just inside the door, where the font was placed on the left hand of the entrance—a judicious practice, which is completely set at nought in England, where the squalling imp often distracts the attention of the congregation, and is finally sprinkled, instead of being immersed; the whole

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ceremony having been so much altered and pared down from its original symbolic form, that, were a Christian of the early ages to return upon the earth, he would be unable to recognise its meaning.'—P. 131.

The concluding remarks in this passage are much to the purpose. We believe that even in the present day the Eastern Church may be shown to maintain many of these primitive customs with a singular accuracy. Unfortunately, Mr. Curzon gives us very few details on the subject in the account of his journey through Egypt and Syria, and we shall therefore pass on to the history of his visit to continental Greece, and to the ἅγιον ὄρος, the Holy Mountain of Athos, which seems to stand alone in the world as a special monument to the power of that faith which, with its strong and sweet persuasion, can draw men away from all the joys of life, when most the ardour of youth and hope would make them seem alluring, and constrain them to abide in a solitude, where no human ties can chain back their hearts from heaven. We must first, however, notice what appears to us a mistake of Mr. Curzon's, respecting the Greek quietists, of whom he gives some account when describing his visit to the monastery of S. Sabba.

'It was in one of the caves in these rocks that the renowned S. Sabba passed his time in the society of a pet lion. He was a famous anchorite, and was made chief of all the monks of Palestine by Sallustius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, about the year 490. He was twice ambassador to Constantinople, to propitiate the Emperors Anastasius the Sibut and Justinian; moreover, he made a vow never to eat apples as long as he lived. He was born at Mutalasca, near Cesarea of Cappadocia, in 439, and died in 532, in the ninety-fifth year of his age; he is still held in high veneration by the Greek and Latin Churches. He was the founder of the Laura, which was formerly situated among the clefts and crevices of these rocks, the present monastery having been enclosed and fortified, at I do not know what period, but long after the decease of the saint. The word Laura, which is often met with in the histories of the first five centuries after Christ, signifies, when applied to monastic institutions, a number of separate cells, each inhabited by a single hermit or anchorite, in contradistinction to a convent or monastery, which was called a cœnobium, where the monks lived together in one building, under the rule of a superior.

'This species of monasticism seems always to have been a peculiar characteristic of the Greek Church; and in the present day, these ascetic observances are upheld only by the Greek, Coptic, and Abyssinian Christians, among whom hermits and quietists, such as waste the body for the improvement of the soul, are still to be met with in the clefts of the rocks, and in the desert places of Asia and Africa.

'They are a sort of dissenters, as regards their own church; for, by the mortifications to which they subject themselves, they rebuke the regular priesthood, who do not go so far, although these latter fast in the year above one hundred days, and always rise to midnight prayer. In the dissent, if such it be, of these monks of the desert, there is a dignity and self-denying firmness much to be respected. They follow the tenets of their faith, and the ordinances of their religion, in a manner which is almost sublime.

'They are in this respect the very opposite to European Dissenters, who

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are as undignified as they are generally snug and cosy in their mode of life. Here, among the followers of S. Anthony, there are no mock heroics, no turning up of the whites of the eyes, and drawing down of the corners of the mouth; they form their rule of life from the ascetic writings of the early fathers of the Church; their self-denial is extreme; their devotion heroic; but yet to our eyes it appears puerile and irrational, that men should give up their whole lives to a routine of observances which, although they are hard and stern, are yet so trivial that they appear almost ridiculous.' —P. 200.

We are glad to read even this partial tribute of admiration to these devoted men, but we are certain that Mr. Curzon is mistaken in applying to them the term of Dissenters; he is probably not aware of the great distinction between the two classes of clergy in the Greek Church,—the monastic bodies and the working priests; the latter are not expected to live, in any respect, by the same severity of rule which is enjoined upon the former. Under all circumstances, it seems quite anomalous to suppose that an extraordinary sanctity exhibited by an individual within the pale of the Church, should be qualified as dissent; and certainly, with regard to the quietists and other ascetics, it serves, on the contrary, only to place them very high in the estimation of their brethren, and to entitle them to the most sacred and difficult offices.

Before we proceed further to extract from Mr. Curzon's book such passages as bear more directly on the Church of Greece, we would now endeavour, by a few details of her practical working, to elucidate somewhat the truth of her actual condition at the present time.

There is one primary fact concerning her which must not lightly be overlooked—it is the glorious testimony which she can offer to the abundant fulfilment of the great promise once made to the Church of Christ; for there has been in her, throughout ages of unparalleled trial and suffering, a constant manifestation of that Abiding Presence, without which she never could have survived, living and triumphant, to appear before us this day, as a witness to His love and truth. Let it be remembered that, from a period so remote as that which preceded the triumph of the Venetian Republic in the East, until within the last few years, this Church has been exposed to the blighting influence of the Mahomedan faith; the darkness of that debasing and yet seductive creed has been around and within her, seeking by every conceivable means to extinguish the light of truth, of which she was the guardian—by persecution, and by the power of a hopeless slavery—by the fire and the sword—by the temptation of ease and luxury—by the licensed gratification of human passions, which renders the Moslem superstition so dear to human corruption—by all these

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was she long and sorely tried; but still, amid her many struggles—amid the convulsions of contending powers, when Turks and Venetians fought for every inch of the land where the feet of Apostles had trodden—during the last hundred years of unbroken and paralysing subjection to the Turkish rule, after the Venetians had been expelled from the Ottoman empire—still she has kept the faith once committed to her, with her succession inviolate and her ritual unchanged. Through gloom and tempest, century after century, the Greek Church has sent in her harvest of souls to the garner house of the Lord—not a few entering therein to receive a martyr's crown; the voice of her prayer and praise has gone up to heaven echoing back the very words of our elder brethren in the faith—S. Chrysostom, S. James, and many others. Twenty years have seen her at length the authorized Church of a Christian land, and if she has not come out of her great tribulation with garments altogether unsoiled, there is yet much in her primitive temper—in the devotedness of her priests—in the simple faith and obedience of her people, and in many of her beautiful and touching ceremonies, which betrays the impress of apostolic times.

The Church in Greece is altogether independent of the Patriarch of Constantinople; it is governed solely by the Holy Synod, formed by seven Archbishops, one of whom, generally the Archbishop of Attica, is president. The Bishops are extremely numerous, each having their separate diocese, where they hold a complete authority over all the priests within their spiritual jurisdiction; whilst these, in their turn, have uncontrolled influence among the people committed to their charge. The bishops are elected by the Synod, the civil power having no share in the appointment; they must be single men, or at the least widowers, whereas the parish priests are all, without exception, married. There is a third class, entitled the *πνευματικοὶ*, or 'spiritual,' who have alone the privilege of being confessors; these are specially appointed by the Bishop, who, before granting them a licence, never fails to make the most rigorous investigation into their life and conversation. They are almost invariably chosen from the monastic bodies, but of late this rule has of necessity been infringed in some degree, as the members of the brotherhoods have been greatly diminished by the legal prohibition against the admittance of any new members into the smaller monasteries.

It is only within the last few years that a university has for the first time been established in Athens; before that period there was no other means whatever provided for the education of the priests, even of the highest rank, but the ordinary village schools, and such casual opportunities of acquiring

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knowledge as their own desire of improvement might lead them to seek. The institution of this new college is of too recent date to have wrought any change on the Greek priesthood of the present day, although, doubtless, its influence will be felt by their successors. We must treat more of their past history than of their future prospects in judging of their present condition; and we are, therefore, ready to admit the charge of ignorance which has been brought against them. At the same time the state of poverty and oppression under which they have so long groaned, and their distance from the European field of science and study, considerably explain and excuse this defect; and where there is a valid excuse for want of learning, we may readily believe that a simple faith is permitted in the scheme of providence to supply its place. The Greek priesthood rest their belief with simple trust on the Creeds, the bulwarks of the Christian faith, and on the teaching of their Church as conveyed to them through the canons and liturgical books. Nor do they only, with childlike submission, hear and obey her voice in the weightier matters of doctrine, but also in the most minute details of her enjoined observances. They know nothing of that strange anomaly which would permit them to accept her instruction as a divinely-appointed guide on certain points and reject it in others,—to follow her commands so far as they agree with their own views and inclination, and systematically neglect them whenever they clash with their self-formed ideas. They have not intellectual skill to sift and examine into the minutiæ of her various instructions, in order that they may determine whether some points in her doctrine be not erroneous, or some observances in her practice inexpedient and superfluous. If in certain things she be to them a true teacher, worthy of reverence and submission, they hold that she must be so in all; they receive her teaching, not in part only, but as a whole, and, giving themselves up to her guidance unreservedly, they yield her an active and implicit obedience even in the most trifling particulars.

These remarks apply equally to the Laity as to the Clergy. We would not pretend to say that the former do not often display much laxity in their appreciation of Church privileges, and that individual unworthiness is not sometimes to be found amongst the latter; but with respect to the actual discipline of the Church, it is an undoubted fact that, however much a priest might wish to shrink from the heavy duties laid upon him, it is a thing unheard of that any should dare to omit or alter one iota of her enjoined observances.

There is another striking peculiarity in the Greek Church which is an inestimable blessing to both priests and people. It

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consists in the fact that it is their inviolate practice to take the actual words in which their Church's teaching is conveyed to them quite literally, never stopping short of their full meaning—never going beyond it—not reasoning on them—not attempting to analyze them—not seeking to give them a different interpretation from that palpably evident. The result of this strict adherence to the letter of their instruction is especially remarkable as regards the Holy Sacraments; the various words which assign to them their distinct value and importance are taken in their plain and literal sense by each and all; thus it cannot be with them as we see it elsewhere, that the same expression should convey to one person the idea of an empty sign or symbol, and to another the belief in an awful and mysterious conveyance of grace; for instance, when the priest administers the sacred elements to the communicant, he uses no other words than these: 'This is My Body,'—'This is My Blood,' and as such the celebrant gives them and the recipient receives them, but in her practical teaching no attempt is made to penetrate or define the mystery. In like manner, in respect to the clause *Filioque* in the Creed, which caused the separation between the Eastern and Western Churches, the members of the Greek communion do *not* make any dogmatic assertion on this subtle point of doctrine,—they simply declare that it is an interpolation on the Creed, and therefore not to be accepted by them,—they do not pronounce as to whether the actual *sense* of the addition and the doctrine it involves is or is not to be rejected; but they refuse to receive *more* than their Church originally taught them.

To this conscientious acceptance of her simple statements we believe may be traced the origin of the remarkable obedience and reverence manifested by the members of the Greek Church to their Clergy. They are taught by the 'Holy Catechism or Orthodox Instruction,' that Christ hath delivered over seven sacraments to His Apostles; viz. Baptism, the Holy Myrrh,[1] the Holy Communion, the Repentance, (*i.e.* absolution of the penitent,) Extreme Unction, Ordination, and Marriage. Of these, Baptism and the Lord's Supper are termed *τὰ δύο κύρια καὶ ἐξαίρετα μυστήρια*; and in treating of them separately, it is added, *τοῦτο τὸ μυστήριον διετάχθη ὑπ' αὐτοῦ τοῦ Σωτῆρος*; but the remaining five are not the less explicitly stated to be sacramental means of grace; consequently, in the sacrament of Ordination, when, according to the form of the Greek ritual, the Bishop says: 'Let us pray that the Holy Ghost may descend

[1] The Catechism proceeds to explain the Holy Myrrh as being 'the ceremony of anointing, by which the baptized persons receive the gifts of the Holy Spirit.'

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upon him,' they believe that through the laying on of hands, as the same Catechism proceeds to say, the awful blessing does in fact descend, and the priest becomes a man set apart, consecrated by Divine authority and power to be their spiritual guide in all things. Therefore do they obey him with reverence and humility; for this cause they wait on the threshold of the church till he appears, that they may bow down to kiss his hand, and ask for his benediction as a good thing greatly to be longed for; for this, when he comes into their house, they hasten to place before him of their best, as for their most honoured guest, and never fail to pray him at least on the first day of every month to visit their dwellings and bless them, that if the Son of Peace be there His peace may rest upon it; still more for this cause when they make to him their humble confession of past misdoings, they believe that if He who tries the reins and the heart can indeed discern in themselves a deep and true repentance—so surely as their sins are remitted to them on earth by His servant's hands, they shall be remitted to them in heaven.

The self-denial and frugality displayed in the lives of the Greek priesthood would, we believe, be scarcely credited in this country if fully known;—the asceticism, the total abstinence from the luxuries of life, which elsewhere are counted as the evidence of peculiar sanctity, by them are practised habitually, in the most unostentatious manner, as duties of an ordinary nature. Poverty is not necessarily abstemious or self-denying; and therefore these good qualities should be mentioned though they are in a measure the fruit of circumstances, which have saved them from the great peril of riches; in practical illustration of which we may mention that the salary of the Archbishop of Attica is, if we remember rightly, about 120*l.* per annum. Government has taken possession of all ecclesiastical property, and awards a very small salary to the Bishops only; the other priests receive no payment excepting the very trifling offerings made at baptisms and weddings. Thus, even the highest dignitaries, the members of the Holy Synod, live with a humble simplicity, far removed from the world's pomp and pleasure, which must have many points of resemblance with the holy lives of the early Fathers of the Church. Although it is amongst these that are to be found various exceptions to the almost invariable ignorance of which we have spoken, and some of them are noted for deep research and learning, they yet never seek to raise their condition above that of the poorest around them;—they are generally men single of purpose, lowly in heart; their dwellings are very humble, their attendants few; day by day they pursue their quiet round of duty—preventing the morning watches at the altar, where the daily prayer and praise are offered up,—

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going on foot from house to house where the sick or sorrowful implore their presence, and returning to the church at night-fall to repeat their solemn act of worship before they betake them to their needful rest,—living all the while with an abstemiousness which would seem to characterise their whole lives as one long fast, but for the contrast with their severity of abstinence at the appointed seasons of humiliation; and yet, with all their simplicity of habits, there is a peculiar calm and dignity in the manners and appearance of these men which is very striking: they never seem to forget their priestly character and responsibility, even as they never, on any occasion whatever, lay aside the priestly robes; they are always to be seen with the dark flowing garments, high cap, and black crape veil, which from time immemorial have been their appointed costume, moving along with an aspect of unworldly repose, which seems involuntarily to command respect from all. They seldom, if ever, use the customary forms of salutation, but silently offer their hand to receive the reverential kiss, or bestow their dearly-prized blessing in return for any act of courtesy; nor does their lowliness of mind and practical humility ever cause them to forget the great authority committed to them, which they sometimes exercise with a wholesome severity and an uncompromising determination. We may give, as an instance of this, a striking example of church-discipline which occurred some time since.

There was a certain priest, named Kaïres, a man of remarkable talent and great intellectual powers,—energetic, ambitious, and full of the most zealous patriotism; self-taught, he had availed himself of all such opportunities of acquiring knowledge as Greece could afford him, until he had in fact become one of the most learned amongst his countrymen; but his earnest and aspiring mind was not easily contented; he longed for yet higher attainments, and still more for the means of conferring such signal benefits upon his country as should cause his name to be held in honour of succeeding generations. He made his way to Europe with the two-fold design of increasing his stock of knowledge to the uttermost, and of obtaining pecuniary assistance in aid of a scheme which had become the object of his life. It was to found in Greece an extensive college, of which he was to be the sole director and principal instructor. It seems clear, that at this time Kaïres was actuated in no degree by a pure desire for his Master's glory, but more probably only by an unholy ambition to win for himself a crown of earthly fame, which will readily account for his swift yielding to the temptation which shortly overtook him. In his unbounded zeal for knowledge of all kinds he seems to have cared little from what poisoned source it came to him, and he gradually imbibed those fatal Rational-

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istic opinions which threw so fearful a blight over Western Europe. It was no doubt his arrogance of intellect and presumptuous attempt at independence of mind, which soon led him on to a complete overthrow of the faith; but whatever might have been his previous opinions, it is certain that Kaïres returned to Greece a confirmed Deist.

He concealed his real views, however, and continued to hold his place as a priest in the Church; for he had returned from Europe with a sum raised by subscription which was sufficient, when increased by his own little fortune, for the execution of his great scheme. It was speedily carried into effect; he opened his college, and as he was believed to be a man, not only of vast learning, but of great piety, pupils were sent to him from all parts of the country. Nothing could exceed the admirable wisdom and judgment which guided him in the arrangement of this institution; his schools were a model of order; the instruction, so far as regarded secular knowledge, was first-rate, and his college very soon became a flourishing establishment, where the education of a vast number of young men was ably conducted. This had continued, however, but a very short time when strange rumours began to gain ground respecting Kaïres's opinions: he was said to be a propagator of Arianism; finally, it was asserted that he actually taught Deism in his schools. No sooner was this suspected than, without delay or circumlocution, he was summoned to appear before the Holy Synod to answer to the charge brought against him.

The scene of Kaïres's trial in the ecclesiastical court is said to have been very remarkable. The six Archbishops, of whom at that time the Synod was composed, were in no way remarkable for learning, but in all probability much the contrary, although some were, we believe, noted for holiness of life. They were aged men, simple and unpretending in speech and manner, whilst the accused, who stood before them, was not only well known as a man pre-eminent in their country for knowledge and talent, but he was celebrated most especially for his extraordinary eloquence. He was told plainly the charge which had been made against him. He answered with a powerful and beautiful address, in which we believe he detailed, in glowing language, the rise and progress of his institution, the wonderful effects which had already been produced, and the sure prospects he now had of rendering a lasting blessing to their dear country, to which end he had devoted his life and energies as well as his worldly goods. The Synod heard him without comment, and when he had concluded they simply desired him to repeat the Creed—(of course as a distinct act of faith). Kaïres evaded the order, and again addressing them, implored of them, if we

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remember correctly, not for any peculiarity of doctrine, or shade of opinion, to impede a scheme which might prove the glory of regenerate Greece, and be the means of her ultimate restoration to the high place she once held in the scale of nations. He spoke long, and eloquently; they heard him patiently; but, when he paused, they repeated their former command in the self-same words. He was then forced to answer that his conscience refused to let him utter that declaration of a faith which he did not hold. At once, although the room was crowded with those who had well nigh idolized him for his active patriotism and brilliant genius, although serious tumults might be expected from his disappointed pupils, the Holy Synod commanded Kaïres, then and there, to strip himself of those priestly robes which, as he was not a Christian, he could no longer be permitted to wear—they were the tokens of the holy office from which he was henceforth expelled. Kaïres refused, as by so doing he must have resigned himself to give up the institution from which he hoped so much—none but a priest being permitted to take the direction of any school or college. On his refusal the Synod proceeded, without delay, to sentence him to imprisonment—an order which was instantly put in execution; and he was kept in close confinement until the sanction of the civil power had been received for his further condemnation to perpetual exile. The schools were of course abolished, and the progress of the fatal error he was disseminating effectually stopped.

We have spoken much of the obedient *habit of faith*, if we may use the term, so remarkable in the Greek Church; but we would not be supposed to assert that she has altogether escaped the taint of that modern scepticism which is ruining the souls of so many baptized members of other branches of the Church. There has been too much of intercourse with young France and revolutionary Italy for her to pass unscathed in this respect; but the evil is confined to a certain class only—chiefly to young men who have been educated in Europe, and even these have sufficient reverence for the Church of their fathers to abstain from bringing their opinions very prominently forward; while certainly of the great mass of the population we may confidently assert that they do, as obedient children, follow the form of sound words once delivered to them.

From what we have now stated respecting the unvarying obedience of priests and people to their Church, it will be readily understood that her practical system must everywhere be the same, and when we have given some idea of her discipline and observances as displayed in a country parish, we shall have conveyed such information as may equally be applied to other localities, and to the higher grades of society.

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In this age of fierce unrest and intellectual strife, when such unholy wisdom and so many subtle errors are striving for the mastery, there are special charms which belong to a quiet Greek village, deep buried among those lofty mountains which enclose it in a peaceful solitude. The simple and intelligent people are altogether cut off from secular knowledge—they know nothing of the arts and sciences—of the mighty works of man's invention, the devices of human intellect; there are no influences from without to tell them of the evils that are in the world—of the errors and controversy, the deep questions stirring the minds of many to very madness—they have but one teacher for things temporal and eternal, their own unchanging Church. Their priest, like themselves, has probably never gone beyond his native village; he is the successor of him who last held that sacred and responsible office, and who has been his guide and instructor in all things pertaining to the faith. Chosen by his predecessor, almost in infancy, for the position of neophyte, he has been taught by him all that the Church would have him to know; he has learnt to repeat the canons and formularies by heart, and to read the Scriptures with at least sufficient ease to enable him to decipher the lessons for each day; he has spent his childhood and youth ministering in the courts of the Lord's house; for more than twenty years he has gone about with his head uncovered, however fiercely the sun might shine upon him, in token that he is set apart to minister in the presence of things holy; then at the appointed time he has been sent on foot, or perhaps on horseback, over many a steep and difficult path, to be admitted into Holy Orders by his Bishop, and to receive from him, if his character can stand the previous examination, the licence of confessor, which office, being sole priest in the village, it is necessary he should likewise hold. He has then returned probably to lay in the grave his former guide and master, and to take his place as spiritual father of the little flock whom he will quit no more.

Ignorant of all save that which his Church has taught him, he has sufficient knowledge for his people's wants. Of heresy and error, of doubt and difficulty, he knows nothing. The dogmatic truth once given to him, he faithfully received. Faithfully as he received it, he gives it to them again, and is in all things their spiritual governor, counsellor, and friend. In him they reverence the authority and wisdom of the Church; to him they ever turn for guidance. As he alone can teach of right or wrong, it is little likely that they should arrogate to themselves the right to speculate upon his conduct, or dispute his commands; nor could any question in fact ever be raised by them upon the performance of his duty as priest, for he can but himself follow

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implicitly the ritual enjoined. They cannot so much as read the Holy 'Evangelia' which night and morning they kiss with such deep reverence; but he requires to give them but little oral instruction in the truths which they well know it contains, for by the simple medium of their customary services and ceremonies, they are taught all that is fitting in doctrine and practice; by the very sacraments which convey the blessing, they are told of its existence. From their solemn Burial Service they learn the certainty of immortality to soul and body; in the Holy Eucharist the mystery of their redemption is made manifest; the necessity of regeneration is shown to them in the plunging of their children beneath the baptismal waters, where they must die to sin, and rise anew to live in Christ; while they are abundantly reminded that they must repent of sin, or they shall all likewise perish, in their confession and absolution. In the beautiful marriage ceremony they perceive that all human ties must be sanctified by the heavenly benediction, in order that they may become the antepast of that unutterable communion of saints, when the whole family of heaven and earth shall be gathered into one in Him; and from infancy to death, they are shown that in Him alone all fulness dwells by many significant tokens. Long before their infant fingers have received strength they are guided to form the sign of the cross, and ever afterwards they never fail to repeat it on all occasions: in their moments of grief or danger, because from Him alone cometh help; in the height of their joy, because from Him all blessings flow; most especially before tasting food, in remembrance that the same Hand which dispenses to them the good things of life, once for their sakes was pierced with the torturing nail; and ever when they lie down in the sleep that is so like to death, or rise to the day that may be one of sin or sorrow. They cannot read the record of their Lord's holy life and sufferings in His written word; yet, could any know the details of His fasting and temptation, His bitter cross and passion, better than they do, who, after thirty-seven days of severest abstinence and mortification, enter on that solemn Friday, (by them called 'The Great,') within their darkened church so still and silent, though intensely crowded, there to prostrate themselves at the bier which represents His tomb, and watch beside it during the long hours of that awful night and day, till with the first moment of Easter morning, the sudden bursting forth of light and music, and a multitude of glad triumphant voices, proclaims to them that He is risen, and they shall rise again with Him?

Besides all this they daily hear the portions of the Gospel recited from the altar, and their zeal or laxity in obeying the

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precepts therein enjoined, is fully laid open to the priest, and duly noted by him at the period of confession.

They are not devoid either of powerful incitements to that self-sacrifice and devotion even to the death, which is far more rare in lands of brighter light and deeper learning than among the simple members of the Greek communion; for in their scanty stock of knowledge, conveyed to them, as we have shown, chiefly in signs and symbols, the histories of the martyrs and the saints of old have a most prominent place; on the walls of their humble churches are painted many a noble record of that glorious constancy of faith which has well-nigh passed from earth—the faith whose sincerity was tested in the flame, whose strength was manifest in the torture; and as they gaze daily on the pictured faces of the martyred, smiling and serene in agony, they gather unconsciously a strange calm strength, for the performance of many an act of bitter sacrifice and self-imposed toil, which shows how holy a longing has stirred their childlike spirits to follow on His steps of suffering. During the shock of the convulsion which overthrew the Turkish dominion in Greece, many a martyr soul escaped unknown, uncheered by human sympathy, from the world, where as an apostate he might have dwelt in luxury, would he but have professed the Moslem faith! and many turned away from the intoxicating cup of this life's pleasures, which was offered to their lips in the name of Mahomet, and rather chose to drain the bitter draught of death! Weak women even, young and timid, who were tempted with the promise of some luxurious home, where the loving care and tenderness for which their nature craved should be around them—even they, in the summer time of life, fainting and shuddering at the thought of violence and torture, yet offered their breasts unhesitatingly to the piercing of the knife, and went down to their untimely graves in the name of Christ! And even now, although they need not to shed their blood for His name's sake, the members of the Greek Church find ways and means of offering up their lives in martyrdom with a simple humility, far removed from ostentation and parade, which is very beautiful. Independent, however, of the higher acts of devotion which they may choose to impose upon themselves, the daily routine of spiritual exercises to which they are called by the discipline of the Church, is by no means easy of performance.

Before the rising of the sun, the bell calls them to matins, and it is rare indeed that any fail in their attendance—the labouring men ready to go and work for a few hours before the heat is too intense—the women leading or carrying even the youngest of their children — the aged, who might well be expected to claim a few hours longer of repose — all came

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thronging to their open church, so picturesque in its fantastic Byzantine architecture. Mr. Curzon's description of the chapel in the Greek monastery of Barlaam, gives so good an idea of the interior of the Greek churches, which are all precisely the same, that we will transcribe his own account.

'The monastery of Barlaam stands on the summit of an isolated rock, on a flat, or nearly flat space, of perhaps an acre and a half, of which about one half is occupied by the church and a smaller chapel, the refectory, the kitchen, the tower of the windlass, where you are pulled up, and a number of separate buildings containing offices and habitations of the monks, of whom there were at this time only fourteen. These various structures surround one tolerably large, irregularly-shaped court, the chief part of which is paved; and there are several other small open spaces. All Greek monasteries are built in this irregular way, and the confused mass of disjointed edifices is usually encircled by a high bare wall; but in this monastery there is no such enclosing wall, as its position effectually prevents the approach of an enemy. On a portion of the flat space which is not occupied by buildings, they have a small garden, but it is not cultivated, and there is nothing like a parapet wall in any direction to prevent your falling over. The place wears an aspect of poverty and neglect; its best days have long gone by; for here, as everywhere else, the spirit of asceticism is on the wane.

'The church has a porch before the door, *νάρθηξ*, supported by marble columns, the interior wall of which, on each side of the door, is painted with representations of the Last Judgment, and the torture of the condemned, with a liberal allowance of flames and devils. These pictures of the torments of the wicked, are always placed outside the body of the church, as typical of the unhappy state of those who are out of its pale; they are never seen within. The interior of this curious old church, which is dedicated to All Saints, has depicted on its walls on all sides, portraits of a great many holy personages, in the stiff, conventional, early style. It has four columns within which support the dome; and the altar or holy table, *ἁγια τράπεζα*, is separated from the nave by a wooden screen, called the iconostasis, on which are paintings of the Blessed Virgin, the Redeemer, and many saints. These pictures are kissed by all who enter the church. The iconostasis has three doors in it; one in the centre, before the holy table, and one on each side. The centre one is only a half-door, like an old English buttery-hatch, the upper part being screened by a curtain of rich stuff, which, except on certain occasions, is drawn aside, so as to afford a view of the book of the Gospels, in a rich binding, lying upon the holy table beyond. A Greek church has no sacristy; the vestures are usually kept in presses, in this space behind the iconostasis, where none but the priests and the deacon, or servant who trims the lamps, are allowed to enter, and they pass in and out by the side doors. The centre door is only used in the celebration of the holy mass. This part of the church is the sanctuary, and is called, in Romaic, *αγια Βημα*, or *Θημα*. It is typical of the holy of holies of the temple, and the veil is represented by the curtain which divides it from the rest of the church. Everything is symbolical in the Eastern Church; and these symbols have been in use from the very earliest ages of Christianity. The four columns which support the dome represent the four Evangelists; and the dome itself is the symbol of heaven, to which access has been given to mankind by the glad tidings of the Gospels which they wrote. Part of the mosaic with which the whole interior of the dome was formerly covered in the cathedral of S. Sophia, at Constantinople, is to be seen in the four angels below the dome, where the

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winged figures of the four Evangelists still remain. Luckily for the Greek Church their sacred buildings are not under the authority of lay church-wardens—grocers in towns, and farmers in villages,—who feel it their duty to whitewash every thing which is old and venerable and curious, and to oppose the Clergyman in order to show their independence.

'The Greek Church, debased as it is by ignorance and superstition, has still the merit of carefully preserving and restoring all the memorials of its earlier and purer ages. If the fresco painting of a saint is rubbed out or damaged in the lapse of time, it is scrupulously repainted, exactly as it was before, even to the colour of the robe, the aspect of the countenance, and the minutest accessories of the composition. It is this systematic respect for every thing which is old and venerable, which renders the interior of the ancient Eastern churches so peculiarly interesting. They are the unchanged monuments of primæval days. The Christians who suffered under the persecution of Dioclesian, may have knelt before the very altar which we now see, and which was then exactly the same as we now behold it, without any additions or subtractions either in its form or use.'—P. 286.

There is of course this difference between the chapel of a monastery and the church of a country parish—that in the latter, one of the aisles is appropriated to the use of the women, the other is filled by the men, and the centre is left unoccupied; behind the iconostasis, as Mr. Curzon observes, no lay person is allowed to intrude.

Whilst certain parties in England look upon it as an insupportable deprivation of comfort that their cushioned and carpeted pews should be exchanged for open benches, in the Greek churches there are no seats whatever provided for either priest, or people. On the stone floor, where there is no mat or carpets, they are expected to stand and kneel, and no other posture is so much as contemplated. At all times it is required of them that they should stand during the reading of the Gospels; and even on Maundy Thursday, when the portions appointed to be recited occupy the time from sunset till midnight, they are not allowed to change their attitude, unless, as not unfrequently happens, they fall down from actual fatigue. The matin service is extremely simple, and resembles that appointed for daily morning prayer by the Church of England; there is first the solemn invocation, Ἅγιος ὁ Θεὸς, ἅγιος ὁ Ἰσχυρὸς, ἅγιος ὁ Ἀθάνατος, ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς. Then the Psalms and Lessons are chanted by the priest in ancient Greek, which, however, so nearly approaches to the modern Romaic, that even the most uneducated can understand them; the prayers are then said. They are chanted with a very peculiar and monotonous intonation, the priest standing before the screen with his face turned to the unseen altar. The prayers concluded, he brings the incense in its silver censer from behind the iconostasis and offers it to each worshipper in turn, uttering at the same time the words of the blessing; he then retires, and the people silently

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go to kiss the feet and hands of the pictured saints. This act of simple reverence to the memory of the holy departed is distinctly stated by the Seventh Council, which authorized the admission of pictures into their churches, to be merely the ἀσπασμὸς or φίλημα—that is, the common salutation or kiss bestowed in ordinary life by one friend upon another; but the precise nature of this reverential act as practised by the Greek Church, is practically illustrated each time that the corpse of one but newly called from earth is laid before the altar, there to receive the last rites and the last tokens of love from those who can hope to hold sweet converse with him again only in the blessed communion of saints. When the burial-service on these occasions has been concluded, and the holy words have died away—when the priest for the last time has traced on the brow and breast of him, for whom the storms of life are hushed, the same sign that in infancy was imprinted there, in token whence the grace and strength would be obtained to bear him through them—then the friends and relations are desired to draw near, and one by one they press upon the cold lips the τελευταῖος ἀσπασμὸς, whilst each in turn addresses the corpse with many a touching and earnest word, beseeching of him in the holy realms, whither he has gone, to watch and wait for them who yet must weep and struggle here. Exactly similar to this touching ceremony is the salutation given to the pictured saints, but we will give the words of the 'Orthodox Instruction' on this point:—

'The invocation of saints is not repugnant to the first commandment. The invocation of God is a most profound homage to His Divine Majesty, and a universal trust in Him alone. The invocation of saints is a uniting our prayers with their prayers; the saints, when alive on earth, prayed for others, and entreated others to pray for them; see Rom. xv. 30; 2 Cor. i. 11; Phil. i. 4; and Acts xii. 5; much more after death when they are nearer to God, united to Him, and continually enjoying His presence, must they feel an ardent desire for the salvation of believers *known to God*. Such being the case, what should prevent us from uniting our prayers, that is, our desire for our salvation, with the desire and prayer of S. Paul for instance, or any other saint? Now in this consists the invocation of saints, which so far from superseding, implies the mediation of Christ as the sure and necessary foundation both of their prayers and ours. The greatest honour we can pay the saints is to strive to imitate their lives, and like them to put our trust in God alone.'

Notwithstanding much that has been asserted on this subject, it is, however, a fact, that in the practice of the members of the Greek Church, they do but seldom avail themselves of the licence here given to unite their prayers with those of departed saints. In respect to the reverence due to the Blessed Mother of our Lord, whom it has been declared that they worship because they never fail in like manner to bestow upon her picture the cus-

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tomary ἀσπασμὸς, we will also give the statements of the orthodox Catechism. After saying, that 'the most Holy Mary re-'mained and remains a virgin, before the birth, during the birth, 'and after the birth of the Saviour, and is therefore called Ever 'Virgin,' it proceeds to ask, 'What other great title is there 'with which the orthodox Church honours the most Holy 'Mary?' 'Answer—That of Mother of God.' '2. What 'thoughts should we have of the exalted dignity of the most 'Holy Virgin Mary?' 'A.—As mother of the Lord, she excels 'in grace and nearness to God, and so also in dignity, every 'created being.' This is the only formal instruction given by the Greek Church. At the same time we are ready to admit that many, too careless, or too ignorant to have understood the hidden meaning of the outward act, do in fact give an undue and unwarrantable interpretation to the reverence which they are enjoined to pay to the Blessed Virgin.

At sunset the community of the country parish are again called together for the vesper office, which is similar to that of the morning; the Greek Church, however, is not satisfied with claiming the attendance of her people twice in the day to public worship—she also duly regulates their private devotions; in the words of the 'Orthodox Instruction' they are taught that 'the duty of a Christian in private prayer is to say, at least, 'the "In the name of the Father," the Lord's Prayer, the Holy 'Creed, and the Salutation of the Angel.' He is also instructed at what hour he ought to pray, and for what special benefits; and it is remarkable how universally and rigidly these directions are followed, although by no means to the exclusion of spontaneous prayer. The great benefit of this watchful care on the part of that Church, in the ordering of her children's ways, may be aptly illustrated by the effects to be perceived in this country from the neglect of a similar discipline. It was but the other day that a forcible instance of it came under our notice. A person residing in a town in England, where there were churches and schools, and every apparent means of instruction, on being asked what form she was in the habit of using for private devotion, answered that she had for forty years recited the same 'beautiful prayer,' and forthwith proceeded to repeat Watts's hymn, 'How doth the little busy bee.' We believe it might be a curious subject for investigation to ascertain how many of the peasantry in England limit their devotions to the old rhyme, 'There are four corners to my bed,' &c.

Such then is the daily public and private routine appointed for members of the Greek Church. On Sundays the Holy Communion is regularly celebrated at dawn of day, and all who will may partake of it weekly; if none present themselves, the

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priest communicates alone, but on no occasion whatever is the celebration omitted. The people, it must be owned, are somewhat lax in availing themselves of this great privilege, but we cannot feel surprised that they are so, on account of the extreme severity of the preparation required before they can be permitted to approach the Holy Mystery. The first great essential is, that they must confess, and receive absolution; on no pretence whatever can they partake of the Holy Eucharist without doing so. Their catechism teaches them with respect to this sacred rite, that 'it is the sacrament by which he who confesses his sins, and 'repents sincerely that he has sinned, receives from God forgive-'ness by the spiritual father,' and they especially believe that the blessing sacramentally conveyed depends entirely on the reality of faith and repentance on the part of the recipient.

The πνευματικοὶ or confessors are generally monks, as we have said; but under any circumstances they are men who invariably devote themselves to severer study and more ascetic lives than the other priests, that they may fit themselves by prayer and meditation for the difficult task of guiding the souls whose hidden lives are laid bare before them. It is absolutely necessary also that they should have attained, not only to a ripe, but to an advanced, age, before they can assume this sacred office. It is very rarely that they enjoin any penance on their people, except in cases of gross violation of the laws of God and the Church, when they generally refuse them permission to approach the Holy Communion until some stated period, when their repentance shall have been tested; but they exercise a considerable degree of watchfulness over the lives and conduct of those committed to their guidance, and often use a wholesome severity towards them, in compelling them to abstain at any cost from things hurtful to their spiritual welfare. Under no circumstances would they allow the slightest neglect of the Church's ordinances to pass unnoticed. It is generally considered advisable that they should always resort to the same confessor; but there is nothing to prevent either party making any change in this respect which they may deem advisable, and there is no confessor ever appointed in a family. The actual ceremony is conducted with the utmost secresy; it is considered a subject too sacred to be mentioned even amongst the most intimate friends or relations. Although, as we have stated, the duty is never omitted before the Holy Communion, yet the priest generally enters and quits the house unknown to all save the individual concerned. The confession takes place the day before the celebration; after it is concluded the communicant retires into complete solitude, where he proceeds to recite a certain number of prayers, which the Church positively commands to be repeated

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before communicating. They are long and fatiguing—all are, of course, said standing or kneeling, and when concluded, the communicant must not only fast rigidly from all food until the next day, after he has partaken of the Holy Eucharist, but he must also abstain from speech and from all intercourse with his family and friends, not uttering so much as the common salutation before retiring to rest; they limit also the hours of slumber on this occasion, and there is another part of their preparation which is very beautiful—knowing that they must approach that solemn altar only in love and charity with all men, they go, before commencing the prayers of which we have spoken, to all the members of their household in turn, not excluding the lowest of their dependents, and request their pardon for all offences they may have committed against them in thought, word, or deed, tendering at the same time their own forgiveness for any injuries received, and not quitting them until they have obtained the kiss of peace in token of reconciliation. At dawn of day, fasting and still silent, the communicant proceeds to the church; he usually places himself at once kneeling upright on the stone floor, where he remains, without changing his position, throughout the whole long ceremony. It is at their option to stand during the introductory prayers, but very few ever seek that relief. After the general confession and the exhortation the priest retires for the consecration behind the screen which hides the altar from the people, who remain during this interval in silent prayer. The *ἄρτον* or bread is a round loaf made expressly for this purpose, and never used for any other; it is stamped with four crosses, and after the consecration, these are cut out and laid aside to be given later to the communicants, who carry them home to any sick or aged member of their family; it is then called the *ἀντίδωρον*. When all is ready the priest comes forth, holding the sacred elements, covered, with a silken veil upon his head, in token that they are now consecrated; he stands holding them in silence for a few minutes, and then retires to bring a small quantity to each communicant in turn. He administers in both kinds; they are given together in a spoon, and he utters no other words, as we have already said, than these, 'This is My Body—this is My Blood.' There is no limitation in respect to the age of the communicant—the youngest infants are brought to the altar, for confirmation follows immediately on baptism. During a certain number of hours after partaking of the Holy Communion, no food is taken whatever excepting a little bread and wine. The celebration cannot take place after noon.

Within the last few years the preaching of sermons has begun to be currently put in practice, but these are generally

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delivered on holidays. All saints' days and festivals are observed with the utmost strictness, and often greatly to the injury of the people's worldly interests, as they perform no work whatever on these occasions. In the country parishes they are kept in a very striking manner. There are thickly scattered over the whole of Greece an immense number of small churches generally called 'rock chapels,' because they are so frequently built in the mouth of caverns on the mountain side, or on the summit of an inaccessible precipice. They are all extremely ancient, some almost incredibly so. There is one not far from Athens, that stands as a strange monument to the struggle of the light with the darkness during those bygone centuries, whose trace yet lingers round it. It is very small, and almost in ruins, but it bears within it the record of four great epochs of alternate gloom and light, which seem to have passed over it like sunbeams chasing clouds. There is first a block of white marble, on which may be read in distinct though very ancient characters, an inscription dedicating this temple to Pluto and all infernal gods. Over this is placed the altar of the Christian sacrifice surmounted by a cross; the rudeness of the sculpture and peculiar form showing, that at some very remote period the temple of Pagan worship had been converted into the house of God by the followers of Christ. But the cross is broken, the altar has been overthrown, and the pictures of the saints bear many traces of desecration, at the time when the Christian Church became the Mahomedan mosque, and the rites of the false faith were performed within it. Lastly, the Turkish minaret then built upon it has been destroyed and trampled under foot, the Moslem symbols all removed, and now the lamp ever burning before the altar, ruined as it is, testifies that once more the true faith of Christ crucified is triumphant there.

These chapels are all dedicated to some one particular saint. As there is, generally, no population near them for very many miles, the service is never performed within them except on the day appointed for the commemoration of the saint to whom it is dedicated. On that day the priest of the nearest village makes a pilgrimage to the spot for this express purpose, accompanied by the whole of his parishioners, who follow to attend the service. The distance is often fully a day's journey over steep and perilous paths, but they let nothing deter them from what they hold to be a duty. Long before sunrise they quit their homes and set forward in procession, the priest going first, riding on his ass and carrying the books and incense vessels; the villagers following on foot, bringing with them the provisions for the day and their children, for they are very scrupulous in taking even their youngest infants to church,

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both in order that they may receive the blessing of the priest, and because they believe that all must derive a certain benefit from being even within the holy atmosphere of that place which His Presence has sanctified. Fainting under the burning sun, they toil along till they reach the little chapel, so utterly deserted, except on these occasions. At once, without waiting to repose, lest the appointed hour should pass, the priest proceeds to perform the service; and thus there is not in all Greece a mountain cliff, or desolate ravine, however lonely and inaccessible, where once in the year, at least, the voice of the Church is not heard to sound proclaiming the truth of Revelation. Before the altar of every church in the country, and of these chapels also, there hangs a small crystal lamp filled with oil, which must always remain lighted night and day. On this occasion, when the prayers are over, the priest takes it down, trims it, and re-lights it. He then departs with his flock leaving that little flame burning there in the midst of the great solitude, with entire confidence that it will so burn until the same day in the next year, when they shall return again. It is not that they look for any miracle in the matter, but this duty of tending the lamp of the sanctuary is one of those which calls forth that spirit of sacrifice, of which we have spoken as being so remarkable in the practice of the Greek Church. They hold that it would be a most culpable negligence if ever this light, which typifies the brightness of the true Faith, were to be extinguished; and, therefore, as soon as they know that the oil must be nearly spent, some one of the peasants from the nearest village, however distant it may be, sets out alone, and on foot, to go to the chapel and replenish it. This is no common act of self-sacrifice, for the journey is often dangerous as well as difficult. It is generally performed at night, for the humble villagers cannot afford to lose a day's labour. Sometimes it is the working man who has toiled all day in his vineyard, who when evening comes, sets forward to spend the long hours of the night in journeying to the spot where the pious duty waits him. But more often it is some poor weak woman, whose natural timidity and feeble frame render the task indeed most painful which she volunteers to perform; for it is not enjoined on any in particular. Quietly and humbly, she makes her preparations—she binds a few rushes round her feet to defend them, as far as may be, from the stones and thorns—she takes with her the oil as a voluntary offering from her own scanty store, and commences at nightfall her pilgrimage—she has a firm faith that, for her errand's sake, a protection will be around her, but she well knows it will be needful; for even should she escape the mountain brigands

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on her path, it is very certain that the sound of her steps will rouse the wolves, and jackals, and the poisonous snakes. What she does is not assuredly for praise of men, for she has no other witness to her deed than the quiet stars that light her on her way; and when, exhausted, she has reached the desolate chapel —when by her pious care she has seen the living flame burn bright, which testifies to the shining forth of One who is the Light of the world—and when, bowing down, with her bleeding feet and aching limbs, she utters to no mortal ears her simple Πάτερ ἡμῶν, who shall dare to say, that hers is not a service acceptable to God?

There is another particular in which the members of the Greek Church certainly approach closely to the earlier discipline in mortification of the flesh,—it is the manner in which they observe the fasts enjoined upon them. These are numerous and most severe; they are appointed for every Wednesday and Friday, besides the vigils of certain holidays in the course of the year. This is independent of the principal fasts, which are the three weeks of Advent, the forty days of Lent, and Holy Week, which is not included in that number. Lastly, the fast in the month of August, which is called ἡ κοίμησις τῆς Παναγίας, (the sleep of the Virgin). They do not hold the doctrine of her assumption, but they maintain that she never passed through death, and that her body only slept, in the grave. It will be scarce credited how rigidly and universally these fasts are kept. During the Advent fast nothing whatever is eaten, but a limited quantity of shell-fish, that being the season when this sort of food abounds; and as it is very unpalatable they obtain it for a mere trifle, so that scarcely any thing is spent on their subsistence. During Lent they eat nothing whatever but a little rice boiled in water twice a day; they do not allow themselves even bread; in Holy Week they abstain almost entirely. The last fast is the least severe; they are then permitted to eat vegetables.

It is precisely on account of the zeal and sincerity with which the members of the Greek Church obey these her commands, that they have been accused of formalism, and it is asserted of them that they limit their attempts to do God service to these outward observances. Even admitting that it were so, a fact which we believe could easily be disproved, we would simply ask—What, after all, is the only acceptable service which man can render unto God? Is it not obedience—obedience in that path, and that only, which Providence has pointed out? Is there anything in the precise nature of the duties which a man performs for conscience sake which can affect the Omnipotent and the Unchangeable? He needs, surely, no offering, spiritual

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or material, at our hands. If He were hungry He would not tell us—His are the cattle on a thousand hills. He wills one thing only,—that men should serve Him in obedience; and by the peculiar nature of the duties He imposes upon them, it has seemed good to Him that they should be subdued to Himself. What right then have any to question the acceptableness of the service performed by the Eastern Christians, since they are but following with severe and difficult faithfulness the command of their Church, which is to them the interpreter of His will? We deny, however, distinctly, that the Greek Church limits the duties of her children to any outward observance; we believe that pure Christian charity is nowhere more beautifully illustrated than among her poorer members.

There are no workhouses, no poor-rates, no parochial relief in Greece; yet never did the fatherless seek a home in vain from those who often had not bread to feed themselves—never did the widow fail to find a hand ready to help her in her hour of need—never did the stranger and the beggar pass the humblest cottage door, without being invited to enter there as a welcome guest, to eat, drink, and be refreshed. Indeed, one of the touching superstitions of the country, which almost always have some holy and beautiful truth hid beneath them, proves how universal are those practices. They believe that to adopt an orphan into the family is to ensure such a blessing from the Father of the fatherless upon them, that their own children shall never know want. A child so adopted is called the son of their soul, and they bind themselves by a solemn promise never to desert him so long as they shall live. There is also another very ancient and singular custom in the Greek Church, which has for aim and object to provide any one left friendless in the world with a protector, who is as much bound to care for him in every way as the nearest relation could have been. By a solemn religious ceremony two persons, between whom no blood relationship exists, are constituted brother and sister, or brothers, as the case may be, and they are bound together by this strange fraternal tie in a manner so distinct and positive, that even their children cannot marry, being considered within the prohibited degrees of affinity as first cousins. Kneeling before the altar the priest dictates to them a sacred oath, whereby they swear to be to one another from that hour to their life's end brothers in very deed and truth, nothing more and nothing less, and vowing as they hope for the favour of Heaven, to perform to each other all those duties which would have been incumbent upon them, had they indeed been born of the same parents. The priest then pronounces over them the blessing of the holy Church, and this union is considered so very sacred that it is

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never violated in any way. In cases where the rich and the poor, the weak and the strong, are thus united, it is most beneficial to both parties.

Those traces of primitive and apostolic customs of which we have spoken as pertaining to the Greek Church, may be found in almost all her ceremonies, many of the details of which are full of significance. In her baptismal service, for instance, the child is first anointed with the holy oil on the eyes, ears, nose, lips, and hands, in token that the five senses are to be consecrated to God; then the sign of the cross is made over the water already sanctified to the mystical washing away of sin, and a lock of the child's hair is cut off and thrown into it, as a sign that he is about to be surrendered altogether to His Master. The infant is then immersed three times in the name of the three Persons of the Most Holy Trinity; and, finally, the priest holds him up and presents him to the people saying, 'He is baptized; behold the servant of God!' Again, when a neophyte is admitted into Holy Orders, he kneels during the whole of the ordinary service which precedes the consecration in a motionless attitude before the altar, his arms crossed and his head bowed down. Before commencing the Ordination service one of the officiating Bishops states to the people the qualifications of the candidate, and then coming forward he stretches out his hand towards him, and demands of them Εἶναι ἄξιος; (Is he worthy?) all instantly answer, Ἄξιος—ἄξιος: and some, if they know him, will call out Παντάξιος: and then, after the anointing, the laying on of hands, and the sealing with the sign of the cross, they crowd forward to partake with the newly-made priest of the Holy Communion.

We have spoken of the τελευταῖος ἀσπασμὸς, the last embrace of the dead; but the Church does not permit the survivors to close with that farewell kiss all reverence for the departed; they are not allowed, as elsewhere, to bury them out of their sight and mention their name no more, living as though they had never been, forgetting altogether how closely, though unseen, they are still united to them in the fellowship of His body. At stated periods the priests call together all the relations of the departed for a ceremony entitled the Feast of the Commemoration. The family prepare a dish called κόλυβα, made of boiled wheat and spices; this is given to the priest, who sends a portion to all the friends, and appoints a time when they are to meet in the church. The hour fixed is always at dead of night, and the persons come dressed in deep mourning, to join without light or tumult in a few prayers;—a thanksgiving, we believe, for those departed in His faith and fear; an intercession for the whole body of His Church, visible and invisible; a supplication

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for themselves in the hour of death and judgment; finally, an earnest entreaty that living and dead may alike come to the perfect consummation of bliss.

There is much also that is beautiful in the wedding ceremonies: the signing of the bride and bridegroom with the sign of the cross traced on their foreheads by the wedding ring, and their immediate participation in the Holy Eucharist, while still kneeling where their vows had been taken. Gilt crowns, decorated with flowers, are placed on their heads by the priest, and it is one of their most touching observances carefully to preserve the young bride's crown, and never again to place it on her head, till cold and stiff she is carried out to make her couch in the grave. It is most striking to see the withered corpse of some aged woman, adorned with the bridal crown, going forth to seek again in the dust the husband of her youth, the memory of whose buried love has been, perhaps, her solace through long-widowed years.

The ceremony of blessing the house, to which we have already adverted, is necessarily productive of very good results; it ensures the visit of the priest once in the month. On the appointed day he never fails to come, bringing with him only a large cross and a branch of palm dipped in water, with which he sprinkles the threshold, when he pauses to pronounce the salutation, 'Peace be to this house;' he presents the cross to each individual in turn, that they may press it to their lips and forehead, while he gives them his blessing; he then takes the opportunity of inquiring into the state of the family, and gives his advice or admonitions according to their necessity. This is, of course, quite independent of his visits in cases of affliction and sickness. Sorrow never enters a house in any shape whatever but the servant of God is ready to follow in its steps; he comes to anoint the sick with the holy oil, to pray with the mourners, or to speak peace and consolation to those who are in any way afflicted or distressed in mind.

One part of the Church system which tends most especially to give the spiritual father a salutary control over his flock, is the rule which limits to the priest alone the right to teach in the schools. In villages he is, in fact, the only schoolmaster, and he thus acquires an influence over his people from their earliest years; he assembles the children for daily instruction, but the sum of his teaching is ever the same—the reading of the 'Evangelia,' the Creeds, the lives of the saints and martyrs. The neophytes are, of course, entirely under his care, and we cannot but admire the practice of thus setting apart the candidates for the priesthood almost from infancy, as a separate race of beings. The effect of this custom is most beneficial

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both to priests and people. The former naturally feel themselves invested with a peculiar dignity, with which it is indeed meet that their lives and conduct should agree, while it greatly deepens and strengthens the reverence felt for them by the latter. We have seen the neophyte, while still but a young child, avoiding, of his free will, all intercourse with the companions of his own age, and ever walking soberly by the side of the priest, holding his superior's garment with his little hand, and bending down his uncovered head over his well-worn book of prayers.

These are the details concerning the Greek Church which Mr. Curzon had little opportunity of observing; but he was fortunate in gaining a considerable insight into monastic life, and most especially in being enabled to sojourn for some time on Mount Athos. His account of the various monasteries in that sacred spot is highly interesting; but they all so nearly resemble one another, that we will extract only his remarks on the principal establishment—that of S. Laura:—

'I will now, from the information I have received from the monks and my own observation, give the best account I can of this extensive and curious monastery. It was founded by an Emperor Nicephorus, but what particular Nicephorus he was, nobody knows. Nicephorus, the treasurer, got into trouble with Charlemagne on one side, and Harounal Rachid on the other and was killed by the Bulgarians in 811. Nicephorus Phocas was a great captain, a mighty man of valour, who fought with every body, and frightened the Caliph at the gates of Bagdad, but did good to no one; and at length became so disagreeable that his wife had him murdered in 969. Nicephorus Bataniates, by the help of Alexus Comnenus, caught and put out the eyes of his rival Nicephorus Bryennius, whose son married that celebrated blue-stocking, Anna Comnena. However Nicephorus Botaniates having quarrelled with Alexus Comnenus, that great man kicked him out, and reigned in his stead, and Botaniates took refuge in this monastery, which, as I make out, he had founded some time before. He came here about the year 1081, and takes the vow of a Kaloyeri or Greek monk.

'This word Kaloyeri means a good old man. All the monks of Mount Athos follow the rule of S. Basil; indeed, all Greek monks are of this order. They are ascetics, and their discipline is most severe; they never eat meat: fish they have on feast days; but on fast days, which are above a hundred in the year, they are not allowed any animal substance, or even oil; their prayers occupy eight hours in the day, and about two during the night, so that they never enjoy a real night's rest. They never sit down during prayer; but as the services are of extreme length, they are allowed to rest their arms on the elbows of a sort of stall without seats, which are found in all Greek churches, and at other times they lean on a crutch. A crutch of this kind, of silver, richly ornamented, forms the patriarchal staff: it is called the Patritza, and answers to the crozier of the Roman Bishops. Bells are not used to call the fraternity to prayers, but a long piece of board, suspended by two strings, is struck with a mallet. Sometimes, instead of the wooden board, a piece of iron, like part of the tire of a wheel, is used for this purpose. Bells are rung only on occasions of rejoicing, or

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to show respect to some great personage, and on the great feasts of the Church.

'The buildings consist of a thick and lofty wall of stone, which encompasses an irregular piece of ground of between three and four acres in extent; there is only one entrance, a crooked passage defended by three iron doors; the front of the building, on the side of the entrance, extends above five hundred feet. There is no attempt at external architecture, but only this plain wall; the few windows which look out from it belong to rooms which are built of wood and project over the top of the wall, being supported upon strong beams like brackets. At the south-west corner of the building there is a large square tower, which formerly contained a printing press; but this press was destroyed by the Turkish soldiers during the late Greek revolution, and at the same time they carried off certain old cannons which stood upon the battlements, but which were more for show than use, for the monks had never once ventured to fire them off during the long period they had been there; and my question, as to when they were brought there originally, was answered by the regular and universal phrase of the Levant—Τί εξερρο—'Qui sa?'—Who knows? The interior of the monastery consists of several small courts, and two large open spaces surrounded with buildings, which have open galleries of wood or stone before them, by means of which entrance is gained into the various apartments, which now afford lodging for one hundred and twenty monks, and there is room for many more.

'Two large courts are built without any regularity, but their architecture is exceedingly curious, and in its style closely resembles the buildings erected in Constantinople, between the fifth and the twelfth centuries, a sort of Byzantine, of which S. Marc's in Venice is the finest specimen in Europe. It bears some affinity to the Lombardic or Romanesque, only it is more oriental in its style. The chapel of the ancient palace of Palermo is more in the style of the buildings on Mount Athos than any thing else in Christendom that I remember; but the ceilings of that chapel are regularly Arabesque, whereas those on Mount Athos are flat with painted beams, like the Italian basilicas, excepting where they are arched or domed, and in those cases there is little or no mosaic, but only coarse paintings in fresco, representing saints in the conventional Greek style of superlative ugliness.'

We must subjoin also the account of the shrine, gift of the Hospodar of Wallachia, which Mr. Curzon saw at the monastery of S. Dionysius, for it may well put to shame the donations of kings in the present day.

'I was taken as a pilgrim to the church, and we stood in the middle of the floor before the ικονοστασις, whilst the monks brought out an old-fashioned low wooden table, upon which they placed the relics of the saints which they presumed we came to adore. Of these some were very interesting specimens of intricate workmanship and superb and precious materials. One was a patera, of a kind of china or paste, made, as I imagine, of a multitude of turquoises ground down together, for it was too large to be of one single turquoise; there is one of the same kind, but of far inferior workmanship, in the treasury of S. Marc. This marvellous dish is carved in very high relief with minute figures, or little statues of the saints, with inscriptions in very early Greek. It is set in pure gold, richly worked, and was a gift from the Empress, or imperial Princess Pulcheria. Then there was an invaluable shrine for the head of S. John the Baptist, whose bones, and another of his heads, are in the cathedral at Genoa. S. John Lateran also boasts a head of S. John, but that may have belonged to S. John the Evangelist. This shrine was the gift of Neagulus, Waywode

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or Hospodar of Wallachia: it is about two feet long and two feet high, and is in the shape of a Byzantine church; the material is silver gilt, but the admirable and singular style of the workmanship gives it a value far surpassing its intrinsic worth. The roof is covered with five domes of gold; on each side it has sixteen recesses, in which are portraits of the saints in niello, and at each end there are eight others. All the windows are enriched in open-work tracery, of a strange sort of Gothic pattern, unlike anything in Europe. It is altogether a wonderful and precious monument of ancient art, the production of an almost unknown country, rich, quaint, and original in its design and execution, and is indeed one of the most curious objects on Mount Athos; although the patera of Princess Pulcheria might probably be considered of greater value. There were many other shrines and reliquaries, but none of any particular interest.'—P. 418.

One very ancient and striking custom, still forming a part of the monastic system in Greece, seems to have escaped our author's observation, but it is too highly characteristic of the austere, deep-searching spirit of their discipline to be left unnoticed.

There is, belonging to every monastery in Greece, a small chapel devoted to a very solemn purpose. Those which we have seen were always at some distance from the main building, generally placed in the most lonely spot on the mountain-side. This chapel is entirely deserted, and is never entered except on the one occasion for which it is destined. The monks avoid it with care, knowing that once only shall they enter it, and that in an awful hour. Whenever it is perceived by the brethren that sickness or infirmity has fallen heavily on one of their number, so that they can no longer doubt the speedy termination of his mortal conflict, the Superior announces to the dying man that the time is come when he must retire into the prescribed solitude, where he is to wrestle alone with that agony, when for the last time his living voice shall be permitted to utter a cry of supplication. Pascal's 'je mourrai seul,' awful as is the truth it conveys with so much significance, is not enough for them; not only must their soul of stern necessity depart unaccompanied into the land unseen, but the living man also must await his call without a sight or sound of earth to clog the final prayers that should go as heralds before his advancing spirit,—no friendly human voice must cause his eyes to turn back with longing on the home of his pilgrimage,—no look of tenderness or pity must come between his gaze and heaven. During the life-agony and the life-struggle wherein they seek to offer up a whole and unreserved love to God, the monks of the order of S. Basil are permitted to walk in company along the toilsome paths; but those of death must be endured alone—alone, face to face, must each one meet the dread messenger that calls his soul before his God. If his life has been in accordance with his vows, thankfully will he seek during his last hours to com-

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mune with none save Him in whose Likeness he trusts so soon to wake up and be satisfied; gladly will he turn from all connexion with the world and the things of it, to cling in every thought so closely to the Cross that it shall bear him safely over the deep waters of death; but if it be otherwise—if in name only he was the servant of his Lord, then in the last moment of permitted repentance, his sin is made to find him out, where no beguiling words of charitable hope can soften the stern truth, nor the confiding trust of loving hearts dispel the salutary terror by speaking of peace where there is none. So soon, therefore, as all prospect of recovery is past for the sufferer, the monks carry a small trestle bedstead up to the chapel, where they place it before the altar, setting beside it only a loaf of bread and a jar of cold water; the dying monk is then conducted to this final refuge. Whenever his failing strength permits he goes there voluntarily, toiling with tottering steps along the last stage of his life's journey, and lays him down with calm submission on his death-bed; the Superior then administers to him the concluding rites of the Church; the whole brotherhood partake with him of the Holy Communion, and with this solemn act all intercourse with him closes for ever; no breath from the mortal world must henceforth sully the spirit cleansed by the Sacramental Blood—no word designed for human ears must pass his lips, now purified as with a living coal. They all depart, and leave him alone to die in perfect solitude. He lies there—no light is round him but that of the lamp which hangs before the altar, no sound is heard but the sobbing of his own life-breath, as it ebbs away—haply in such a fearful stillness it may seem to him that he can hear the echoing footsteps of the swift approaching death; or, more awful yet, the whispering voices of forgotten sins rising up to claim repentance. Once only in the twenty-four hours he is visited by his brethren; they come in the night to chant around him the prayers for the dying; but they never speak to him, for he is no longer of this world—they have nothing further to do with him. Finally, they come to find him dead, but whether his soul went forth in a bitter struggle, or whether gently he fell asleep, none of this earth must ever know.

We have now endeavoured to show how much there is in the holy Eastern Church to claim our sympathy and admiration; yet, we are not blind to the truth that severe and primitive as she is in many respects, the leaven of human corruption is working there also. Many abuses have gained ground within her in times past, many dangers beset her now; but for this very reason we would demand for her from all other branches of the Catholic Church the brotherly love and assistance of which she

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has been too long bereft. How complete is the neglect with which she has ever been treated by our own communion, may be sufficiently proved by the mutual ignorance in which both Churches have been content to remain respecting one another. She knows, perhaps, even less of us than we do of her—her opportunities of observation respecting our faith and practice have been confined to such representations of them as the indifference and frivolity of worldly persons travelling for amusement, or the mistaken zeal of Dissenting Missionaries, could display; and she would be as little likely to look for communion or sympathy from us, as we should be to offer it. Surely these things ought not to be. If, as the wisest and best among us seem to think, the Church must shortly prepare for many a sore conflict with the powers of darkness, is it not in unity that her strength must be? We have said that dangers now threaten the Eastern Church,—dangers which, if she fall a prey to them, would disable her altogether from working with us in the hour of need. This peril is not now from persecution, or the allurements of the Mahomedan creed, but from the spirit of the world, from the encroachments of the civil power and the ambition of foreign states, from the influence of those whose interest it is to paralyse her and render her voiceless, to sap her foundations, and cause her to waste away. Already is she wholly without resources; what little she possessed has been taken from her, and she has *no* means of remedying much that is hurtful in her present condition. Her want of learning, too, will ultimately become a deadly bane, unless some improvement, which however may fairly be anticipated, should take place; for she must learn to keep pace with the world against which she has to fight; she must learn to appreciate her own high privileges, to know and act up to her own high calling, which as yet she scarcely understands. Now if these evils be already within and around the Greek Church, it must needs be that we ourselves are affected by them—if one member suffer, the whole body must suffer with it; and we know not how our neglect and indifference may one day fall back upon ourselves, if we leave this sister Church to struggle any longer with her deep poverty and many trials, unaided and uncheered. It is time that we should do something more than dwell with an inactive longing on our desire for unity. Although neither ourselves nor our children, nor yet, perhaps, even succeeding generations, may hope to witness that glorious consummation, still we may do something towards it. We shall profit by the effort, though it seem fruitless now. Yes; though it bear *no* fruit for many centuries, are we not still working for ourselves, and for our brethren? Christ's Church

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is not divided—time, and space, and individuality, have nought to do with it. We form a part of what it was in Apostolic times, and of what it shall be at the hour of the Lord's coming. The work of every individual must affect the whole. Each deed of his strikes a chord that vibrates through the entire body from first to last of its earthly probation, and the responding note may be far off in the vista of coming ages. If there must needs be divisions now, yet sympathy towards our brethren, and loving help, and a mutual interchange of hope, will surely strengthen us all alike against the common enemies of the universal Church; and even had it no such result, it is, it must be, our bounden duty.

We would ask but little, however, for the Greek Church. We would only plead for her that those who visit her from our own shores, instead of treating her with scorn and ridicule, or with apathetic and complete indifference, would acknowledge in her the one legitimate object of interest which ought to claim their whole thoughts and attention.

We feel certain that it is incalculable how much might be done for her, and through her, for the entire Church, if a very few of those vast numbers of our countrymen who visit the East would but go there as true followers of Christ, with the single devoted purpose of tendering by every means in their power a helping hand to this struggling portion of His own redeemed flock. The crusaders of old counted it all joy to be permitted to give up ease, and luxury, and life itself, for the rescuing of His Sacred Tomb from the infidel; and shall not some few perhaps of ourselves, no less by profession sworn soldiers of the Cross, abandon our exclusive search for mere amusement, and turn from the beautiful in art and nature, and the manifold charms of the classic ground, to give their time, and energies, and substance, to this, a part of His living body? It is a bitter thing to see those men, baptized Christians one and all, bestowing not only their talents and attention, but their superfluous riches also, on the fair relics of Pagan times, which are around them there, making it often the sole aim and object of their journeys to trace out the lingering remnants of heathen mythology, whilst His own holy Church is languishing and fainting in the land for lack of nurture and assistance. We do not mean to condemn the natural pleasure which the scholar and the student must take in visiting the very localities which are connected with his earliest classical associations; we know well how strange a fascination there is, for instance, in that poor fallen city of Athens, so beautiful in its great decay, lying there all soiled and helpless, like a melancholy native of the past, exiled into a strange generation; but the pleasant dream-

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ing over bygone times, and the allurements of poetic recollection, are too unreal, too unprofitable to occupy us in this brief period when it is called to-day, and we alone can work. The war between the Church and Infidelity seems waxing fiercer every hour, and no more urgent duty is set before us than that of strengthening our brethren.

We are well aware that it is a most Utopian vision to imagine that even many of the gay and pleasure-seeking travellers who visit Eastern lands will ever unite in serving the Great Cause they all should have at heart; but even individuals might do much, were they but earnest in purpose and *in hope*. We may bring this assertion to the test of most practical illustration, by showing that the sum required for the education from first to last of a Greek priest is infinitely less than that which almost all Englishmen visiting those countries are certain to bestow for the possession of some relic of ancient art. Incredible as it may seem, 20*l.* is all that is required to be paid by a candidate for Holy Orders on his admission to the new University, where we have ascertained that he does in fact receive during several years, such instruction as will render him perfectly fit for his sacred office. We mention this merely as an instance to show how much good might be done, were some spirit of sympathy for the Greek Church to animate all those who, like Mr. Curzon, not only have an opportunity of judging of her position, but who also give the result of their observations to the public. Let them, therefore, whilst present with her, offer her, to the uttermost of their power, all assistance; and when they write of her, let it not be with levity and scorn, but rather let them seek to draw out the love and pity of our brethren towards her, and a blessing shall surely rest upon their labours.

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ART. VI.—*Journal in France in* 1845 *and* 1848, *with Letters from Italy in* 1847, *of Things and Persons concerning the Church and Education. By* THOMAS WILLIAM ALLIES, M.A. *Rector of Launton, Oxon.* London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans. 1849.

AMONG all the Churches of the Latin communion, the French Church at this day occupies the most prominent place, a place distinctly and peculiarly its own, in point of importance and interest. That it appears so to us in England, is no accident of local proximity. We know very little, it is true, of the Italian or Peninsular Churches, but we know that they do not come forward on the stage of the world, and catch the eye, as the French Church does. It is the fit ecclesiastical representative of the leading nation of Continental Europe. In that stirring and adventurous people, it is stirring and adventurous too—to the most eventful history of modern days, it has contributed a most eventful portion. No Church has gone through such vicissitudes, so sudden, so stormy, so extreme. No Church has yet felt with such violence the rude shocks of political changes, altering at a moment's notice all old relations, and forcing her to adapt herself to new difficulties and new ground. From being the richest Church in Christendom, she became at once the poorest; from being the proudest, she became the most persecuted. Her place could scarce be found in her own land, and her Clergy received the alms of those whom they called heretics. Then she was restored—restored to the patronage of those who had confiscated her land and persecuted her priests—restored, that she might do homage to the new powers of the sword, and sanctify their title—restored, but in chains, to grace an Imperial throne. Next raised by one chance of war high enough for envy, but not for power, another chance of war hurled her down again. What the cannon of Waterloo had won for her was lost at the barricades of July. Then at length she began to comprehend the stern lesson which events had been teaching her, that her hope must no longer be in governments; that she had all but lost the French people, and that her last chance lay, humanly speaking, in herself. The inevitable necessity of self-dependence and energy, felt very widely, soon took the shape of a theory, propounded and urged forward by no common advocate. It was a memorable era when the *Avenir* proclaimed in words which astonished not France only, but Europe, that the Church of

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revolutionized France must take new ground; that, with her cotemporaries, she must look onwards, not backwards, and take her place among the leaders of 'progress,' in the advance of the advancing age. It was vain, it said, to linger on the past when the past was become a by-word; ancient honours and venerable prerogatives suited not the hard-working Clergy of a democracy; but the future was well worth the past, and *that* might be theirs. But, then, they must break at once with the maxims, the traditions, the regrets, of the monarchy, and match themselves with those daring parties which were competing for that common prize—the future; they must mingle with them, and share their bold spirit and fiery zeal, if they hope to tame and win them, or even to defeat them. It cost the leader of this bold movement dear—it cost him his faith and Christian hope; but his words stirred the whole Church of France, and went far to decide her course. Her leaders embraced the idea of independence, the consequences it involved, the prospect it opened. They entered on their new line with zeal, and with the characteristic spirit and ease of Frenchmen. Governments had ignored the Divine claims of the Church,—knew of her only as a fact of society,—as a fact, therefore, of society, they should find out her strength. New vigour and activity were infused into her institutions of education and charity; embarrassing watchwords dropped; towards the government, an attitude assumed of distance and jealous vigilance; and thus the French Church appeared as an important and rising power in the country; one which statesmen found they must at once resist and conciliate. The change, though easy to explain, was remarkable; the Church of the Gallican Articles—once the most jealous of the Pope's power, became, in its leaders at least, the most ultramontane; the most monarchical ceased to care about forms of government in its exclusive allegiance to the centre of unity. Yet the most ultra-montane did not cease to be in spirit and character the most national of Continental Churches. Its activity, its fearless assertion of broad abstract principles, its organization, its venturous enterprises, its enthusiasm and sentiment, its cheerfulness in privations, its unconquerable hopefulness, its militant and missionary character, were all peculiarly its own, and reflected the character and circumstances of the people to which it belonged; its Clergy exhibited in a Christian shape the natural excellences of their countrymen, yet symptoms were not wanting which betrayed their kindred with the most logical, yet most unreasonable of European races;—so keen, yet so credulous; so full of kind impulse, yet so bitter; so prejudiced, yet so easy to move; so variable; so merciless to its own faults, yet so self-complacent; so successful in theories,

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and reckless of facts. We will not fix on them the Venetian's apology—*Prima Veneziani, poi Cristiani;* yet it is certainly true that, however catholic they may be, they never cease to be Frenchmen.

Such is the *prima facie* aspect of the French Church. She claims the interest even of the mere observers of the time by her remarkable activity and zeal, and the novel position into which she has been forced; and to Christians she presents the spectacle of a Church in which the unheeded forebodings of her prophets have been fulfilled; in which past neglect has brought forth its bitter fruits without measure; but which, in the midst of her adversity, is working in earnest, and working hard, to mitigate the heaviness of her punishment, and to regain the people whom another generation had lost to her. Whether or not, her measures are always wise ones—whether or not we can always sympathize with her tone of feeling, or form of doctrine and worship—she is the only body in France which attempts to cope with error and moral evil; she is fighting, and fighting with success, the battle of faith and duty; not with such unmixed success, or, as we believe, such unmixed truth, as to exempt her from that criticism which her leaders freely bestow on others, but with enough of both to make her an object of deep interest to all, to whom the claims of home duty leave leisure to think of what is going on in other parts of Christendom.

Dr. Wordsworth was the first, we believe, to invite interest to the internal condition of the French Church. He set the example of seeing with his own eyes, and examining in detail the machinery and working of her system. His diary is instructive and interesting; it supplied information on French education, and on the views of the French Clergy, that at the time was novel to many of us; and what was perhaps its chief merit, it was written on the whole in a spirit of friendliness and fairness, with which the strong adverse opinions of the writer were not allowed to interfere. Dr. Wordsworth was not a person to sympathize much with ultra-montane theology, or with French character; he had his theory, the French Clergy had theirs; that either party should understand the other, or judge of the same facts in the same way, was not much to be expected; but there is seldom wanting on his part the real desire to do full justice. It certainly appears to us that he has quite missed the true position of the French Clergy in their relation to the government: that he was in no degree capable of entering into their difficulties, has judged them by an arbitrary and unreal rule of his own, and imputed to them faults with which they are not chargeable. But if his diary does not manifest all the sympathy towards them which they would wish for, it shows both interest

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and kind feeling; and as a record of what passed under his own observation, it has the appearance, though but a fragment, of being careful, accurate, and trustworthy.

Mr. Allies' book is a further contribution to our knowledge of the institutions and spirit of the French Church, to which his attention was chiefly directed in the two tours which his journal embraces. The book has been made the subject of much unfavourable remark—and we must say, in spite of the interest we feel in its subject, and in the new facts which it brings under our notice—not without reason. For professing to be a peace-making book—a book to correct prejudices, to soften asperities of feeling, to explain misunderstandings, to awaken sympathy—it fails in the first requisites for such a character and undertaking—calmness of temper. Mr. Allies' honesty and uprightness of intention are beyond question; he wished at once to do a good work to the English branch of the Church, and to contribute towards the ultimate drawing together of the whole; to provoke to emulation his own brethren by the examples of the Clergy of France, and to induce them to think more kindly of men who are working in the same field with themselves, and working so hard; and certainly, for our part, we cannot say that this was wrong. But he has done more than this. He has spoilt a good work by that very common but not less irremediable mistake —impatience. He wished to give vent to feeling, as well as to state facts—he wanted to do what is perfectly right and proper in an advocate, or an assailant, but is incompatible with the character of a peace-maker. A peace-maker cannot afford to be indignant, impatient, or even unguarded; it will not do for him to have enthusiasm for one side, sarcasm for the other; he must not seem to be guilty of that most inexcusable practical unfairness, being fair to all but his own friends. If he forgets these conditions, he must not be surprised if people forget that he is a peace-maker, and view him as really hostile—unfairly so, very probably—but unfairness and exaggeration propagate themselves rapidly, and a heavy share of responsibility rests on him who provokes by an unfair depreciation an unfair defence. Surely the world has gone on long enough for us to have learnt that if men may be possibly scolded, they are at least not to be *snubbed*, into sympathy. It may be necessary sometimes so to treat them, but certainly not at the moment when you are asking for their admiration or their assent. Mr. Allies too often passes from the character of peace-maker, to which he has full right, to that of reformer,—a character to which his right seems to us more questionable.

With respect to various foreign usages and forms of doctrine which make the principal visible distinction between the English

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and Roman Churches, Mr. Allies is not to our mind at all satisfactory. He has said too much, or not enough. For a mere journal and its reflections, he has said too much; to explain the strong and unqualified approval he has given to Roman peculiarities, he ought to have written a treatise. We do not ourselves think that he has gone beyond the theological line, for which he has good warrant from English authorities; he has not gone even so near the edge of what is defined by the English Church as the mass of that party who are so clamorous against him, have gone beyond it—but we must say he has often given his opinion very rudely, with very little consideration either of the judgment or feelings, or, it may be, the prejudices of those whom he addresses and rebukes. He has attempted to give the key to those parts of the Roman system which most excite the suspicion and dislike of Englishmen—to give their interior meaning and connexion with the great doctrines of Christianity, which, he says, Englishmen miss, and which recommend them to the unquestionably religious minds which adopt them abroad. More than once in striking words he has put doctrines which we shrink from in the light in which he conceives them to present themselves to persons jealous for the same Catholic faith which we hold, and drawn out the consolation and support which some of the more peculiar foreign arrangements may be believed to minister to pure and devotional minds. In this of itself there is nothing to complain of, though it is a difficult task, and one not without hazard, requiring not merely knowledge, but great caution and self-restraint. Yet anything ought to be welcome which in any measure really explains that apparently strange mixture of what is good and what is corrupt in the system of the Continental Churches: and that the most questionable of its features have a good side, and are capable, in the case of good men, of being turned to good, is probably not new to any well-informed and thoughtful churchman. But the question still remains open, whether these are the only, the most natural, the ordinary ways of viewing them, where they prevail; what is their real foundation in doctrine; what is the balance of their effects. And even if Mr. Allies were more conclusive than he is on these points, with respect to the foreign Church, he would still be a long way off from the question, whether they are necessary, suitable, right, for us. Certainly he has not in the book before us made good the ground on which he presses, or suggests, the acceptance of continental peculiarities on the English Church; and it would require a calmer mind than his, a calmer mind than probably any of us possess, to discuss at this moment the questions they involve.

We make these remarks with regret, both from our recollection of Mr. Allies' former services to the Church, and because

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attacks have been made on him so unwarrantable and so bitter —on his honesty, not on the judgment, or accuracy, or propriety of his publication—that we are loth even to appear on the same side with such assailants. There is very much in his book which ought not to be there—much that is grating and harsh in tone —much that was certain to be misunderstood, left in bare and crude statement. All the information which he has given us, might have been given, we do not say without offence to the ignorant or prejudiced, but without affording them such a plausible ground for clamour. But we should be very sorry, if in the controversial feelings which the book has excited, this information be neglected. There it is—if not altogether new in its general character, yet new in its details to most English readers—information, not of course to be taken on trust more than any other, but interesting in its nature, and deserving of attention and inquiry. We quite agree with Mr. Allies, that it is no necessary part of an English churchman's character, to be uninquisitive about the Roman Church, or to acquiesce in those popular prejudices against her, which, though we cannot think them so wholly without foundation as he does, are fair matter of examination, and are doubtless greatly exaggerated; our knowledge about her is very imperfect, as hers is very imperfect about us: there certainly can be no harm in our knowing more. And we cannot think that to acknowledge and admire what is excellent in the Roman Church must needs go along with disloyalty to our own; or that it implies doubt of her own claims, and disparagement of her efforts, to think that we may profitably contemplate, and it may be, where occasion calls for it, imitate the example of foreigners. Where such admiration has been dangerous, the danger has been more than half created by the suspicion of it. It is high time, not merely as a matter of fairness in a time of so much intellectual activity, and therefore of increased variety of tastes and feelings, but also as a matter concerning the safety and activity of the Church, that it shall no longer be a practical axiom among us, that respect for, and sympathy with, the Church abroad is incompatible with sincere attachment to the Church at home. There is no telling what damage the Church here has received from the effect of this false and mischievous prejudice, both on the minds of those who felt that sympathy, and of those who feared it; and its work of exasperation and disturbance is not over, unless those in whom it directs acts of authority show themselves superior to its influence. Then it will cease to harass consciences and distract minds, in no way alienated from their Church, but in whom misgiving and perplexity are created and kept alive, by the unwise suspiciousness of those above them.

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The most important information in Mr. Allies's book, is that which relates to the education provided by the Church, and to the character, position, and spirit of the ecclesiastics in the cities of the North of France, especially in the capital. It is not of course a complete account, and provokes rather than satisfies our curiosity; but what there is, is of much interest. Mr. Allies was received with much kindness by many of the leading men among the Clergy, and appears to have been on as familiar terms with them as a foreigner could be, who was staying but a short time in the country. The picture that he draws is worthy of attention; no doubt it is the fairest and best account we have yet received of their ways of thought, and the interior state of things among them; and it is not less valuable, because, as it seems to us, he discloses, sometimes unconsciously, their weaknesses, while he is justly touched with their zeal and self-devotion.

A striking account is given of a school in the diocese of Rouen, which Mr. Allies visited more than once, and which, from the character of its conductors, seems to us to have more real interest than even some of the more imposing institutions of the capital. It is a characteristic specimen, not merely of Christian, but of French enterprise; and shows that the perseverance, organization, endurance of hardship and privation, hopefulness and hardihood, which unhappily mark the character of the revolutionary parties in France, have found their match among those on whom are now resting the hopes of Christianity in that land of unbelief. The school was set up by two clergymen, brothers, with the single object, as their course of twenty years has shown, of giving a Christian education to the children of the middle class, to which they themselves belonged. They started with the slenderest means, and on an humble scale; the design succeeded, and as their numbers increased and accommodation was wanted, they went on adding to their buildings and their staff, living without forethought or care, except to use to the utmost the advantages of the moment for the object they had in view; content to do little while little was in their power, extending their plans when the occasion presented itself. Thus Mr. Allies found one of the brothers, a man of forty-five, and a schoolmaster of twenty years' standing, setting to work on his Greek grammar, and practising Greek verses, that he might be examined along with boys of eighteen for a university degree, which should entitle his school to some further privileges, and enlarge its sphere of usefulness. The following is the account of the general aspect of the school:—

'*Ivetot, June* 26, 1845. *Thursday.*—We called on M. Labbé a little before ten, and were with him till half-past three. His brother is Supérieur of the Petit Séminaire, in which are 225 youths. The whole payment, on an

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average, is 360 francs per annum for board and instruction; some paying as little as 200 francs, some as much as 500, but no difference whatever is made between them. The children are evidently on the most affectionate terms with the masters. "There are twelve priests, a deacon and sub-deacon, and three clerks in minor orders."—*M.*'

'The chapel is a pretty and simple building of the early decorated character, designed by Père Robert, who was formerly an engineer.'

'We dined with them at twelve "in the refectory. There was a crucifix at one side, in the middle of the long room; and before it stood the Supérieur while we said grace."—*M.*; and we supped with them at seven, in the midst of 180 boys. Absolute silence was kept, and a youth at a tribune in the middle read first a verse or two of the Gospels, and then some of "Daniel's History of France." Nothing could be more simple than their dress; the masters were distributed at intervals down the tables. The school was to educate laymen and ecclesiastics together, and they showed with pride a young man who had become priest out of their house, just twelve years after his first communion. This is generally in the twelfth year, but earlier or later according to the state of the individual. They take their first communion after special confession, and *before* confirmation; we narrowly escaped seeing this sacrament conferred by the archbishop, who had only left two days before. Confession begins at seven according to *rule*, but generally before that age *in fact*.

At 5 a.m. They rise. Half an hour to get ready.
5½ to 6½. In chapel; prayers and mass.
6½ to 8. Study in silence, in school-room.
8 to 8½. Breakfast, with reading Lives of Saints.
8½ to 8¾. Recreation.
8¾ to 10¼. Class. Vivâ voce lecture.
10¼ to 12. Study.
12 to 12¼. Dinner, with reading.
12¼ to 1¼. Recreation.
1¼ to 3. Study.
3 to 4¼. Class.
4¼ to 5. Recreation.
5 to 7½. Study.
7½ to 7¾. Lecture Spirituelle, and Evening Prayers; the time at which the Supérieur took notice of any thing which had occurred, gave advice, &c.
7¾ to 8½. Supper.
8½ to 8¾. Recreation. Then a minute or two of prayers in chapel, and bed.

'Study commences always with the hymn beginning "Veni Sancte Spiritus," the collect for Pentecost, and "Ave Maria." One half holiday, Thursday. "Afterwards we walked in their little garden and play ground. It being Thursday, the boys went out to walk with some of the clerks. Some, however, remained about the premises, doing some of the painting, &c. that was required. Much of the work has been done by them. They carried all the bricks and mortar while the chapel was building, &c. &c. They seem to be quite a family."—*M.*' Pp. 10, 13—15.

The leading point in French education, at least as administered by the Clergy, is to establish a perfect intimacy between the pupils and teachers:—

'They attend confession once a month, and it is very rare that they fail in this: this is the rule of the house; but should any avoid it much longer, his confessor would not speak to him authoritatively at all, or send or him, but rather take an opportunity of referring incidentally to his

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absence. This hardly ever fails. "They generally thank him for doing so, the reason being something about which they were unable to get themselves to break the ice."—*M.* They live entirely with their pupils; sleeping, eating, playing, teaching: in the centre of a large dormitory, with beds on both sides, was a bed, nowise distinguished from the rest save that it had a chair beside it: here the Supérieur sleeps. His salary is 1900 francs a year; that of the others about 600. They said, laughing, that it was hardly what a servant in England would receive. The Supérieur has a very pleasing and paternal aspect. We heard him catechise the children in the chapel for some time; their answers were good. Several were on the sacraments, and the reply to them definite and precise:—'Which is the most indispensable sacrament?' 'Baptism.' 'How many sorts of baptism are there?' 'The baptism of water, of blood, and of desire.' 'Can any sacrament be administered by other than a priest?' 'Yes, baptism in case of necessity.' 'Can any other?' 'None, sir.' 'What conditions are necessary to receive the sacrament of Penance?' 'Five.' 'Are there any of those more indispensable than others?' 'Yes, fervent sorrow for sin past, and a resolution not to offend God by sinning any more.' 'If a priest conferred absolution on a person who gave no outward sign of penitence, from his state of sickness, would it benefit him?' 'If he was able to make interior actions of the soul, it would; not otherwise.' ('The Church,' said M. Labbé, in explanation, 'would prefer bestowing a sacrament *often* inutilement, to denying it once where it might benefit.') 'Which are the three chief Christian graces?' 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.' 'Which is the most perfect?' 'Charity.' 'Why?' 'Because it presupposes the other two,' (I think); and, again, 'because it will last for ever.' 'Will Faith last for ever?' 'Non, Monsieur.' 'Why?' 'Parceque, quand nous verrons Dieu, nous n'aurons pas besoin de le croire.' 'Will you see God?' 'Oui, avec nos propres yeux.' 'You have just received confirmation; what does it make him who receives it?' 'Un parfait Chrétien.' 'Etes-vous donc un parfait Chrétien?' With hesitation, 'Oui, Monsieur.' 'Etes-vous un Chrétien parfait?' 'Non, Monsieur.' 'Quelle est la différence?' 'Un parfait Chrétien est celui qui a tous les moyens pour parvenir au salut—Un Chrétien parfait est celui qui est sans péché.' 'En y a-t'-il?' 'Non, Monsieur,' (with hesitation). 'Non, mon enfant, il n'y en a pas.'"—Pp. 11—13.

On a subsequent visit Mr. Allies was much struck with a confirmation which he saw at this school:—

'At three we went on to Ivetot, and found a most kind welcome from our friends. They lodged us in a house they have lately purchased, in their garden, where, for the first time in my life, I had the honour of a silver bason and ewer. We supped in the refectory, at a table in the middle, with M. le Supérieur. Silence is kept at the meals, and one of the pupils reads from a pulpit on one side. The pupils act as servants in turn during the meal.

'*Monday, July* 10.—We heard two sermons, morning and afternoon, from M. P. L. Labbé to the confirmans, fifty-nine in number. Our friend's manner was mild and paternal, yet full of zeal and unction. His morning subject was, "You have not received the spirit of bondage again to fear, but ye have received the spirit of adoption whereby we cry Abba Father." He distinguished between servile fear and filial fear — between Jewish bondage and Christian adoption; beseeching his hearers ever to cherish in their hearts the sense of God's paternal love, and that "we can never know how much God loves us in this world;" and then he urged them, if ever they fell into sin, to fly to God at once for pardon, never distrusting

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Him, however great their own unworthiness; reminding them that the tribunal of penitence was ever open to them. In the afternoon his subject was, "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, and ye shall be witnesses unto me." That at confirmation there was a *larger* infusion of the Holy Spirit than at baptism—what it was to be witnesses to God—witnesses by our whole life and conversation. These two addresses much pleased me, both as to manner and matter.

'We had the privilege of saying our English office in their chapel, where the single lamp marks the presence of the Holy Sacrament. How great a blessing is this, that the Lord of the Temple dwells bodily in it—how great a realizing of the Incarnation. The chapel is a very pleasing imitation of the middle Gothic style, built from the designs of M. Robert, who, being a pupil of the Ecole Polytechnique, gave up all prospects in the world for the hard and painful life of a priest in a petit séminaire: and not only he, but all who are there, seem to have their daily life supported by a spring of charity in themselves; and the great self-denial which accompanies it seems borne as if it were no weight at all, for they look for the recompense of the reward. During the five days we passed at Ivetot we remarked again and again to each other the atmosphere of fraternal charity which all seemed to breathe. There was no looking for success in the world—no thought of gaining wealth; but the one thing in view was to train the children committed to them as members of Christ and heirs of His kingdom. This one thought pervaded all their actions. In the evening the Archbishop of Rouen came, attended by his vicaire général, M. Surgis. The masters and ourselves supped in private with him; and I was confounded at being put on his right, as P. was on his left. His own affability, however, and the unaffected kindness and ease of his demeanour with his clergy, soon made one feel comfortable.

'*Tuesday, July* 11.—The confirmation was at nine. The pupils formed in procession along the corridor into the chapel, some sixty or eighty of the rear in albes, followed by the masters and some other clergy, the cross and crosier immediately preceding the Archbishop; we followed behind, and then mounted to the latticed tribune at the end of the chapel, whence the whole disposition of the congregation, the multitude of albes, the altar dressed for the Holy Sacrifice, and the splendid habit of the Archbishop, formed a most pleasing scene. He said Mass, and communicated, I should think, a hundred pupils; as they knelt two and two all up the chapel and received successively from his hands, nothing could be more solemn. There was a moment in this service particularly touching—the Archbishop took his crosier in his hand and, standing before the altar said, "Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus, Pater, et Filius, +, et Spiritus Sanctus." It seemed like the great High Priest Himself blessing His people. After Mass he stood before the middle of the altar, and, requesting them to be seated, addressed them for about twenty minutes. His manner was a mixture of grace and simplicity most pleasing to behold; indeed, his whole demeanour represented exactly the priest, the father, and the bishop, and left behind it a perfume as it were of the heavenly hierarchy, among whose earthly counterpart he ranked. He enlarged upon the triple blessing bestowed upon us by the Holy Trinity, in creation, in redemption, and in sanctification. Presently he spoke of the Holy Eucharist as an extension of the Incarnation, (rapétissant,) gathering it up into little; and of Christ therein really, substantially, and personally present in us. His vicaire général said, that in daily confirmations during two months he never repeated himself, but varied each address. He had no note, and spoke without effort. Then followed an examination of the confirmans by himself during about thirty-five minutes. He took boys here and there and asked them questions on the elements of the faith, the sacraments, &c., in so low a

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voice that I could only catch the general import. Then came the confirmation itself, which, like our own, is very short.'—Pp. 172—176.

The following curious scene is somewhat at variance with English ideas both of etiquette and of amusement. But national ideas on both these subjects are incommensurable. Certainly we sympathize more with our French friends at Ivetot in their serious than in their jocose moods:—

'After dinner, two of the pupils, one from the older and from the younger division of the school, recited verses before the Archbishop, and the whole school seemed delighted at the words of kindness he addressed to them. I heard our friend, in one of his addresses, remind them that the Archbishop was the head and master of the house, and so they all appeared to feel him to be.

'In the evening we were all collected, in a somewhat suspicious manner, for some exhibition in a long hall, at the end of which a carpet was spread, and a chair placed for the Archbishop. I ask M. Robert what was coming; but he replied, "Pour nous autres Français, vous savez, nous sommes des fous: il faut que nous rions de tout!" I will not say that the entertainment verified his former proposition, but certainly it did the latter. M. Picard, curé of the cathedral of Rouen, took out a paper, and began reading a copy of verses by himself, commemorating a recent fall from his horse of one of the tutors. At each verse the boys took up couplet and refrain, and sung it with hearty good will. This continued for some twenty or thirty stanzas. The boys needed but the hint. I thought to myself, I doubt whether it would improve the discipline of Eton to collect the boys in the long school-room together to commemorate an equestrian lapse of my friend C. or A., supposing them to have met with one. The refrain,

"Quel est-ce cavalier-là
Qu'il mene bien son dada?
Tra-la-la tra-la-la,"

sounded by 250 voices, still rings in my ears. This was succeeded by another song, recited in the same manner, on M. Robert's propensities to study the moon.'—Pp. 177—179.

And the following scene—a distribution of prizes at a school in Paris—is not less quaint. It seems to mark the weak side of French education: if we interfere too little, and our affection for manliness degenerates into rudeness, they meddle too much, and their tenderness is in danger of becoming mawkishness:—

'At one went to the distribution of prizes at the Petit Séminaire, 21 Rue N. D. des Champs. The four vicaires généraux of the Chapter of Paris sat in front, to crown with a chaplet the gainers of the prizes, and to present books to them and those who gained an accessit. There were a good many other clergy, and a tolerable number of laity, men and women, present, friends evidently of the young men and boys... When this was done, the giving of prizes began. It took an hour; and no wonder, for at least two hundred wreaths and two hundred sets of books, single or double, were to be distributed. Many indeed received several wreaths and prizes. The winners came forward, ascended four or five steps, and were successively crowned and saluted on each cheek by one of the vicaires généraux; now and then they were taken to a friend or relative, male or female, when present to receive their crown. It was put on the head, and then carried in the hand. I thought that at least the principle of emulation was not dis-

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couraged. But the great number of subjects which were rewarded was as remarkable as the number of prizes. It seemed as if they never would end. There was Excellence and Sagesse: Greek, Latin, and French composition; Latin verse; philosophy, rhetoric, geography, English language, &c.; and most of these divided into different forms. No merit could be said to be neglected. There was a first prize, and a second, and sometimes three accessit besides; and some reached nine, or even ten rewards. I dare say they all felt as young Greeks receiving the laurel crown. Certainly the mounting those steep stairs, in order to receive their crown, must have been a nervous operation.

'At the conclusion, one of the vicaires généraux rose and delivered a few words to the pupils with great simplicity and ease; the day of return was then announced for Thursday, 5th Oct. I marked many ingenuous and pleasing countenances among the successful candidates. A father near me was in a state of the greatest excitement at the prizes of his son, a lad of thirteen.'—Pp. 229—231.

Mr. Allies is minute in his details respecting the great ecclesiastical seminary of S. Sulpice, the model institution for the training of the French Clergy. He received the following account of their employment of the day:—

'From him we obtained an account of the day's occupation in the Séminaire de S. Sulpice, which I took down from his mouth as follows, incorporating with it some further information given me by M. Galais, professor of Canon Law therein:—

5 a. m	They rise; recite the "Angelus" (angelic salutation).
5 to 5½.	Dress, come down stairs; the most pious go for two or three minutes before the Holy Sacrament.
5½ to 6½.	Vocal prayer for ten minutes, and then prayer for the rest of the hour, each by himself kneeling, without support. The Professor says his prayer aloud, in order to teach the pupils, on his knees, in the hall.
6½ to 7.	Mass; those who have communicated attend another mass for returning thanks, which may last to 7½. The rest mount to their rooms.
7.	Reading of Holy Scripture in private.
8 to 8¼.	Breakfast,—dry bread, wine, and water; nothing else allowed, save that in case of necessity milk or soup is sometimes given. Each reads in private.
8¼ to 9½.	Preparation of theological lesson in their rooms.
9½ to 10½.	Lesson in theology. Morale.
10½ to 10¾.	Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
10¾ to 11¾.	Deacons have a lesson in theology; the rest a singing lesson for half an hour, and then go up to their rooms.
11¾ to 12.	Private examination of conscience. During seven minutes, meditation, kneeling, on some fact of the New Testament; and for the next seven, Tronson read.
12 to 12½.	Dinner. For three minutes a chapter of the Old Testament read aloud, then the life of a saint, or ecclesiastical history. They end with the Roman Martyrology for the morrow. Then a visit to the Holy Sacrament for a minute; recitation of the Angelus. Dinner consists of a little soup; one dish of meat, potatoes, or "legumes." For dessert, an apple, or such like. Drink, wine and water.

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12 to 1¼. Recreation. At 12¼ talking is allowed for the first time in the day. Letters are delivered. The Professors are bound by their rule to take their recreations with their pupils they make a great point of this.

1¼. Recitation of the "Chapelet;" sixty-three Paters and Aves.

2 to 3¼. Private study in their rooms. From 2 to 3¼, class of ecclesiastical singing four times a-week. From 2 to 5¼ adoration of the Holy Sacrament by each person for half-an-hour.

3¼ to 4¼. Theological class. Dogma.

4¼ to 4¾. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.

5¼ or 5¾. According to the season, bell for all in holy orders to say their breviary. Time for conferences.

6¼ to 7. "Glose,"—spiritual reading by the Superior.

7 to 7½. Supper. One dish of meat, "legumes," salad, wine and water. Reading at all meals. Talking never allowed but at the Archbishop's visit once a-year. A chapter of the New Testament read; a verse of the "Imitation of Jesus Christ."

7½. They go before the Holy Sacrament; recite the Angelus.

7¾ to 8¼. Recreation.

8¼ to 8¾. Evening prayers; litanies, vocal, with private examination of conscience. Mount straight to their rooms, or go first before the Holy Sacrament. The Superior remains in his place; each, in passing beside him, accuse himself of any outward faults committed during the day against the rules.

9 to 9¼. Bed time: at 9¼ to be in bed. Each has a room to himself; a table, a bed, a candlestick, and fire-place. A priest sleeps in each corridor.

SPECIAL LECTURES.

Hebrew; two courses.

Moral Theology; a great course. Young men admitted who have already studied the elementary course—about forty or fifty.

Canon Law; a special course.

From Easter to the vacation they are instructed in the duties of a pastor in great detail.

Private study of the Holy Scriptures by each half-an-hour a day.

At three o'clock on Sunday, at S. Sulpice, the young men exercise themselves in catechising, except from Easter to the vacation.

Before the first communion there is catechising at S. Sulpice for two months thrice a-week, (not by the pupils).

OBSERVATIONS.

There is much sickness: (the building has not gardens or sufficient space for recreation attached to it).

Not time enough for study.

The vacation is from Aug. 15, to Oct. 1.

The cassock is always worn.'—Pp. 29—32.

On a subsequent occasion he went over it, and thus describes it:—

'*Thursday, July* 10.—M. Galais took us over the Séminaire de S. Sulpice. There is nothing remarkable in the building. The pupils are rather more than 200: their appearance is very devout; they seem of low rank in life generally, and this is no doubt the case, but with exceptions; for instance, we heard to-day of the son of M. Ségur, who is there. Each pupil has a small room to himself, which opens on the corridor; it has a bed, table, little stove, and hardly anything more, with a crucifix and little statue of

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the Blessed Virgin, belonging to the house. They make their own beds: they are not allowed to enter each other's rooms at all, but, if they wish to speak to one another, the stranger stands in the passage, and the occupant at his door. The whole is under the inspection of the Archbishop, who has a chamber here, but does not often come. There are twelve masters. The state of instruction as regards the Church is as follows in France generally. In each diocese there is one or more petits séminaires, which are for children, not only such as are to be ecclesiastics, but laymen also. These are the only schools in which morals and religion are made a primary consideration; and, therefore, though they have nothing to do with the university, and are excluded from all privileges, they are sought after by the sounder part of the community. To these succeeds, for ecclesiastics alone, the grand séminaire for each diocese; this of S. Sulpice is the most eminent in France. The studies are for five years; two in philosophy, three in theology. They are thus arranged, as we took them down from the lips of M. Galais.

PHILOSOPHY (FIRST YEAR).

Logic Psychology,—morning.
Arithmetic, Geometry, beginning of Algebra,—evening.

SECOND YEAR.

Théodicée, Morale } morning. — Geology, Physics, Astronomy, Chemistry } evening.

'Sometimes, perhaps in half the dioceses of France, these two years of philosophy are contracted to one. The three years of theology are thus arranged:—

FIRST YEAR.

Morale. Le traité de actibus humanis.
„ de legibus.
„ de peccatis.
„ de decalogo.
Dogme. „ de vera religione.
„ de vera ecclesia.
„ de locis theologicis.

SECOND YEAR.

Morale. De jure et justitia.
De contractibus.
Dogme. De Trinitate.
De Incarnatione.
De gratia.

THIRD YEAR.

Morale. De sacramento pœnitentiæ. (Under this head would fall the whole direction for the guidance of souls.)
De matrimonio.
De censuris et irregularitatibus.
Dogme. De sacramentis in genere.
De baptismo.
De confirmatione.
De Eucharistia.
De ordine. (There is also a special course on on this).
De extrema unctione.

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'A course of Holy Scripture twice a-week, exclusive of private study of it.

AUTHORS USED:—
Bailly, 8 vols.
Bouvier, Institutiones Theologicæ.
Carrière, De Jure, et Justitia, &c.
Tronson, Forma Cleri.

'These three years of theology are sometimes expanded to four.'—Pp. 51—54.

Their special spiritual preparation is strict and searching: the account which Mr. Allies received was as follows:—

'They confess themselves every week, ordinarily in the morning during the meditation. They choose their own confessor among the masters, who are at present twelve, but the number is not fixed. As to communicating, they are free; but are exhorted to do it *often*. Often is all the Sundays and festivals. Some communicate besides two, three, four, five, times a week, especially as the time of their ordination draws near. The priests every day. After the communion twenty minutes "action de grâces." On entering the seminary, a general confession of the whole past life is made. At the commencement of each year, after the vacation, in October, a confession of the year is made. At the beginning of each month there is a retreat for one day, ordinarily the first Sunday. *Direction* is twice a month. It is intercourse between each young man and his director for the purpose of making known his inward state. There is a general *retreat* after the vacation for eight days; in this no visits allowed; no letters received; no going out into the city. There are recreations, but the rest of the day is consecrated to prayer, to confession, and to sermons. Each has his own rule (règlement particulier,) which he draws up in concert with his confessor.

'The day, the hour, and the mode of using the following exercises, to be determined on with the director.

Private examination of oneself.
Confession.
Holy Communion.
Direction.
The monthly retreat.
La Monition.
Any special reading.
Accessory studies.

'What has been determined on by the director, relatively to the preceding exercises, is to be written in the "règlement particulier" of each.

'The main resolution necessary to insure the fruits of the seminary is fidelity to the "règlement," and especially to silence at the prescribed times, and to the holy employment of one's time.

'The virtues to be studied are, collectedness, the thought of the presence of God, modesty and good example, charity and humility, religion and fervour in the exercises of piety.

'The order of exercises for a day in the annual *retreat* is as follows:—

5 a.m. Rise; preparation for prayer; short visit to the Most Holy Sacrament.
5½. Prayer.
6½. Messe de communauté.
7. Preparation for general confession, or for that of the annual review, and especially for that of the time spent in the vacation.

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8. Breakfast.
8¼. Petites heures.
8¾. Reading, or "direction."
9¾. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
9¾. "Entretien."
10¼. "Délassement," during which there may be either reading or "direction."
11. Writing of one's resolutions, and then reading the prescribed chapters of Holy Scripture.
11¾. Private examination.
12. Dinner, followed by the Angelus, and recreation.
1¾. Vespers and Compline; recollecting of oneself, to examine how one has done the morning's exercises.
2¼. Reading, with meditation, of the chapters of the Imitation.
3¼. Visit to the Holy Sacrament.
3¾. "Entretien."
4¾. Matines and Lauds; writing of resolutions. Then "délassement," as in morning at 10¼.
6. Recitation of "chapelet," meditated.
6¾. A spiritual lecture.
7. Supper, followed by the Angelus, and recreation.
8¼. Prayer; examination of conscience.
9. Bed; making preparation for (the morning's) prayer.

'The following means are recommended for profiting by the "retreat."

'1. From its commencement have your "règlement particulier" approved by your director; agree with him on the employment of your time, on the subject of your reading, on the manner of preparing your confession.

'2. Read the chapter of the Holy Scripture and of the Imitation marked in the "Manual of Piety," and never omit this reading.

'3. Observe silence carefully, save at the time of recreation, and if you are obliged to speak, ask leave to do so.

'4. Do not read or write any letter.

'5. If you experience dryness, disgust, repugnance, discouraging thoughts, as generally happens in retreats, communicate them immediately to your director, and follow his advice, as the most assured means of overcoming temptations.

'6. If you have already made a general confession at the seminary, employ the time after mass till breakfast in examining yourself on the manner in which you have done your actions in the seminary the past year, how you have combated your defects and your ruling passion, and how you have practised the virtues which you proposed to acquire.

'7. Study especially inward recollectedness, confidence in our Lord, and in the Most Holy Virgin, serious and deep examination of your conscience, and a great desire "de faire un bon Séminaire."

'8. After the retreat tell your director your feelings and resolutions, and busy yourself immediately with drawing up your "règlement particulier."

'There are, moreover, retreats for eight days before each ordination. Exposition of the pontifical is given. Before the ordination of any individual is decided on, there are two "appels" to be gone through; 1st, that of outward conduct; 2d, that of inward conduct, decided by all the masters in common. If these are passed there is a third examination of himself and his fitness for the ministry to be gone through by the pupil in private. Fourthly, if he is thoroughly persuaded of his vocation, his confessor finally decides whether he shall be accepted for the ministry or rejected. The ordinary payment made by each pupil is 700 francs a year, but this,

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in case of necessity, or of promising persons, especially when recommended by bishops, is reduced to 400.

'In Lent one meal and one collation (a half meal) are allowed: the first at mid-day. Meat is permitted on Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays and Thursdays, by the archbishop's "mandement." Fridays and Saturdays are meagre days through the year, but not fasts. The other fasts of the year are very few, the greater number having been abolished by the Concordat. They are Christmas Eve, Whitsun Eve, S. Peter's Eve, the vigils of the Assumption and All Saints.'—Pp. 32—37.

The work is a hard and painful one:—

'M. Gaduel told me that the good professors of S. Sulpice receive no salary whatever. They live, he said, as children in a father's house, provided with everything they want, but they are not given money. If one has need of a coat, he asks for it, and has it. Should they be taken ill, and be unable to continue their functions, they will be supported and tenderly provided for all their days. They take no vows, and can leave when they please; and they retain whatever private property they may possess. Those who have none receive 100 francs a year for their charities; for you know, he said, they cannot go into the city without a sou. Thus their life is entirely detached from the cares of this world, from the desire of wealth, and all that attaches to it. Yet is it, from its sedentariness and severely abstract pursuits, as well as from the continued pressure on the heart and conscience, a trying life. Health, I imagine, is only maintained by the weekly relaxation of Wednesday, and the annual vacation of two months in August and September.'—P. 37.

These accounts present, without question, a rare and touching picture of self-devotion, of high appreciation of the responsibilities and duties of the Clergy, of zealous and disinterested efforts to fulfil them. Such hard work of charity cannot, we would fain hope, be thrown away even upon France, though nothing less than that could hold the ground of the church even for a generation, against the wild tumult of opinion, and the activity and talent of the infidel sects. The French Clergy have certainly done enough to entitle them to the sympathy and respect of Christendom. Whether they are doing enough to attain the great object of once more regaining and Christianizing the French people, time must show. Great as is our admiration of their staunch unflinching bravery, and limited as we feel our power to be of criticising what is at once so opposite to our own ways of acting, and excels exactly in those points where we are defective, we cannot hear the accounts which reach us of French ecclesiastical education without some misgivings. As a drill it seems admirable; and drill, in a clergy as in an army, is of the highest importance; and drill is precisely that in which our own Clergy are deficient; but drill in an army, and much less in a clergy, is not everything, and we cannot help thinking may be overdone. It is a perilous thing for a man to have to educate himself; but it is not less perilous to relieve him altogether of the charge of his own education. Other men may

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and were meant to help him in it; but we cannot think that they were meant to leave him nothing to do or to provide for, except to co-operate with them in will and obedience. The system of S. Sulpice, while it seems undoubtedly to promise obedience, subordination, and an average amount of knowledge, does not seem to promise power. Doubtless, a clergy with far lower qualifications than those provided for by S. Sulpice, may do good service in a flock ready formed and disposed to believe and obey: but the Church of France is now a Missionary Church, and has to *reconquer,* in an age not alone of corruption, but of bold and powerful thought. Her present system of education avoids the dangers which surrounded the freer and bolder systems of the middle ages and the early Church, but it also gives up their advantages. It provides for the poor, to its great praise be it spoken, with earnest and serious care; but, so far as we can see, it declines to cope with intellect and refinement.

We are quite aware that we are speaking at a disadvantage—a disadvantage which a foreigner never can entirely surmount in speaking of something so domestic, so complicated, so mysterious and unaccountable in its effects, as education, even if he sees with his own eyes. But we do not speak without authority. We do not know whether the French Clergy are altogether satisfied with their system of education, which is in principle, though not in detail, much the same as in most parts of Roman Catholic Europe; but in Italy, one writer at least of high authority, Rosmini, has complained in strong terms of its defectiveness, in some of the very points which are the first to strike an Englishman—that it is too much of a drill, and not enough of an education,—that it leaves too little to the pupil himself, and is too timid in trusting him,—that it confines him to systems, instead of allowing him to come in contact for himself with the great works of antiquity. In an appeal which he makes to his own brethren on the main evils which oppress the Church,[1] and in the front of which he places the 'separation of the people from the Clergy in public worship'—the cutting off the people from taking a full and intelligent part in it—he traces one of the main causes of these evils, and of this last one in particular to the imperfect instruction given by the Clergy; and this imperfection to the technical character of their own education, compared with the freer or more living system of early times, when bishops were the immediate teachers of the Clergy, and text-books had not supplanted the Bible and the Fathers. His remarks on catechisms, as at present in use, are strong; fully admitting the great value of conciseness and pre-

[1] 'Delle cinque piaghe della S. Chiesa, trattato dedicato al clero Cattolico: di Ant. Rosmini. Perugia, 1849.' (Preface dated 1832.)

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cision of statement in conveying Christian doctrine, and considering that this has been to a great degree attained in such books, he complains that this has in practice served only as a cloak for a jejune teaching, devoid of substance, fulness, and life:—

'The lack of a living and full instruction for the people . . . is the first cause of that wall of separation which is raised between them and the ministers of the Church. I say, "full and living instruction," for as regards material instruction, it is more abundant now, perhaps, than in other times. Catechisms are in every one's memory; these catechisms contain the dogmatic formulæ, those last expressions, the simplest and most precise, to which the united labours of all the doctors who have flourished in so many centuries have, with marvellous intellectual subtlety, and above all, with the aid of the Holy Spirit present in the councils, and ever speaking in the Church throughout the world, reduced the whole doctrine of Christianity. Such conciseness, such exactness in doctrinal expressions, is doubtless a step in advance. Words are become purely and entirely truth; a secure way is traced out, by which teachers may, without much study on their part, make the deepest and sublimest doctrines reach the ears of the faithful whom they instruct. . . . . But if it has been rendered easy to convey exact expressions to the ears of the faithful, has it become equally easy to make these expressions reach their minds, and sink down into their heart, which must be reached through their minds? Has this abridging of doctrine, this bringing the terms in which it is expressed to perfection and to the last dogmatic exactness, this fixing them unchangeably,—and making them the only ones,—has all this made these expressions more accessible to the common understanding? Is it not a question, on the contrary, whether a certain multiplicity and variety of expression is not a suitable means to convey to the minds of the multitude the knowledge of truth? . . . . Is it not true that a teacher who repeats what he does not understand himself, however careful he may be in repeating verbally what he has received, makes his hearers feel the chill on his lips. . . . . Nay, those formulæ, imperfect it may be, which in former times were used in teaching Christian doctrine, had perhaps in their very imperfection this good, that they did not communicate to mankind the truth whole and entire, but as it were broken into parts, and then the comment at length made up for the defect, if such there were, of the expressions, gathered up and united those parts of truth dismembered only in the external expression—or rather, truth gathered itself up, so to say, and became united in the minds and spirits of those whom it had penetrated, and there of itself built itself up and became complete. . . . It is true, that when a child is to be admitted to the greater sacraments of the Church, he is carefully examined whether he knows the principal mysteries. He recites the words; and this is a proof that he knows them. Yet is it not a question, whether the child who says by rote the words of the catechism, knows a bit more about those mysteries than he who has never heard these words? Has then the introduction in modern times of catechisms been more prejudicial than advantageous to the Church? Strange, indeed, would it be, if this were the result of an institution, which in itself promised so much. But we may say of these admirable abridgements of Christian teaching, what the Apostle said of the law of Moses, that they are certainly holy, and just, and good, that they are useful if a man use them lawfully. The fault is in man, not in the thing.'—Pp. 17, 18.

The following are his remarks on the practical working of the seminaries. After contrasting the difficulty in ancient times

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of finding masters, with the comparative facility now, he says:—

'Consider, on the other hand, how in the present day we abound, or think at least that we abound, in masters fit to instruct the Clergy in the doctrine and religion of Christ. Not only has every diocese its seminary, and in every seminary many masters, but out of our overflowing abundance, out of the exceeding facility which the Bishop has now in finding Priests to be teachers of his youthful Clergy, the masters are changed after a few years of teaching, by promotion to some less meagre benefice, while in their place are substituted others, entirely new men, who although they have not yet gained any experience of human affairs, nor finished yet their education in the principles of common sense in the school of social intercourse, have yet achieved the great course of the seminary schools, the *ne plus ultra* of modern ecclesiastical learning: after which the young ministers of the altar are without further delay set to work on their employments, and so honourably released from further study. Meanwhile the science of religion which these young masters had received in the seminary, broken up into parts, or rather confined to those parts which appeared most needful to enable them promptly and in actual practice to discharge the ecclesiastical offices required of priests, as a matter of simple duty, by the people and the government—this great science, I say, has acquired in the mind of the young priest neither root nor unity—has not penetrated in the least degree into his mind. He wants the sense of scientific knowledge—wants all true comprehension of it; he carries it fastened to him as it were, and hanging on his youthful memory, and it is precisely on account of this memory that he thinks himself more fit than a man of matured wisdom for the office of teacher .... Lastly, in times in which the amount of the salary attached to offices is a sufficiently sure indication by which to judge of the ability of the men who are employed in them, must we not feel considerable doubt about the knowledge possessed by the masters of our seminaries, to whose office is annexed so poor a provision, that often they seem to have reached the term of human ambition, when leaving the seminary, they attain to a parochial benefice, on which, beyond their tutorship, they have ever kept their eyes fixed.'—I'p. 36, 37.

We will further quote his observations on the systematic teaching in the seminaries; we do it the rather, because our defects being in the very opposite direction—in the want of text-books, and of a complete and consistent method of study—we are sometimes apt to expect more than is to be attained, from a plan of education which avoids these defects.

'Now if it is to such small men that the education of the Clergy is committed, it is no wonder that these teachers, removed from the writings of the saints and of the wise, use for their text-books works compiled, as their title-pages declare, *in usum juventutis*, by men of the same small calibre as themselves. For everything must be in proportion, part must correspond to part, and one fault leads to another: and this poverty and weakness of the books used in the schools, is precisely the third reason of the insufficiency of their education.

'There are two sorts of books. One are classical books, books of majesty, which comprehend the wisdom of the human race, written by the representatives of that wisdom—books where there is nothing arbitrary or unfruitful, either in the method or style or teaching; in which are stored up, not merely particular truths, in a word, erudition, but which set forth universal truths, those fruitful and wholesome doctrines, into which human nature

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has transfused its very self, with its feelings, its wants, and its hopes. There are other books, again, books of pettiness and detail, of mere individual interest, where all is poor and frigid, where truth which is boundless only appears in shreds, and in that shape in which a poor little mind could find room for it; where the author, exhausted by the labour of giving it birth, has only retained vigour enough to stamp on the book the sense of his toil, and a fainting life—books on which human nature when it issues from its pupillage, turns its back for ever, for it finds in them neither itself, nor its thoughts, nor its affections—yet books to which we obstinately and cruelly condemn our youth, which with a natural instinct rejects them, and too often, from a desire to exchange them for better, falls under the temptations of corrupt writings, or forms a determined aversion to study, or from the long violence it has suffered under the rigour of the schools, cherishes a hatred, secret, deep, life-long, against its masters, its superiors, its books, and the truths which the books contain—yes, a hatred, I say, not always clearly developed, but working continually under forms different from those of actual hatred—which clothes itself under all pretexts, which where it betrays itself, astonishes even him who is conscious of it, because he did not know that he had it, and cannot explain its cause—and which wears all the appearance of impiety or rude ingratitude towards teachers, otherwise excellent, and who have lavished so much care, so many words, so much affection, on their pupils.'—Pp. 37, 38.

Then after speaking of the educational books of the Church in former times,—the Bible first, then the writings of the Fathers, then the scientific abridgements of their teaching by the schoolmen, of which the *Summa Theologiæ* of S. Thomas Aquinas was the most perfect example,—and after noticing the advantages, and in his view greater disadvantages, which had attended on the scholastic method, he proceeds:—

'The schoolmen,' (he specially excepts S. Bernard and S. Bonaventura, who, he says, 'wrote with the dignity of the early Fathers,') 'the schoolmen had abridged Christian wisdom at the sacrifice of all that appeals to the heart, and that rendered it operative: their disciples, (and the disciples, once more be it said, are not greater than the masters,) continued to abridge it, by cutting off from it all that was most deep, most essential, and by waiving the mention of its great principles, under colour of facilitating its study, but in reality because they did not understand them in the least themselves. Thus they reduced it miserably to material formulæ, to isolated consequences, to practical directions, which the hierarchy cannot do without, if it wishes in the presence of the people to carry on the service of religion in the external way in which it has been done in times past. This is the fourth and last epoch in the history of the books used in Christian schools; the epoch of the theologians who succeeded the schoolmen. And by these steps, from Scripture, from the Fathers, from the schoolmen, and from the theologians, we have arrived at these portentous text-books which we use in our seminaries—books which yet inspire us with such a sense of our own wisdom, with such contempt for our ancestors—books which in the ages to come, wherein rest the hopes of the Church which can never perish, will, as I believe, be judged the most paltry and repulsive of all that has been written during the eighteen centuries which the Church has lasted,—books, to sum up all in a word, without life, without principles, without eloquence, and without method, though indeed in adaptation and regular disposition of their subjects, in which they make method to consist, their authors show that they have exhausted the whole power of their minds—

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books which not being composed for the heart, nor for the intellect, nor for the imagination, are not in truth books for Bishops or for Priests.

'But if little books and little men go together, can there from these two elements be formed a great school,—can there be an imposing method of teaching? No; and the defectiveness of the method is the fourth and last reason of this sore of the Church of which we are speaking—the insufficient education of the Clergy in our times.'

The view given to Mr. Allies by his friends of the social and religious condition of France, and of the obstacles in the way of improvement, is a dark one. But his informants speak also of great changes in their favour, both in the feeling of the mass of the population, and in the external circumstances of the Church. The utter dislocation and annihilation of all political ties, has in some respects, though by no means in all, facilitated the action of the Clergy. The following account is gathered by Mr. Allies from an evening conversation with some Parisian friends:—

'Last evening we dined with M. Defresne, a very clever, able, and energetic talker. . . . . We met l'Abbé Pététot, curé of S. Louis d'Antin, one of the parishes of Paris, with 18,000 inhabitants; he has eight curates, besides occasional assistance. They give the most astonishing account of the change which has taken place in France in the last fifteen years in religious matters. Formerly a young man dared not confess that he was a Christian, or show himself in a church; now the bitter sarcasm and ridicule with which all religious subjects were treated have passed away; earnestness has laid hold of the mind of the nation, and even those who are not Christians appear to be searching for the truth, and treat Christianity as a reality, and conviction with respect. Even now, *not one young man in a hundred is a Christian.* I asked l'Abbé Pététot particularly, if he felt sure of this proportion, and he confirmed it. Out of the thirty-two millions of French, they reckon two millions who are really Christians, practising confession; many of the others send for a priest in their last illness, confess, and receive the sacraments; but M. Defresne thought this very unsatisfactory, as we should. They are making great exertions to christianize the class of workmen, the great majority of whom are not even nominally believers. You may judge of their life by the fact that they live with many different women in common, sometimes after a time selecting one of these, and confining themselves to her, but without legitimate marriage. The Church has gained about fifteen hundred of this class out of a hundred thousand in Paris, and worked a great reformation. At S. Sulpice they have every other Sunday a meeting of these, called conférences, at which they are addressed by different persons, clergy or lay, on religious, moral, or instructive subjects. We went to the meeting on Sunday night, and were much pleased with what we saw and heard. Their minds are laid hold of and interested; by drawing together they get a sense of union and the force of numbers, and are encouraged by each other's progress; they see their superiors in knowledge and station exerting themselves for their improvement. L'Abbé Pététot told us he had preached *eighty* times last Lent, seven times in one day. This is entirely without note. Their labour must be very great. His manner of speaking is very pleasing, and I think the priests generally speak with great propriety, and with an abundance and arrangement of matter which is not common with us. We have just returned from a visit to M. Martin Noirlieu, once subpreceptor of the Duke de Bordeaux, and now a curé at Paris. He has been

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in England, and speaks favourably of us. He thinks there is much good and real religion in the people of England, though very defective, and though the Church is suffering under many abuses. He said they computed that the Bishop of London received as much as all the French Bishops put together. The state of things here is totally different from what it is with us. There is no state religion, no temptation whatever to pretend to be a Christian if you are not. The consequence is, that there is little hypocrisy; infidelity is openly professed by a great number. On the other hand, the believers are so from real conviction, and generally after a personal conversion; there are comparatively few hereditary Christians.

'The Church is gradually gaining, but much more in the higher than in the lower ranks. There are 800 priests in Paris; they want 400 more; before the great Revolution there were 5,000.'—Pp. 112—115.

Some of them took a hopeful view of the Revolution:—

'*Wednesday, August* 2.—Called on M. L'Abbé Pététot. The last revolution has had a happy effect on the side of religion. The utmost respect has been paid to the priests; they have never ceased a moment to go abroad *en soutane*. In 1830 they were obliged to give this up for two years, and only recovered popularity by their devotion to the sick in the time of the cholera. But now they have come to the priest to bless the trees of liberty. He had blessed six. They even went in procession with the Cross, which is contrary to the laws, and woe to him who did not take off his hat. But this is the only good side of the late movements. Commerce is at a standstill; and the very boutiquiers talk freely of the necessity of having a king. Paris subsists by articles of *luxe*, and a republic is not favourable to these. But what is coming nobody can see. In the riots of June, the insurgents had possession of the church of S. Paul, in the Faubourg S. Antoine. The curé induced them to go elsewhere; and, before leaving the church, they came to him for his blessing, saying they were going to fight: and so they went forth to kill and be killed. But all the middle class—the bourgeoisie—is profoundly hostile to religion: they will do anything to prevent its gaining influence. Although liberty of teaching would follow naturally from the principles of the republic, yet the Assembly has just passed a law on primary instruction as bad as can be; and another on secondary instruction will follow like it. Religion does not make any way with these classes; money is their idol. A workman or poor woman will give five francs to a charity, where these people think much of ten sous.'—Pp. 266, 267.

The total alteration of political circumstances is given as the explanation of the readiness of the Clergy to go along, as was noticed at the time, with the revolutionary feeling. The following words express what all must have felt who have paid attention to French politics:—

'As we went home with M. Le Normand, he observed on the misconception of their position by the Quarterly lately, which seemed shocked at the acceptance of the republic by the Church; as if it was possible to do anything else. I said it was a sentiment of loyalty among us, which dictated that feeling. "*Loyalty*," he replied, "is entirely extinct in France; it is a fiction, and it is useless to attempt to conjure it up." '—Pp. 270, 271.

Extinct, indeed, we fear, even in its etymological sense, and yet the Church is not considered to have gained all the freedom which would be the fair counterbalance for the loss of political strength. M. Galais is asked:—

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'Will the Jesuits get more liberty of action under the Revolution? He thought not. There was no disposition to apply the principles of liberty either to the Jesuits or the other religious orders. They had the reputation of being very "habiles;" and "habiles" they certainly were, but not so much as they were esteemed. He doubted if they had been wise under Louis Philippe's government; it was known that in their colleges out of France, Brugelette for instance, devotion to the elder branch was inculcated. Now, the wise course seemed to be to accept the government de facto, as the fathers of the Church did. They troubled themselves very little who was emperor. Had the Jesuits done so, they would not have been suspected by Louis Philippe; and so, perhaps, would have had colleges entrusted to them. I asked what the actual position of the Church with regard to the state was. "There are," he said, "in the Assembly sixty—it may be as many as a hundred—good Catholics; but all the rest are indifferent, or even hostile to us. The immense majority are bent on resisting the influence of religion." "It seems to me then," I said, "a kind of miracle that you subsist at all." "It is so," he replied. "The thing in our favour is that, small minority of the nation as we are, we are firm, compact, and banded together, while our enemies are divided in every way. They have no common principle, and so they have a dread of us, a fear of our succeeding in winning back the nation to religion, by which they would fall into a minority. The real feeling which influences this unbelieving mass is the lust of domination; they have got their feet on the neck of religion, and they mean to keep it there. For this reason they will allow no liberty of teaching if they can help it." "But I suppose you have won ground since 1802; have you not?" I said. "We have won and we have lost," he replied. "Doubtless the Clergy are better constituted now; there is a great devotion among them. Our bishops are in the main well chosen, and do their duty. They understand the crisis, and are fully convinced that they must fight the battle stoutly, and make no concession. But, on the other hand, in 1802, though religion had been overthrown, and impiety had publicly triumphed, yet the great mass of the nation had received a Christian education. It is the reverse now; this mass is now unbelieving, they have not been brought up as Christians, their first impressions were not in favour of religion." "You are then as missionaries among unbelievers," I said. "Precisely so. And this enormous unbelieving mass has the greatest jealousy of us. We only ask fair play; liberty, not privileges; and this they will do every thing to keep from us. They are making, quietly but definitely, efforts to secularise, as they call it, the education of girls; that is, knowing the importance of first impressions, and of the female sex on society, they would take this primary education out of religious hands. There are infernal plots abroad. They dread us, and have a feeling, that if we were allowed a fair trial we should win our ground. I am convinced that we should reconquer France if we were only allowed liberty of action. Even the multitude who seek to satiate themselves in sensual enjoyments, even these come to us sooner or later for aid. Few after all can gain these enjoyments, and those who do, feel that they have not reached what they were seeking for. And then in the young Clergy I am continually seeing instances of the most touching generosity and devotion. Many give up fair prospects, and fortunes, and surrender themselves wholly to their ministry."'—Pp. 272—274.

But with all these discouragements, they still pride themselves, and with reason, on being the most energetic branch of the Roman communion. 'I asked M. Galais,' says Mr. Allies, 'which nation in the Roman Church was at present most

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'conspicuous for its missionary exertions. He said, the French 'by far; there are ten French for one Italian missionary.' And so the Père Ravignan:—

'He agreed with M. Galais in thinking that France was at present that part of the Roman Church in which there was most movement. "Italy is always the head and heart: there are, and always have been, there many ecclesiastics of a holy life. Still it cannot be doubted that a certain reform is wanted there—a reform, of course, to be wrought *by* the Church, and not in separation from her. This is only saying that where there are men, there is a natural tendency to degenerate. We have passed through this reform in France." I asked whether he thought, if liberty of teaching were granted, that the Church would regain the mass of the population. He hesitated. A certain effect would doubtless be produced: the mere establishment of a house of education in every diocese would be a considerable step. It was very difficult to know the number of practising Catholics in France. There were not above two millions of Protestants. Out of the million of Parisians there might be from a hundred to a hundred and fifty thousand who communicated at Easter, men, women and children: of women one half were Catholic; of men, perhaps one-twentieth. Paris was one of the worst places in France; so, again, the North generally, and the centre, Bourges, Berri, le Nivernois. On the other hand, in Bretagne and the South, religion was much more general.'—Pp. 278, 279.

It is remarkable to observe that the centralization of everything in Paris which is so observable in other things, is spoken of as true of religion also:—

'*Monday, July* 7.—We called on M. Defresne; much struck by his conversation. He said all that was best in religion was at Paris: out of a million of inhabitants there were 300,000 going to mass, and 50,000 *practising* Christians; this was the kernel of religion in the country, the pure gold.'—P. 41.

Mr. Allies has collected some interesting and striking information with respect to the Missions of the French Church. The following is the account of one of the congregations, to which are entrusted the missions in the Pacific:—

'The Abbé Coudrin gathered by degrees a number of young persons round him, and succeeded in setting his Congregation on foot, which was recognised in 1817 by Pius VII. In the year 1837 he died, having witnessed many establishments of his Congregation in France; the foundation of one at Valparaiso: many of his disciples evangelising the Polynesian islands, and two of his children bishops, M. Bonamie, first Bishop of Babylon, and then Archbishop of Smyrna, and M. Rouchouze, Vicar Apostolic of Eastern Oceania. On his death the former was chosen for the government of the Congregation by its general chapter.

'At present the Congregation has, besides twenty-four establishments in France, two houses in Chili, and two in Belgium; one at Louvain, the other at Enghien, for instruction of youth. It has about one hundred missionaries, priests and catechists, in the Sandwich Islands, the Marquesas, Oceania, and elsewhere.

'The object of the institution is to retrace the four periods of our Lord's life: His infancy, His hidden life, His evangelical life, and His crucified life.

'With respect to our Lord's infancy, gratuitous schools are kept for poor children; and larger schools, to which a certain number of young persons

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is admitted free of charge, according to the resources of each establishment. Those intended for the Church are here prepared for their sacred functions.

'As to our Lord's hidden life, all members of the Congregation are to imitate it by repairing in the perpetual adoration, day and night, of the Most Holy Sacrament, the wrongs done to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and of Mary, by the sins which are committed.

'Priests imitate our Lord's evangelical life by the preaching of the Gospel, and by missions.

'Lastly, all members of the Congregation should recall, so far as in them lies, our Saviour's crucified life, by practising with zeal and prudence works of Christian mortification, specially in the mastery of their senses.

'In 1833 Gregory XVI. entrusted to the Society of Picpus the missions of Eastern Oceania.

'There are houses for the novitiate at Issy, near Paris, at Louvain, and at Graves, near Villefranche. It continues not more than eighteen, nor less than twelve months. Here are priests and candidates for the priesthood, preparing themselves to live under the laws of religious obedience, and to devote themselves either to the instruction of youths, or to missions, or to the direction of souls, in the post assigned to them by their obedience; or to deeper studies, which shall enable them to serve the faith according to the talents God has given them.

'Young men and adults likewise are received, who, without being called to the ecclesiastical state, wish to consecrate themselves to God for the advancement of His glory, and the assuring of their own salvation by the practice of religious virtues.

'Priests besides, and laymen, are received as boarders, who, desirous not to remain in the world, wish to prepare themselves in retirement, and the practice of the virtues of their estate, for their passage from time to eternity.

'This society has just applied to the government for permission to send out chaplains with those who shall be transported for their participation in the late revolt. I do not know a higher degree of charity than this; and many other priests have inscribed themselves for this service.

'In the chapel we saw one of the brethren continuing the perpetual adoration of the Holy Sacrament.

'The Archbishop spoke in terms of great contempt of the ignorance of the Greeks; and likewise anticipated a large conversion of the Turks, whenever liberty of conscience is allowed. He had just sent out some missionaries to Oceania.'—Pp. 211—214.

The French Church can boast of martyrs among her Missionaries. In Cochin China a Missionary Bishop, M. Borie, and some of his priests, as well as many among their converts, went through agonizing sufferings, and gained their crown. Heroism in France is not monopolized by the army or the mob; and any Church might well be proud of such noble brethren. Yet the tone in which Mr. Allies' friends are represented as speaking in reference to them, suggests the thought that self-complacency is an infirmity which even French Clergymen find it hard to eradicate. Take the following remarks of M. Parisis, Bishop of Langres:—

'"You must not look for the faith among the mass of the people here, for they have it not, but in religious houses, foreign missions, Catholic institutions, &c. You have not had martyrs, I think, in the last twenty years: we have had many; and it is remarkable to observe how entirely

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the scenes of the first ages have been reproduced; the Spirit of Christ has given birth to precisely the same answers to questions put to martyrs as of old by the spirit of the devil; and torments as terrible, tearing of the flesh, and hewing in pieces, have been borne. I was dining not long ago at the Foreign Missions, and was saying that the life of a Missionary in China was not good, when all present cried out at once, clapping their hands: 'Oh, yes; but it is good—it is good.' French Missionaries have subsisted," he continued, "for a long time without even bread, which is much for us, though not for you; while yours go out with wife and children pour faire le commerce." '—Pp. 195, 196.

We will add one extract more, giving an account of one of the modes in which the French Clergy meet the infidelity of the lower orders. We must not of course judge such a scene by English feelings. The French mind in its most serious and earnest moods, oscillates on the edge of a laugh, and easily recovers from it; and it may require a bold and startling, and even in itself hazardous system, to cope with that mixture at once of outward levity and terrible meaning, which has turned the Gospels into a Socialist text-book, and parodied Lionardo da Vinci's 'Last Supper,' as a Socialist banquet:—

'In the evening we went to the Ecole des Frères Chrétiens, 6 Rue de Fleurus, and were conducted by some of the brethren to the most extraordinary scene we have witnessed in France. It was a meeting held in the parish church of S. Marguerite, to give prizes to the assiduous members of the society of S. François Xavier, which is composed of artizans, who attend periodically to be instructed. After Vespers and Compline, Monseigneur the Archbishop of Chalcedoine was introduced, under whom the séance was held. The curé then briefly stated the course of proceedings, and presently commenced a dispute between M. l'Abbé Massard, prêtre directeur, and M. l'Abbé Croze, on the subject whether there were or were not miracles; the former maintaining the negative, the latter the affirmative. The usual philosophical objections were put by l'Abbé Massard, very fairly and with great vivacity, and were answered by l'Abbé Croze with vivacity still greater and superior ingenuity. Constant approbation and laughter attended both question and answer, there being a large number of women outside the barrier in the aisles, the workmen members occupying the nave, and all seemed to relish to the utmost the nature of the colloquy. It was, indeed, extremely well imagined to convey to minds of that class a ready answer to specious philosophical objections against the truth of religion; and, though no doubt previously arranged by the two disputants, had all the air of being poured forth with extreme volubility on the spur of the moment. To give a notion of the thing:—" M. Massard proposed the subject of Miracles; and on being asked, What about miracles? said, he should dispute against them. L'Abbé Croze asked him what he meant by miracles. M. Massard began, personating an eager and hasty infidel, with a rough account of them. 'I don't mean to give a philosophical definition; I mean what every body means—an extraordinary thing, such as one never saw—in fact, an impossible thing.' L'Abbé Croze complained that this was too vague, and gave his own definition—'an act surpassing human power, and out of the ordinary course of nature, and which consequently must be referred to some supernatural power.' L'Abbé Massard then made a speech of some length about the impossibility of miracles, and the absurdity of some that were found in history,

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and concluded by denying all. M. Croze made him begin to repeat his arguments one by one, saying, he would then serve him as Horatius did the Curiatii. M. Massard said, in repetition, 'God cannot work a miracle, for it would be a disorder; it would be against his own laws,' &c. L'Abbé Croze said, 'he could not see why He, who makes the sun rise every day, might not stop it one day, as the maker of a watch can stop the watch. A miracle is no exertion of force in the Almighty, no more than for one who walks to stop walking an instant,' &c. M. Massard changed his ground, and"—*M.*—urged Hume's argument, that even if a miracle were acted before our eyes, we could have no proofs that it was a miracle equal in force to the antecedent improbability that a miracle would be done. M. Croze pulled this to pieces, to the great amusement of the auditory. "What," said he, "can anything be more ridiculous than to tell me that proofs are wanted, when a miracle is done before my eyes? If I see a man whom I well know in the last stage of sickness, witness afterwards his death and burial, and, a year or two after that, that man reappears before my eyes, do I want any proof of the miracle? If I meet an ass in the street and say to him, Ass, speak, philosophize; and he forthwith opens his mouth and argues, do I want any proof that it is a miracle? If I meet an ox going along, and I say, Ox, fly; and he flies, do I want proof of the miracle? If one evening all the women in Paris were to become dumb, and could not speak,"—here a burst of laughter broke from all parts of the church, and it was some time before the orator triumphant could proceed.' —Pp. 64—66.

'Such was the nature of this conference between M. Massard and M. Croze, which latter had a countenance remarkable for finesse, and subtilty, and comic humour. Profaneness to the church was supposed to be guarded against by stretching a curtain before the altar at some little distance.

'This was followed by an energetic and rhetorical sermon from L'Abbé Frappaz, on the love of Christ, and on faith, hope, and charity, which was listened to with great attention, and applauded more than once. "After this they sang 'Monstra te esse matrem' to a lively hopping air."—*M.*

'Then came a long distribution of prizes, in books and pictures, to the most attentive members, which were delivered to each by the Archbishop of Chalcedoine, while at intervals the choir struck out verses of a hymn in honour of S. Francis Xavier, which was echoed through the church. In the meantime the curtain had been withdrawn, and the altar brilliantly lighted up for a salut pontificalement célébré. This, however, we did not stay for, as it was already past ten.'—Pp. 69, 70.

Our extracts are but specimens of the various matters connected with religion and education in France, on which details, many of them very interesting, are collected in Mr. Allies's Journal. The general impression left is one highly favourable to the zeal, energy, and self-devotion of the French Clergy where Mr. Allies came in contact with them; that is, in the great cities of the North. We are less satisfied with his account of their explanations of theological difficulties, or of the perplexities of their political position,—points, no doubt, where both parties, the stranger and the native, are almost equally at a disadvantage in conversation. The information is conveyed apparently in the same rough form in which it took shape in the writer's note-book, so that it is scattered, often incomplete, and often wanting explanation. But these disadvantages of form

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are counterbalanced by the force and truthfulness which accompany the first notings of immediate impressions. One remark more we must make. Mr. Allies must be considered as a partial observer. It may be asked, it is true, Who is not? And certainly the spirit in which he made his inquiries is incalculably higher than that which influences our travelling countrymen in general. Yet the disposition to put a favourable construction on every thing is as visible in him, as the contrary disposition is as obvious in others; and he would have produced, we think, a better and more convincing book, if he had allowed himself more freedom of judgment, and not thwarted altogether the natural suspiciousness of a foreigner in his strong efforts to be perfectly fair, and to keep down insular and English prejudices.

One word, in conclusion, in reference to such peace-making attempts. In saying a word on such a subject as the re-union of the Church, we would not willingly forget that we are speaking of matters which hold the first place in the councils of Perfect Wisdom and All-controlling Power,—of that Divine Charity, whose last prayer was for the unity of His Church. Standing between those great communions which we believe to be the branches of the Universal Church, an individual must be very insensible who does not feel the insignificance of his position when appearing to arbitrate between them, and to judge of their awful interests and awful claims. Little, indeed, it is, that man can judge about them; little that he can do or say with clearness and confidence; and he must be very narrow-minded, or very bold, who does not feel himself cowed and fettered in the presence of these great questions—so heart-searching, and so dark. But what individuals judge right, and recommend, individuals may criticize. Further, God forbid that any word of ours should discountenance or damp that desire for unity which all true Churchmen ought to feel as an instinct, or should check any hope which rests on God's promise and power, and not on man's wishes or forecastings. But those who feel most deeply the desire for unity, and pray for it morning, and mid-day, and evening, cannot force on, by any effort of theirs, that which God sees not fit to grant. They certainly can act for themselves if they please; but the present re-union of the Church, so far as we can judge of men and circumstances, is not an object that any man, or set of men, can with reason hope to bring about. There is nothing in the aspect of things to lead us to hope that God will accord it yet. Who can say that he sees his way towards it? Plainly, before it could be, even in the hollow and diplomatic form in which it has been sometimes tried, circumstances must widely change; plainly, they must change far more widely, if it is to be a re-union in heart and spirit. To

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speak only of the West,—union, in the terms of the Roman Church, means simply submission; her strength would seem to be forfeited by concession; she can only pardon, not negotiate. The English Church is certainly not more disposed to surrender than the Roman is to treat. Both have too strong a case; both are too deeply founded in actual fact, and each is fully sensible of the weak points of the other. There is a dead lock: it is difficult to see what direct efforts can be made to disentangle it. The change must be from within—by a softening and inclining within, not by impulse from without. This has been said often, but is not less true. We must change, and they must change, and both improve, before any direct or immediate measures can be dreamed of. Till then, we can but prepare, as best we may, by preparing ourselves. This is the most we can do; this at any rate, this alone, will not be done in vain. But one thing is quite plain, that it will not be hastened on either side by what exasperates without persuading. It will not be hastened on either side by what throws men on their self-defence, by the arts of controversialists; nor, we must say, will it be helped on our own, by exaggerated unbalanced self-depreciation, by conceding for the English Church, in tone and language, to those who will concede nothing. If the English Church has a good standing ground in controversy,—if she is the only body which has a chance of maintaining Catholic truth in our strongly marked and peculiar race,—if she is worth working in, and improving, she is worth defending; and her defence, as a system, is subject to the same conditions as that of any other system; it cannot bear, to any unlimited extent, concessions or assaults from within. Men have corporate duties. If the claims of the English Church come in competition with those of the Universal Church, this means that her case is given up; but if Rome and England are between themselves, as we believe them to be, but two parts of the Universal Church, the claims against which England sets hers, are not those of the whole but of a part; and none of us have a right to transfer to that part, however imposing, however united, the reverence and prerogatives of the whole.

While, then, Rome maintains her present position of unbending hostility, no other position is possible for the English Church but one of watchful reserve; and if forced to it, resolute self-defence. This is the simple necessity of the case, supposing her to have any meaning at all in her cause. Beyond this, however, parties or individuals may feel her own attitude does not go: within this, however, her feeling and tone cannot but be affected by the policy and language of others towards her. She wants neither the moral temper nor the dogmatic

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creed which in themselves would lead her to sympathise with those parts of the Church which are separated from her; which are tending ever to the re-union of shattered Christendom; but here, as in other things, it is plain that sympathy, co-operation, re-union, depend on many other conditions besides those of essential agreement in general principles, — in temper and belief. What is true every day in the case of individuals, is not less true in the case of bodies of men—it does not require *great* differences to keep them apart: the least are often the most impracticable. While the claims of Rome remain what they are, it is too much to require from the English Church, or from members of it, more than that personal sympathy which good and Christian men naturally excite in those who wish to follow the same steps which they are following.

Meanwhile, whatever tends to make either side realize personal excellence in the other, which brings it before men in visible and individual shape, tends to that softening of hearts which must precede the work of the peace-maker. Such an exhibition will produce its effect in proportion as it is, not merely striking, but natural and unstudied, and will fail in proportion as it appears one-sided, or arranged for a purpose; but it is in danger of being simply useless, if it bears, or can be made to bear, a controversial aspect,—if the contemplation of foreign excellence not only goes along with an ignoring of foreign defects, but with a keen and unrelenting exposure of domestic ones. If great and good deeds are presented, not merely as an answer to ignorance and calumny, but as a warrant for things which our knowledge and religious instinct shrink back from, they do at the utmost but perplex,—they certainly cannot attract; and if they are thrown in our face, and made matters of reproach and argument to silence us, no one can be surprised if men turn their eyes to the other side of the picture—for another side there surely is.

But we should have thought that in the present state of European society, it was no time on any side for irritating contrasts. The materials for them are no doubt abundant, and perhaps tempting—contrasts drawn on one's own principles, and on those of our opponents—contrasts between systems and between results—between profession and practice. We know enough to make them more circumstantial, and therefore more telling than formerly; but we have as yet seen no proof that we know enough to make them fair ones; and all sides will do well not to trust either for attack or defence, to a mode of argument which acts indeed strongly on the imagination at the moment, but which a change of circumstances may falsify to-morrow.

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ART. VII.—1. *A History of Ecclesiastical Architecture in England. By* GEORGE AYLIFFE POOLE, M.A., *Vicar of Welford.* London: Masters. 1848.

2. *A History of Architecture. By* EDWARD A. FREEMAN, M.A., *late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford.* London: Masters. 1849.

THE new *Renaissance*—the revival of Gothic architecture in our own times—is, under whatever aspect it is regarded, a remarkable phenomenon. During the last fifteen years a complete change has been in progress in the taste and feelings of the more educated classes, with respect to the proprieties of religious architecture; the architecture, that is, of churches and colleges, parsonages, hospitals, and schools. The Pointed style, from being simply ridiculed, became, first, an object of curious and scientific inquiry; next, it began to be eclectically imitated, though without any discriminating perception of its principles; then, as if in indignation—implicit rather than explicit—at the monstrosities which pretended to the name of Gothic, many different classes of thinkers and explorers applied themselves to the investigation and vindication of its rightful claims and merits. The late Mr. Hope led the way, in his 'Historical Essay,' by laying down, with a perspicuity still unrivalled, broad and philosophical foundations for the historical study of architecture and for the successful understanding of the genius and capacities of its several styles. Dr. Whewell and Professor Willis, from a different quarter, brought their great scientific acquirements to bear on the examination of the constructional laws of the mediæval styles; while Mr. Pugin, in the Roman communion, and the writers of the 'Cambridge Camden Society' in our own, devoted themselves to the discovery and the assertion of all that was not merely mechanical and exoteric in architectural study—in other words, of the 'True Principles' of Gothic architecture, of its symbolical or esoteric significance, its 'Sacramentality,' and, in particular, its ritualistic developments and adaptations. Meanwhile, Mr. Petit and Mr. Gally Knight were doing excellent service by contributing a knowledge of foreign buildings, which has since materially corrected the too narrow and insular views maintained at first by the last-named writers: and Mr. Bloxam and the author of the 'Glossary of Architecture,' among others, were scarcely less usefully employed in collecting and arranging facts, and familiarizing us with details. To this list, those of our readers who are at all interested in these pursuits will add the names of other writers,

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valuable in their way, who have thrown light on particular subsidiary departments of this wide subject.

All this, however, would have been vain, and perhaps impossible, without a contemporaneous and nearly parallel development in architectural practice. Our limits would not allow us to trace this at any length: suffice it to compare the Pointed of Rickman's buildings at S. John's College, Cambridge, with S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, by Mr. Butterfield; Mr. Vulliamy's church at Highgate with Mr. Scott's at Camberwell; Mr. Barry's church of S. Peter at Brighton with S. Paul's in the same town by Mr. Carpenter; Mr. Chantrell with Mr. Derick in the parish-church and S. Saviour's at Leeds.

Now we shall not, we believe, be thought enthusiasts, if we express our opinion that the extraordinary revival we have so succinctly traced has been permitted, for some worthy end, by Divine Providence. For precisely at the time when the Church of England was awakening from its long sleep, and beginning to expand and grow in a measure to which, since the primitive ages, the history of the Church affords no parallel, the art of architecture—the eldest of the sister handmaids of the Church—itself revived to tender its services when most needed. The almost incredible number of churches built, within our own memories, in England, created—to use the language of the day—a demand which was pretty sure to be supplied. But how? Humanly speaking, some one of the effete pseudo-classical styles, or some degraded parody of Gothic, or even some conventicular type, might have been perpetuated among us. It is surely a matter for earnest gratitude, that the Church of England should have, almost instinctively, avoided all these dangers, and should now be provided with an architecture—every day becoming more fully recognised as its own—which, like its doctrine, is no new invention, but a return to its old inheritance; —a vigorous descendant of the art which raised Salisbury, Lincoln, and Westminster so many centuries ago for our predecessors in the faith.

The moment when church-building received so extraordinary an impulse, proved to be a happier epoch for the Church than when Wren was called upon to rebuild London. A hundred and fifty years had quite worn out the mischievous school of that great man: and no single architect of any deserved eminence was at hand to impress a character on the rising movement. Churches began to be built in all directions, but exhibiting a chaotic confusion of plans and styles and arrangements. The Church, in its greatest need, seemed to be without a religious and appropriate architecture; and had any of those, to whose exertions we more immediately attribute the resuscitation

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of a pure Gothic style among us, been able to foresee the extent of the movement they were trying to control and direct, their hearts, we think, would have failed them at the prospect. Happily, they did not see it: they enunciated principles full of the vitality of truth; and these have worked their own way and have triumphed. There can be no reasonable doubt, at the present time, that the great majority of the intelligent members of the Church of England are persuaded of at least two fundamental positions:—that the Pointed style is the most proper kind of architecture for a religious structure; and that a church is not merely an *auditorium*, but a building arranged according to certain essential principles, for the proper performance of united prayer and of a liturgical worship. The importance of these points, already gained, can be hardly overrated. That they *are* gained, every one's own experience may testify. The same principles too are gradually pervading the Colonial, and have taken root in the American Church. Nor is there any reason to suppose that their extension has reached its limit. We are not concerned now with foreign countries, but it is a remarkable and significant fact, that in many of them, before the last fatal year of revolutions, an analogous revival was in progress. Whatever may be reserved, however, for the Continental Churches, we believe that we may humbly but hopefully anticipate such an advance of architectural art in our own communion, that we shall be able to look back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, in this particular, without either envy or regret.

And this consideration enables us to feel less surprise and sorrow than we often hear expressed, at the present comparative backwardness of religious sculpture and painting in this country. It is true that Gibson, though the most hopeful name we know of, has as yet scarcely shown the least capacity for true Christian sculpture; while Overbeck, Steinle, and Führich have still no English disciples; and while Dyce, Herbert, and Eastlake have not yet satisfied the high expectations many have ventured to form of them. But architecture ought to precede its ancillary arts; and we believe that whenever we shall really want their aid—whenever mere church extension shall be no longer our first, if not only, duty—the decorative arts will follow their mistress *pari passu*. Meanwhile, such works as those from the pen of Lord Lindsay, Mrs. Jameson, and others, which have obtained so deserved a popularity, are doubtless signs of the future, and are preparing the way for developments of these arts yet to come.[1]

[1] We regret that the last-issued numbers of the series of plates published by the Society for the Distribution of Religious Prints are so very inferior in execution, as well as in spirit and design, to the three specimens which first appeared.

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To return from this digression—the literature of the new architectural *Renaissance* is by no means exhausted by the works mentioned above as those which had mainly contributed to the earlier stages of its progess. Professor Willis's successive histories of so many of our most celebrated cathedrals, distinguished by an extraordinary intelligence and penetration, have directly, as well as indirectly, been of a value which it would be difficult to overrate. Mr. Webb's 'Continental Ecclesiology,' already noticed in these pages, has opened a new and wide field for speculation and generalization. The two volumes which form the subject of the present article, Mr. Poole's 'Ecclesiastical Architecture in England,' and Mr. Freeman's 'History of Architecture,' have been published almost simultaneously within the last few months, and claim from us an immediate notice, as well by their own pretensions and importance, as by the general interest with which the topics of which they treat are regarded. And we may fairly anticipate still more contributions from the press: in proof of which we may add that, even since the preparation of this article, the author of 'Modern Painters' has given the world a fanciful but very suggestive volume under the strange title of 'The Seven Lamps of Architecture.'

For in fact the Pointed revival is still in progress, and no man can foresee its term. Ten years hence many of our own assertions may be shown to have been false, or but partially true; our predictions may be proved to be erroneous, and results, at present quite unexpected, may have followed upon causes now in undiscerned operation. This must be taken into account by our readers, even when we speak positively to the best of our present judgment; more especially when we call attention to the present state of the architectural parties—to use so dignified a word—which respectively invite our adhesion.

It is hard to decide, at the present moment, whether the science of church architecture is in as hopeful a state as we could wish, or whether it is suffering a temporary check. Practically we incline to the former view: but the want of union among most of those who claim to be working for a common object is very conspicuous to an unprejudiced observer. Although all seem to wish it, no organization has yet been framed for the combination of so many independent efforts into one powerful

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This step backwards, this falling short of what might have been expected from the earlier numbers, is altogether a bad sign, though the whole undertaking has too much of a mercantile aspect. Another series of a less pretending kind, but equally well intentioned, 'Sears' Scripture Prints,' is a contemptible failure: it is very likely that the projectors meant well, but those entrusted with the execution are entirely ignorant of a single principle in religious art.

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engine. The various bodies among us betray, not unfrequently, a considerable jealousy of one another, and seldom or never unite even for purposes independent of their peculiar opinions. For instance, the recent whitewashing of the mural paintings discovered at S. Cross,—said to be of remarkable beauty,—by order of the Earl of Guildford, (a name on other grounds of no good omen to the Church,) who, as we have seen it stated, would not even permit an artist engaged in copying them to complete his task before they were effaced—excited no comment, no remonstrance, from archæologists, ecclesiologists, or mere architects, separately or united.

Let us hope for some better understanding; and we would gladly contribute to such a result by any means in our power. Differences of principle cannot be healed by a compromise: but differences of detail may be. One fertile source of disagreement of the latter kind is as to the principle of classification and the consequent nomenclature of the Gothic styles. Now this dispute positively hinders the success of architectural study. In the observations we shall make on this subject, we heartily wish that, if we should be thought to adduce any good reasons for adhering to one of the three rival nomenclatures before the world, the advocates of the others would, for the sake of the manifest advantages of unanimity, wave their own prejudices.

Mr. Freeman, in his Introduction, speaks at much length on the two chief schools that prevail among the students of church architecture, and comes forward as the originator of what would be, in some measure, a third one, occupying a middle place between them. He distinguishes especially, we said, two schools, which he appropriately designates the Archæological, and the Ecclesiological. He might probably have added the pure architecturalists; to which Dr. Whewell, Professor Willis, Mr. Petit, and perhaps Mr. Poole properly belong. Mr. Freeman himself differs *toto cœlo* from the archæologists, to whom he is an unsparing and persevering enemy, though he is found occasionally fighting on their side, (on wholly different grounds, however,) against the ecclesiological nomenclature of styles. But all his respect and sympathy are reserved for this latter school, whose motives and principles have never been more eloquently and more generously defended than in the volume before us. His immediate object, which is, as he defines it, 'to give in the strictest sense a history 'of the science of architecture, as a contribution, however humble, 'to the philosophy of art,' (p. 7,) justifies him, however, in declaring that his history has too wide a scope to be regarded as a merely ecclesiological work: and thus he is the better able to take up an independent position, and to suggest an original

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classification in place of that employed by those writers with whom, in other points, and in general sentiments, he is anxious to show that he coincides. We quote the following extract from his Preface:—

'No one can deny the direct and most important benefits conferred upon architectural science by the ecclesiological school. I do not think they can be fairly charged with introducing into architectural studies, matters unconnected therewith; architecture is only an incidental feature in their pursuits, just as it is in those of archæologians. The two studies, differing in other respects, have a common point, and each, viewing that common point from its own position, treats it accordingly. If I consult the "Ecclesiologist" on an architectural question, I have no right to complain if I find the information I am searching for side by side with an article on Gregorian Chants, any more than if a similar search in the "Archæological Journal" brings me into the vicinity of a discourse on bronze celts or Roman pottery. Neither the chants nor the celts have any interest for myself personally, but both are legitimate objects of study treated of in their proper places.

'For I would repeat, at the risk of weariness, both to myself and my reader, that it is not to archæology or archæologians that I object, but to the position which they assume. Their researches are valuable and necessary: it is only to the hostile tone which they often assume, the uneasiness and jealousy which their organ invariably displays at anything like the deduction of a principle or a theory; that any objection can be brought. And against this hardly any objection can be too strong. I may allude to one subject in which I certainly have no sort of personal bias. The nomenclature of the ecclesiologists I neither employ nor approve; but the manner in which any use of it is met with in certain quarters, the frivolous, contradictory, often spiteful objections which I have seen and heard brought against it, would be almost enough to make me introduce it even now into every page of my book, had I not myself objections to it far stronger, as I hope, than those to which I refer.

'It is not archæology in its right place, as something subordinate and ancillary, but archæology exclusive, assuming, claiming a rank which does not belong to it, which is at this present moment the bane, not only of architecture, but of a yet nobler study, of history itself.'—P. xiv.

In the first chapter of the history, Mr. Freeman recurs to the same subject in most energetic language. He complains (p. 3) 'of the mere antiquarians, who look on buildings solely in the 'light of antiquities, with whom the most sumptuous display of 'Grecian or Gothic art has, after all, scarcely any other interest 'than that raised by a barrow or a kistvaen, a rusty dagger or 'an antique potsherd.' And again, 'It is only in quite recent 'times that what deems itself a more enlightened archæology 'has taken up a position which must be looked upon as distinctly 'and formally hostile to religion.' Our next extract, though long, is too important to be omitted, particularly as it clearly exhibits, in contrast, Mr. Freeman's own object in writing his history.

'Our only ground of complaint is, that some writers of this school forget that they have only paved a way for others; they not only stop short at a

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certain point themselves, but grudge that any one else should go farther; they have supplied facts, and quarrel with those who would thence deduce principles; they have provided a complete but lifeless body, and look with suspicion on any attempt to infuse a vital principle into the inert mass; they are like a dry plodding annalist shaking his head and looking grave at the "fanciful" reflections of a Thucydides or an Arnold, or a pedagogue whose mind had never taken a flight beyond accidence and birch, looking aghast at the extended philology of the Comparative Grammar.

'On the other hand is a nobler race, the authors of the great ecclesiological movement; the men who have fought the battle of the Church in her material sanctuaries, and have, amid suspicion and slander, stood forth so manfully to convert the modern preaching-house into the Catholic temple of prayers and sacraments. Nothing is further from the thoughts of the present writer, himself a humble fellow-labourer in the great work, than to cast a moment's slur upon their high and holy cause. But still it is manifest that their efforts do not necessarily tend to promote the study of architecture as an art. The first phase of ecclesiology was simple antiquarianism; raised indeed by the end at which it aimed and the objects with which it was conversant, but still, in its theory a mere technical acquaintance with the sacred buildings of a particular age, in its practice a careful reproduction of their features. The science has now taken a bolder flight; Christian temples of all ages and all countries are to be studied, painting, sculpture, music, history are all pressed into its service; a single period is no longer put forward as the necessary standard of perfection, but new developments of Christian art are confidently looked for. But it is manifest that this is not the direct study of architecture, but one which I freely allow has a much better and higher scope; it is essentially religious, and only incidentally artistical. It occupies a field at once too wide and too narrow for our present purpose; it of course excludes all direct attention to any but ecclesiastical architecture, and moreover includes a large variety of subjects which have no place in our present investigation. Everything that can add fresh solemnity to the Christian temple and its worship comes within the natural and legitimate scope of the ecclesiologist; every fine art, almost every mechanical one, has there its place; the painter, the sculptor, the glass-stainer, the goldsmith, the worker in brass and iron, all contribute their share; the proprieties of church arrangement, the refinement of church symbolism, the splendour of vestments, the harmony of music, the deep treasures of ritual antiquity, are all appropriate branches of his studies. But it is manifest that while our present design opens on the one hand a wider field for investigation, as including the architecture of all ages and nations, it is on the other more narrowed in its range, as it has no connexion whatever with any of these latter pursuits, unless when they happen incidentally to affect the style and proportions of strictly architectural works.'—P. 4.

Mr. Poole, on the other hand, has carefully abstained from committing himself to any architectural party, and as much as possible from allowing his own opinions or preferences to find utterance. His nomenclature is the old one, or that of the archæologists. It is to an excess of caution, and to an unwillingness to be considered as a fautor of extreme opinions, and not to intentional disingenuousness, we are sure, that we must attribute his occasionally adopting without sufficient acknowledgment the contributions to our architectural knowledge of some of the most able, but unpopular and theologically sus-

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pected, writers on the subject. The contrast, however, in this respect, between this author and Mr. Freeman is very striking.

The two works before us, though we have classed them together for the sake of convenience, have little in common. Mr. Freeman's object has been to provide for the adept in the philosophy of mind, as well as for the architectural student, a guide to the history, in all its branches, of architectural science:—to carry out what Mr. Hope and Mr. Petit, who, as he repeatedly and emphatically declares, are his great authorities and examples, have only partially accomplished, and to do for the whole what they have done for parts. The result is a volume of singular power and extreme interest; most of which demands our complete concurrence, and all of it our careful and patient consideration.

Mr. Poole's object, which he somewhat obscurely defines to be, 'to combine a general history of the greater English ecclesiastical architects of the middle ages, with an equally general view of their works, and of the characters which distinguish the buildings of their respective ages,' (p. vii.) is much more limited in its range, and is designed for a much smaller and less important class of readers. We must award him the credit of having amassed much curious and not easily accessible information as to many of our early architects; but we cannot think that he has been happy in so describing their works as to leave any marked impression on his readers' minds. Indeed, his descriptive style is so unusually lifeless, and his architectural criticisms and arguments treated in so uninviting and diffuse a way, that we should think his book would be seldom consulted except for some biographical facts about a Gundulf, or a Poore, or a John of Wisbeach, and that consequently many of the valuable facts it contains will be overlooked.

It would be too great a task, and would scarcely interest our readers, to give an abstract of Mr. Poole's volume. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with calling attention to a few unconnected points; in some of which we think he has thrown additional light on his subject, while in others we shall have to express a decided dissent from his conclusions.

And first we notice a valuable hint in its description of 'The Saxon Period:' where he points out the great influence on architecture that Archbishop Theodore's division of the country into parishes must have exercised. Before that period, from A.D. 678—690, (*Poole*, p. 76,) no village could have boasted of a church. Towns and monasteries may have had churches, while the country was dotted over with nothing better than small chapels, one, probably, in each manor. The grouping several manors into one parish, made it possible, of course, for the lords

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of these manors to unite in building a larger church. Now this fact may be valuable in limiting speculation as to the antiquity of any reputed Anglo-Saxon remains, on the one hand; while on the other, it is conceivable that it may help to make it probable that some such particular remains may be a fragment of the first church ever built on that site, and may date, therefore, from the time of Theodore himself, in the seventh century. But we have referred to this point more particularly for the sake of suggesting that it would have been quite in accordance with Mr. Poole's design to have examined how many parishes, in any given district, mentioned in Domesday book, retain churches of which the whole or part is of such early Romanesque as to be possibly of ante-Norman date. We shall see, hereafter, that there is a growing persuasion in the minds of the best qualified observers, that very many more ante-Norman churches, or parts of churches, exist, than have usually been believed: and we would call Mr. Poole's attention to two copious lists of Anglo-Saxon places, in a late communication of Mr. Kemble to the Philological Society, (No. 76, vol. iv.) which have already, we believe, served to vindicate, with much probability, the claim of some supposed Norman remains, in a village church, to an Anglo-Saxon origin.

The next point which we shall mention is the statement that Hereford Cathedral, after being destroyed by the Welsh, was rebuilt by Bishop Robert de Lozinga (1079—1107) *ad exemplar Aquisgranensis* [*ecclesiæ*] *a Carolo Magno extructæ* (*Poole*, p. 106). This curious fact is stated by Mr. Poole on the authority of Godwin, and may be as new to many of our readers as it was to ourselves. It would well repay the energetic Dean of Hereford if he could discover any traces of this in the fabric of the existing church, or the records of the cathedral. For it must be observed, though Mr. Poole has failed to see this, that a church built on the model of Aix-la-Chapelle must have been octagonal in plan, and have had a Byzantine element in its style; two circumstances that must have exerted an immediate influence on English architecture, of which as yet no account has been taken.

As the use of what is called 'the priest's door' in our parish churches is the subject of much controversy, we give the following suggestion of Mr. Poole, though quite unable to think it a probable one. The passage contains also a hypothetical explanation of the principle of internal decoration in the Norman style, which seems to us equally untenable: —

'The Norman architect never seemed to contemplate the possibility of a worshipper turning *back*. Entering at the rich door, which presents a glorious assemblage of decorations to the advancing eye, we leave behind us, as we

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pass the threshold, a perfect blank. We look to the chancel-arch, and, even in very small churches, find three or four concentric orders, with their jambs and jamb-shafts, each crowded with rich and effective decorations; and beyond this is the apse with its three windows, each surmounted with a glory of zigzag mouldings, and separated by vaulting shafts, from which moulded groining-ribs arise to one point over the place of the altar, like a rich imperial crown; and, at the south of the chancel, is the little side door through which the worshipper passes out, without having discovered that if he had turned his head at any stage of his advance, he would have seen but bare walls and unadorned arches. All this may, or may not, have been designed to express such a meaning, but it surely looks like an embodying of the words of our Lord, "He that putteth his hand to the plough, and *looketh back*, is not worthy of me." '—*Poole*, p. 147.

Mr. Poole devotes his eleventh chapter to 'The Connexion of Heraldry with Architecture.' That there was such a connexion is undoubted, and that an accomplished architectural antiquary should have a competent knowledge of heraldry may also be conceded; but we protest against an undue estimate of this science. Heraldry is useful merely in reference to the past: it is a mere *sham* as to the present. The altered conditions of society have long ago made it an unreality; and those who can even desire its revival now-a-days, must be as blind to the temper of the times as they are insensible to ridicule. A *pseudo*-heraldry, indeed, is tolerated, not only in this country, where every seal-engraver 'finds' crests and arms, but in the United States, where each consistent Republican bears the insignia of some imaginary chivalric ancestor: it survives because, harmless and absurd in itself, it has never deserved a Cervantes to give it a *coup de grace*. What serious meaning—we would ask even of a modern herald—can possibly attach to the following lament of Mr. Poole:—'I fear it is too much to 'hope that heraldry shall again be accounted a *religious* science, 'or its application so much as capable of receiving a soul of 'devotion?' (p. 210.) Heraldry has its value in ascertaining dates, and in settling genealogies; but at the present day it is simply instrumental.

We have next a more serious difference with Mr. Poole with regard to his extraordinary views as to mural painting. We must give it in his own words, and shall do this the more readily as the passage is a fair specimen of the literary characteristics of his style:—

'The revival of the use of mural painting has now become a part of the history of the art, and it would be affectation, or carelessness, not to advert to it. Indeed, it induced us to commence the subject as a practical one, and now leads us to add some remarks on the subject in the same tone. If we speak as advocating the use of paintings, (as we shall do within certain limits,) we are met by what seems to some an objection against them, from the very fact of their having been used before the Reformation:

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an objection which I need not say would tell just as strongly against every visible thing, or service, that we still possess in the Church of England; the Commination Service and the setting up of the royal arms excepted, which last, however, has no authority. The question really is, whether it was one of the *bad* things in use before the Reformation; and this is nowhere decided in form, though in spirit I think it is fully determined by very high authorities. If there is a body of men which, now that Convocation is silenced, more than any other represents the authoritative voice of the Church, I presume it is the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, which contains on its lists the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty, the two Archbishops, and every Bishop in the Church of England. Now, this Society sanctions, by its publications, the use of pictures of Scripture subjects. I do not consider myself charged with the defence of this practice, and indeed I confess a dislike to all pictures which include a representation of our blessed Lord, whom as God-man (*i.e.* in the very same nature in which He is represented), we worship; so that I think they are contrary to the decree of the council of Eliberis in 305, which forbad mural paintings, lest that be represented which is worshipped or adored.

'The usage of our Church, too, has ever been in harmony with this judgment. Emblematical figures, as of Faith, Hope, and Charity, of Time with his scythe and hour-glass, seem to be nowhere objected to; that is, not on ecclesiastical grounds. Moses and Aaron are always admitted to hold the two tables of Commandments. Altar-pieces are found in many, if not most, of our fine churches; and by way of *memoria technica*, to fix the time at which such things have been done, Sir William Thornhill painted the dome of S. Paul's; Hogarth painted three pictures which now surround the altar of S. Mary Redcliff, Bristol; West painted the altar-piece of Winchester Cathedral; an ancient picture has been placed in the new parish church in Leeds; and a promising native artist has given a large painting, which is suspended over the altar of S. George's church in the same place. It cannot, therefore, be contrary to the spirit, to the usage, or to the authorities of our Church, to employ pictures for church decoration. And this use of paintings is very greatly to be desired, even for seemliness, in the restoration of old churches. Except in churches of the highest order, the walls are commonly of rubble, and must have some coating. Whitewash, and all the forms of lime and ochre, are cold and dull. Plaster without lines in imitation of masonry is too uniform, and with lines it is offensive, because it is evidently sham. The use of paintings occurs then to fill up the void, which there can be no manner of question it would do with the best effect, if it were judiciously employed.

'Now, for subjects, I should suggest such parts of the sacred history of the Old Testament and of the New, as do not involve an attempt at representing the First Person in the ever blessed Trinity at all, or the Second and Third Persons except in the way of symbol.'—*Poole*, p. 296.

It need scarcely be pointed out in refutation of this last opinion, that any effigy of the First Person of the Holy Trinity would be quite inadmissible in our churches; but to represent the Humanity of the Second Person is not only allowable, but the very highest and worthiest aim of Christian art. It is one of the chiefest of the secondary blessings of the Incarnation, that we are no longer confined to the language of symbol, but may—and, if our faith in the humanity of God the Son be lively, must—have in our minds some ideal of His sacred person. Can any one, we ask, read the Gospels without picturing to himself the gracious

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scenes therein described? Is the chief Person in those scenes to be wanting? Is our Saviour to be an abstraction? Is a lamb to be extended on that cross to which the eye of faith so often turns? Are we, in a word, to be compelled to regard our Lord as a spirit, when the main truth of Christianity is, that 'a body hast Thou prepared Him?' The authority of the Council in Trullo, which ordered that our Lord's person should be depicted in future, instead of the symbol of the Lamb—under which disguise, among others, the earliest Christians during the ages of persecution veiled the objects of their faith—is got rid of by Mr. Poole in a note, under cover of that most unfair supposition of Bingham, that 'by this time the worship of images was 'begun, anno 692; and it was now thought indecent to pay 'their devotions to the picture of a lamb, and therefore they 'would no longer endure it to be seen in the church.' (P. 297.) Bingham, we need only add, would doubtless have been more consistent than Mr. Poole, and would have objected to religious painting altogether.

We turn now, with unfeigned satisfaction, to Mr. Freeman's more interesting pages. We have already described the object that Mr. Freeman proposed to himself. We think he has very successfully accomplished it. No one can open his pages without deriving the greatest benefit and instruction, both from the largeness of his views, and the ability with which he supports them, even though occasionally, as is the case with ourselves, one is compelled to dissent from his conclusions. We propose to give our readers a general idea of the important contents of this volume, discussing, as we proceed, several particulars with respect to which we have the misfortune to disagree with the writer.

And first, we would willingly (but our space forbids it) transfer to our pages the whole of the introductory remarks, in which the dignity of architecture—'the art whose name bespeaks it the chief and queen of all, which presses the noblest of other arts into its service, and bends them to its will,' (p. 2.)—is vindicated, and in which the causes of the contempt with which even the more educated still regard it and its professors are investigated and denounced.

The philosophical history of architecture,—'the arrangement of successive styles, not by mere dates, but by the pervading and animating principle of each;' 'the tracing its developments among all nations;' the consideration of the effects produced on the art 'by the events of history, as exemplifying the character and position of nations, and the working of political and ecclesiastical circumstances:' to select some of the many forcible expressions in which Mr. Freeman labours to distinguish his aim

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from that of all contemporary writers,—obliged him of course to discuss at length every known architectural style. He enumerates the Celtic, Pelasgian, Hindoo, Central American, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Romanesque, Saracenic, Gothic, and the Revived Italian. We think he rather unnecessarily labours to prove that he is justified in paying attention to all these styles. Is he not fighting a shadow when he thinks any one would deny his right to do so? Persons, surely, who practically consider the Pointed styles as those only fitted for our present ecclesiastical use, are not debarred from the scientific examination of other architectural forms on the one hand, while on the other they ought not to be thought bigoted, or narrow-minded, if they decline the study of these less immediately useful branches of the subject. All persons cannot take a broad and philosophical view; Mr. Freeman must be content for a few to read his whole book, and may be glad that many will read at least that part which deals with the mediæval Christian styles. For our own parts, we have profited most, and have been most interested, by the discussion of all those styles that are not Christian; it is only as to the Christian styles that we must maintain opinions opposite to those of our author.

Mr. Freeman attributes the causes of the diversities of styles to the diversities of the inner mind, and the physical and intellectual condition, of diverse nations:—

'Every architectural work,' he states, 'both in its general conception and in its most remote detail, bears on it the stamp of its own age and country: not only is it often possible at once to recognise their impress with almost the certainty of historical testimony, but a deeper investigation will show that these forms are not merely so many antiquarian facts, but the exponents of some pervading principle, to be sought for in the peculiar circumstances of the age and country whose stamp they bear.'—P. 12.

Besides this, the varieties of climate, the geological diversities of material, and new mechanical discoveries, exert the strongest influence on architectural development; while plan and arrangement, outline and proportion, depend in an untold degree on the requirements of religious worship. The power of habit and association, again, has an ever-living and ever-present tendency to reproduce accustomed ornaments and forms. The following beautiful extract is almost a summary of the material exhibitions of these various coincident causes, as Mr. Freeman distinguishes them in various styles:—

'For every nation, as it has been powerfully traced out by Mr. Hope, continues to reproduce under fresh circumstances, with fresh materials, the one original type to which it was at first habituated; a process which produces a third form, differing from that in which either material would naturally be treated. Thus, after so many ages, the Chinese reproduces, in

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wood, stone, or porcelain, the tent of his nomad ancestors; the temples of Egypt and Hindostan still recall the subterraneous cavern; Greece in her most glorious days, in her most sumptuous temples, in all their stately columns of the choicest marbles, amid the elaborate grace of their mouldings, the living foliage of their capitals, the friezes where Lapithæ and Centaurs are called to breath and motion by the chisel of a Pheidias, did yet preserve unchanged, undisguised, the one unvarying model, the wooden hut of Pelasgus; yet more, the soaring nave of a Gothic minster, in the clustered and banded stalks of its lofty pillars, the curling leaves of its capitals and cornices, the interlacing arches of its fretted vault, the interminable entwinings of its tracery, the countless hues that sparkle from roof, and chapiter, and wall, and window, recalls no work of man indeed,—no tent, or hut, or cavern,—but the sublimest temple of natural religion, the awful gloom of the deep forests of the North; the aspiring height of the slender pine, the spreading arms of the giant oak, rich with the varied tints of leaf and blossom, with the wild bird's song for its anthem, or the rustle of the breeze in its waving branches for the voices of the mighty multitude, or the deep notes of the solemn organ.'—P. 15.

But while all styles are deserving of a scientific examination, yet two, the Grecian and Gothic, are intrinsically more worth considering, and have had a greater influence among mankind, than all the rest put together; and to these two Mr. Freeman devotes the care and attention that are due from a most enthusiastic admirer of both.

'What is the whole history of the East, the countless dynasties of China, India, and Egypt, with all their vast dominions, their early civilization, their fixed and ancient institutions, but a barren catalogue of kings, and priests, and conquerors, when it is viewed side by side with one living and stirring page of Greece, or Rome, or mediæval Europe? One word from one man in a little town of Greece or Italy, had ofttimes more effect on the future destinies of the human race than all the laws and victories of a thousand Shahs or Pharaohs. And thus too with their architecture; all styles are not of the same merit, all do not equally contain a principle of life, all are not equally the expression of an idea; partly from these inherent differences, partly from external causes, all have not the same historical importance in influencing the arts of future ages. It hence follows, that all do not present the same facilities for an investigation of their pervading principles of construction, decoration, and symbolism. The vivid, piercing intellect of the Greek, his inherent perception of grace and loveliness, have given birth to a style of art unrivalled for simple elegance and dignity; the stern, practical mind of the Roman, his calm, deliberate, unyielding energy, could by the moral power of his institutions, and the very name of his mighty empire, mould alike the institutions and the arts of Europe for ages after his political power had crumbled in the dust. These were the works of heathendom, the breathings of unrenewed, though not abandoned nature; the offspring of the keen intellect and the indomitable will. It was for other lands, and for another race, to manifest the influence of a higher and a holier principle, to give birth to a style that speaks not of the things of earth, but whose every stone should breathe of the religion of heaven. As the art of ancient Greece was the purest and loveliest child of mere intellect and taste, of mere human aspirations after the noble and the beautiful, that of mediæval Christendom is the holiest offspring of moral power, the yearnings of a heart renewed from above, and in every thought and affection soaring heavenwards. These, then, are the two points which irresistibly draw our thoughts towards them; the Greek

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with his earthly loveliness, the Teuton with his almost heavenly awe; the one faultless grace, the other soaring majesty; the one telling of the faint glimmerings of heathendom, the other kindled by the full blaze of the Church's light; the one, in a word, human, the other divine.'

These same two styles, philosophically regarded, are found to exemplify respectively the most perfect and beautiful forms of the two opposite principles of mechanical construction; those principles which Mr. Freeman felicitously adopts as forming an absolutely exhaustive division of architectural styles—the entablature and the arch.

'Every definite style of architecture,' he continues, 'has for its animating principle of construction either the entablature or the arch; its forms and details adapt themselves to this construction; and it is the different ways in which this construction is sought to be decorated, and the different degrees of excellence attained by each, which constitute the subordinate distinctions among the members of the two main groups.'—P. 20.

The invention of the arch, or rather of its capacities in mechanical construction, Mr. Freeman assigns to the ancient Etrurians: that the Romans failed to develop these capacities, is attributed to the 'denationalizing spirit' which led them to mask and conceal this vast mechanical discovery under the borrowed and imitated forms of Greek art. We cannot quote the vigorous passages in which, in the remainder of his Introduction, Mr. Freeman describes the Egyptian, Hindoo, and Grecian styles; nor even the account of the subdivisions of the *Arch* architecture,—the Roman, Romanesque, and Saracenic. He defines 'the idea which is the soul of Gothic,' (p. 27,) to be 'that of vertical extension;' and concludes with an indignant denunciation of Revived Italian.

'With the gradual extinction of the Gothic style, the history of good and consistent architecture terminates, or rather becomes dormant till the happy revival of ecclesiastical art in our own day. Not that great genius, sometimes real beauty, is not displayed in many specimens of the REVIVED ITALIAN; but as a style it is, except as a warning, completely valueless. It is, in the first place, open to every objection to which the classical Roman is liable, and is besides loaded with every species of fantastic vagary, of which imperial Rome, amid her worst corruptions, had never dreamed. Then, as not being a real development, but a violent reaction, a return to worn-out and abandoned forms, it lacks—in this resembling even the best Gothic of our own day—the interest which attaches to every natural and original phase of the art. And, above all, when we consider that this corrupted style was deliberately, by a formal purpose, in contempt of all ancient precedent and tradition, and in despite of every religious and national feeling, substituted for the most glorious forms that Christendom has ever beheld, it is impossible but that our admiration for the genius and skill of many of its authors must be altogether overbalanced by a feeling approaching to disgust at the utter perversion of their mighty powers. St. Peter's at Rome, and St. Paul's in London, might, a thousand years sooner, have commanded feelings of unmixed homage, and might have ranked side by side with St. Sophia's and St. Mark's; but when we know they were reared in contempt of Cologne, and Westminster, and St. Ouen's,

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our feelings of admiration at the vast conception of the whole, the wonderful mechanical skill displayed, the real majesty and beauty which cannot be denied them, are lost in the shock sustained by our best ideal of a Christian temple, and in the moral condemnation which a high view of Christian art must of necessity pronounce upon their authors.'—P. 28.

The way in which Mr. Freeman fills up the outline which we have described is very masterly. In the Pelasgian styles of Greece and Italy he finds a development of will and power, such as we might have expected in the art of that important element of the Roman nation. Under the head of 'Early Columnar Architecture' are reckoned the mysterious remains in Central America, and the styles of China and Siam; and here we arrive at a discussion of extraordinary interest.

Every informed person has heard of the notion of the early Jesuit missionaries in India, that the devil had anticipated Christianity, by instituting the monstrous parody of it that was presented in the doctrines and discipline of Buddhism. That Buddhist architecture should similarly have a semblance of the Christian style, is a most remarkable circumstance in illustration. Mr. Freeman thus alludes to it:—

'The outward resemblance which the religion of Buddha ["a diabolic mimicry of Christianity," as Frederic Schlegel expresses it] bears to some of the doctrines and ceremonies of the true faith, (rendering it thereby a more thoroughly hostile system than any other false worship,) has been often remarked, sometimes with evil purposes. But it may be allowable to compare the undoubted fact with the circumstance that some features in the Buddhist temples of Siam present an exactly similar resemblance to the architecture of the Christian Church. The gables just mentioned may be considered as an instance; and it is still more strikingly shown in the sacred spires. These are of divers forms and outlines, but all of the same aspiring tendency, and all seem to cry aloud for the cross as their natural finish. The most remarkable is that of a temple called Wata-naga, which, in its general outline, most vividly recalls the appearance of such erections as the Eleanor crosses or the market cross at Winchester, its open character assimilating it more closely to the latter. But upon examination it will be found, as I have heard it expressed, literally living with demons. Pointed arches, or their appearance, occur in two stages, but the lower range, as if in direct mockery, are actually formed by the extended legs of some monstrous portent of depraved idolatry. If Buddhism really be a Satanic burlesque of our religion, one might be almost tempted to consider such erections—of the age of which I can give no information, though there are reasons for supposing none of the Siamese buildings to be very ancient—to be, in truth, a similar burlesque upon Christian architecture and Christian emblems.'—P. 50.

In Ellora, also, Mr. Freeman finds another example:—

'Instead of the multiplied and flat roof colonnades of Elephanta,' he says, 'we have here the entire arrangements of a Christian church. The remark before made that Buddhism presents in its buildings, as well as in its tenets, a Satanic mimicry of the coming Gospel, applies with still more force to the long aisles and apsidal termination of the present temple; even so minute an arrangement as the two detached pillars in front find their like in the plan of many an early Basilica.'—P. 56.

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In opposition to Mr. Fergusson and others, but supported by Heeren, Mr. Freeman assigns an excavatory origin to Hindoo architecture. And to the same origin he refers the architecture of Egypt, in a chapter remarkable for his skilful argument and eloquent descriptions. His account (p. 72) of an Egyptian temple almost places us before it. And we cannot help noticing the peculiarly happy observation, (p. 74,) suggested by the heaviness of Egyptian architecture, that this is to be attributed to the same cause which, under the opposite conditions, both of Gothic and Grecian art, produced a precisely opposite effect. For in an excavatory style, he argues, the less you have to cut away—in other words, the more you leave—the better; while, on the contrary, 'in the development both of Grecian and 'Gothic architecture there is a constant tendency towards in-'creased lightness, both as giving, when not carried to an 'extravagant excess, additional elegance, and as actually saving 'materials, and thereby time and labour.' Not, however, that Hindoo and Egyptian architecture, though having a similar, have the identically same origin; the latter being derived from *artificial* excavations, the former from the imitation of *natural* caves. The following striking sentences conclude the history of the Egyptian style:—

'As long as the Egyptian idolatry survived, the form of architecture to which it gave birth survived also. With the predominance of Christianity it fell; and when the Patriarchate of Alexandria took the place of the hierarchies of Thebes and Memphis, the Roman architecture of the early Church succeeded in all new religious structures to the forms which, for two thousand years, had been reared in honour of the gloomy heatheuism of Egypt. Many ancient buildings were, however, converted into churches; several temples have been found where the demon form has been erased to make room for the triumphant cross and the saintly effigy. And now the candlestick is removed from the Church of St. Mark and St. Athanasius; and the wandering Arab desecrates, and the traveller gazes with amazement on, the shrines which have witnessed a false and a true religion alike perish from among them.'—P. 84.

All his readers will regret that Mr. Freeman had not the advantage of consulting Mr. Layard's Nineveh while preparing his chapter 'On the Ancient Architecture of Western Asia;' but a second edition will, doubtless, be enriched from these most surprising discoveries. The Persian style is shown to be by far the best and purest in this part of the world, and to have a timber origin.

In approaching Grecian architecture, Mr. Freeman manifests the most eager enthusiasm. He claims for it the praise of being indigenous; most unmercifully exposing—as indeed he takes a malicious pleasure in doing on every occasion—the opposite opinion of the author of the 'Glossary' on this subject. Its construction, he shows, has a timber origin, quite different from

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the stone origin of the Pelasgian style, which it supplanted. The Parthenon is a faultless vision of beauty, in Mr. Freeman's judgment; and the Doric the ideal style: 'it is that,' he says, 'of which the others were modifications, not to say corruptions,' (p. 104,) though such beautiful corruptions, that he calls them, further on, 'the three principal phases of grace to which the consummate taste of the Greek gave birth.' The Doric style is thusexcellently characterised:—

'The Grecian Doric, the eldest, the plainest, and yet the most thoroughly faultless and beautiful of all, is the very masterpiece of dignified simplicity. A shaft of massive proportions, without a base, crowned with the simplest of capitals and the heaviest of abaci, supports an entablature massive like itself, and composed of a very few bold members. Yet out of these few and severe elements a composition is produced, not merely sublime, but the very perfection of vigorous and manly beauty. It thoroughly realizes the Aristotelian conception of the latter, the ἡδὺ μετὰ φοβερότητος. Nothing is weak, nothing frittered away: simple, but never rude; unadorned, but never base; severe, and yet in the highest degree attractive, the Æschylean majesty of the Doric order is the very highest conception that even Grecian art could realize. The contemplation, even in the meanest engraving, of one of its matchless porticos, in all the stern grace of column, capital, and cornice, is absolutely overwhelming. And this climax of pure dignity, this expression of heathendom in its noblest form, this embodied καλὸν, such as the Hellenic mind alone could compass, we are gravely told was borrowed from the hideous and unmeaning monstrosities of the race who paid divine honours to the lowest vermin, and whom their gardens supplied with appropriate objects of veneration!'—P. 106.

We must pass on to the very able chapter in which Mr. Freeman gives a general view and summary of Grecian architecture. We agree in the main with all he says, though we detect in parts some exaggeration; but this is the natural fault into which this kind of writing is apt to fall. Simplicity and uniformity are stated to be the main characteristics of the Grecian styles; all of which were but different methods of working out 'a single conception of beauty;' and this, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, mere beauty, earthly beauty, such as 'comes within our own grasp, 'not soaring above us, and overwhelming us with a superhuman 'majesty.' 'Grecian art,' he continues, 'is definite, local, per-'sonal, lovely; Gothic glories in being infinite, unfettered, 'spiritual, majestic; it is the expression of something not to be 'comprehended within the ordinary limits of humanity, or 'indeed of aught of the material world.' (P. 125.) 'Grecian 'architecture,' he says again, 'is horizontal, definite, rectangular, 'with one unvaried construction, and one unvaried outline.' With this he contrasts that 'embodying of the infinite—that 'ἄπειρον which the Greek deemed a form of evil—in the in-'terior of a Christian minster, especially in its noblest form, 'the soaring and heaven-pointing Gothic.' And he selects Oxford cathedral as an example of a 'literally boundless view'

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being obtained in a comparatively small church. Now, we allow that such churches as Amiens, Westminster, Beauvais, and Cologne, do indeed embody this ἄπειρον; but it is only the highest developments of Pointed art that can be said to succeed in doing so. To our own minds, the internal arcades of S. Paul without the walls, and the external colonnades of the Parthenon, the Walhalla, and the Madeleine, suggest the idea of illimitable horizontal extension scarcely less successfully than vertical infinity is embodied by the splendid churches enumerated above. So that we think this question has not been sufficiently worked out by Mr. Freeman; and, as to his chosen example, it is surely an unfortunate case to be quoted. The internal impression of Oxford cathedral is to the eye of many observers distressingly narrow and confined:—

> 'hunc angustique imbrice tecti
> Parietibusque premunt arctis—.'

And even the positive size of the gigantic pile of Ely fails, from its simplicity of plan, its want of a retrochoir,[1] and the absence of chapels, to produce the effect that might have been expected. We repeat that the subject of the Infinite in architecture requires much more illustration than it has yet received. The power of producing overwhelming impressions of our own littleness does not reside exclusively in Gothic. Few persons are not painfully struck with the narrowness of the best French Gothic when first returning from the broad naves of the Italian Cinque Cento; and the memory of Brunelleschi's dome at Florence dwarfs the height even of Amiens and Westminster, when these are first seen again by the homeward-bound traveller.

To conclude this part of the subject, it follows from the characteristics of the Grecian style noted above, that a Grecian building is precluded from attaining any comparative height; that no division of the height is allowable; that no means of enriching a large blank surface of wall exist in the style; that no circular or polygonal forms can be introduced into its outlines; that 'the whole end and aim of Grecian architecture is to produce an exterior,' and that any boldness of mechanical construction is precluded by the want of the arch. In other words, pure Grecian architecture is wholly unsuitable, under any conceivable circumstances, for modern imitation.

The architecture of the entablature being thus disposed of, we turn to that of the arch; and first, of course, to those forms of the latter in which the round arch predominates. The

[1] All lovers of true church architecture must rejoice that there is reason to hope the Dean and Chapter of Ely will remove one of these defects by carrying back the choir to the arches that join the central octagon; thus forming a presbytery beyond its eastern end.

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Romans, inheriting from Etruria the knowledge and use of the arch, might have been expected to develop a magnificent style of arched architecture. And Mr. Freeman finds, in the greatest Roman works—for instance, in the Pont du Gard—evidences of the possibility of such a characteristic architecture being formed. Such a style, he says, may be defined as 'essentially and pre-eminently the architecture of strength, the material expression of the steady, undaunted, unyielding will.' But it was never perfected: the imitation of Greek forms became the favourite practice of the Romans in architecture as in literature; and in vain attempts to combine, in one structure, the opposite mechanical principles of the entablature and the arch, the opportunity was lost, and it was reserved for the Romanesque of the dark ages to develop the perfection of the round-arched style. The history of Romanesque is introduced by the following brilliant summary of the preceding styles:—

'Thus far have we traced the history of architecture through the different ages and nations of what is commonly known as the ancient world; the old world of heathendom in all its countless forms, from the dark mysteries of Egypt to the sunny brightness of Greece; from the low and grovelling idolatry that bowed before an ape or an onion, to the soul of art and poetry that kindled the glittering splendours of Olympus; from the dim and awful vastness of the shrines of an Apis or an Anubis, to the living grace that befitted the pure Apollo and the Athenian Maid. We have also seen how conquered Greece led captive her conquerors: how, while the Pnyx no longer echoed to the voice of Pericles, and the groves of Colonus were no longer vocal with the song of Sophocles, the spirit of Homer and Callicrates had found an empire in the land of their bondage, in the forum of Romulus, and by the banks of the yellow Tiber. We have seen, too, how little kindred was the soil on which they lighted; how the grace and buoyancy of the Greek proved but an incongruous garb for the stern greatness of Roman energy; how his poetry was but the feeble echo of the harp of Chios and the lute of Lesbos, his architecture a vain attempt to bring the massive piers and ponderous vaults of his own land into harmony with the tall columns of the matchless shrines he vainly sought to imitate. The beautiful forms of Grecian art were a mere yoke, which kept the genuine spirit of Roman building from its legitimate expression. It is, as we have seen, in the buildings least affected by it, that the real Roman construction, the pier and the round arch, comes out in all its purity and majesty; and it was by these elements, more than by the Grecian system unnaturally united to them, that Rome has exercised so wide and lasting an influence upon the architecture of the whole civilized world.'—P. 146.

The development of Romanesque began when (as at Spalatro) the entablature was first cast aside, and the construction of the arch rising from its supports avowed and revealed. It ended, in Mr. Freeman's opinion, in the perfection of our own Norman Romanesque, which he ranks higher than any other variety of the style, either than the Lombard, or than that of the Rhine, to which Mr. Petit assigns the palm.

The Basilican architecture, however, must first be disposed

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of. Mr. Freeman appears to us to have lost sight of many of the most interesting characteristics of this style, in his eagerness to view it as a trophy won from Paganism—as a spoiling of the Egyptians. But he has devoted to it, in this aspect, much eloquent and very true panegyric. We find, however, two points in which we cannot follow him. He lays down the position, which we think he has not adequately proved, that the column is in essence a detail of the architecture of the entablature; and that, in strictness, an arch ought to have masses of walls, and not columns, for its support. Columnar supports therefore, as in the Basilican arcades, he considers a Grecian detail retained in the nascent Romanesque. From this follows an inference, to which we shall have to recur, that the last Pointed style, where the pier had come to take the form (though not universally even in that style) of a mass, and not a pillar, is the most perfect development of the architecture of the arch. We can in no respect agree with him here. The monolithic columns of the Basilicas, generally taken from earlier buildings, naturally gave a character to the earlier Italian styles; but in the Romanesque of the north, where the columns of necessity were of masonry, there was no reason for the marked preference there shown for the columnar form of pier, except that it must have been regarded, not only as in perfect harmony with the style, but as more beautiful in itself than a mass of wall, however treated. We can scarcely believe that Mr. Freeman, in his heart, can prefer the massy piers of S. Alban's to the columns of Durham or Tewkesbury, or the superficially-moulded wall-piers of the Perpendicular, to the pillars of Salisbury. His theory of continuity, as it seems to us, has been a hobby-horse, and has carried him away. We cannot, in short, admit that a pillar is inconsistent with the genius of the arch: rather we believe it to be the most perfect and beautiful development of the support of an arch. It may be true that a column had a timber origin, and an arch a stone one: but in the arch-architecture—which as a development is confessedly later than that of timber, (and which we believe could never be independent of timber, as timber may be of stone,)—the column, however derived, was assimilated and adopted for ever—became a naturalized member of the style.

Mr. Freeman paves the way also, in this same early chapter, for another view in which we can scarcely follow him; viz., the utter reprobation of Italian Pointed—by dwelling, with peculiar stress, on the permanence of the Basilican type in Roman church building: and he adduces S. Maria in Trastevere as rebuilt in 1139, and instancing at that late date, 'an actual return to all the absurdities of the combined arch and entabla-

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ture.' Now, we contend that this example is not fairly quotable: for though this late date is given by Gally-Knight, yet Mr. Webb (quoted also by Mr. Freeman in a note) assigns this building to the first half of the eighth century: and, upon looking further into authorities, we find that Canina, Vasi, and Rossi, all ignore the complete rebuilding in 1139, which is asserted by Bunsen, Severano, and Professor Willis. When opinions so much differ, it is scarcely fair to quote this example as proving what is, at least *prima facie*, most improbable.

Passing on to Byzantine architecture, we are glad to see that Mr. Freeman adopts the view so ably advanced by Hope, and adopted by ourselves in a previous number, that it was strictly a new style, deliberately invented as a Christian style, by the great architects chosen by Constantine to build his new capital on the Bosphorus.

'At Byzantium there was no such feeling as at Rome must have induced conformity to the elder form; nor was there the same store of elder edifices which at Rome supplied both materials and models for Christian churches; there were neither Basilicas enough to convert unchanged to ecclesiastical uses, nor yet temples whose columns might supply the increasing want of "church accommodation" in the first Christian city. The Byzantine buildings were then, in the words of the author just quoted, "disencumbered of the restraints which accompanied the superior resources they could command in Rome;" they were not only at liberty, but were absolutely driven, to find their own materials and their own architecture; and a style arose, which lacks indeed the simplicity and elegance of heathen Greece, the awful majesty and vastness of mediæval France and England, but which must be allowed to possess in the highest degree a character both original and enduring, vigorous alike in intellectual conception and mechanical execution.'—P. 166.

The peculiarities of the Byzantine style are exceedingly well seized by our author and described. The following observation is very happy: 'The offspring of the arch is the vault; of 'the vault the cupola; and this majestic ornament is the very 'life and soul of Byzantine architecture, to which every other 'feature is subordinate.' Still, upon the whole, we incline to the opinion that the merits and capabilities of Byzantine are under-valued by Mr. Freeman; but we must allow with him, that the few examples of it as yet known to us by accurate description or by drawings, are barely sufficient for justice to be fully done to the style.

Our space warns us that we must hurry on to those styles which more immediately concern our own country. We shall, therefore, merely give a passing mention to the intermediate links of the chain.

The next great advance, after the Byzantine, was made by the Lombards, who not merely infused a new life into the old Roman forms, but fused into a harmonious whole principles

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taken not only from the Basilican, but from those Byzantine churches that were by this time scattered over the West. Mr. Freeman distinguishes three periods of Lombard architecture, and then, crossing the Alps, shows us the next development in the Romanesque of the Rhine. In this he finds an additional element of Byzantine, beyond that which in regular descent it inherited from the Lombard. He follows Frederic Schlegel in thinking that Byzantium exercised a fresh and immediate influence on Rhenish architecture, by means of the intermarriages of the Saxon Cæsars with the court of Constantinople.

It is sufficiently remarkable, that in discussing the last-mentioned style, Mr. Freeman should so entirely have forgotten one of its chief peculiarities, the Männerchor, or triforial gallery, as to venture the assertion, that 'The triforium is by no means a necessary feature even in great churches, nor very conspicuous when it occurs.' (P. 193.)

We now come to an interesting chapter on the early Romanesque of Ireland. There can be little doubt that this style represents, and descends independently from the very earliest Christian architecture, that of the first three centuries of our era.

'While other inquirers into the architecture and antiquities of the earlier days of Christianity have investigated every country in which temples have been reared to the service of our religion—while nearly all the magnificent cathedrals and abbeys of Europe have been subjected to such minute investigation, that, without leaving our own fireside, we may bring before us, with nearly all the vividness of personal knowledge, the spires of Burgos and the domes of Byzantium, the basilicas of Italy and the log-churches of Norway,—one patient, enterprising, and zealous inquirer, has by his own single exertions opened to us a field hitherto untrodden, and the glory of whose discovery is wholly his own. The magnificent volume of Mr. Petrie, on the architecture of Ireland, forms indeed an epoch in ecclesiastical research; it brings the Church and her material fabrics before us in a new garb; one less gorgeous, indeed, than that which we used to contemplate,—one not gleaming with the gold of Tartessus, or the jewels of the Eastern land,—but unsoiled by the touch of the world, severely arrayed in the sterner holiness of her earliest days, in all the immaculate whiteness of her virgin purity. In that far island of the west, in whose air the Roman eagle never fluttered, and from whose shore no captive was dragged to enrich a Cæsar's triumph with his combats and his agonies, we have most vividly brought before us the estate of the Church when her temples were but the damp cave or the rude hut, when she dwelt not as yet in the halls of the patrician and the palace of the emperor, and when the outcry of a populace, or the frown of a tyrant, hurried away her Pontiffs from their lowly thrones and altars to seal their witness in the reeking amphitheatre. These buildings, themselves of the most venerable antiquity, the earliest existing Christian temples in northern Europe, are the representatives of others more venerable still; they derived not their origin from the gorgeous basilicas of Constantine and Theodosius, but in them we behold the direct offspring of the lowly temples of the days of persecution, the humble shrines where Cyprian bent in worship, and which Valerian and Diocletian swept from off the earth.

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'"It is, indeed," says Mr. Petrie, "by no means improbable, that the severe simplicity, as well as the uniformity of plan and size, which usually characterises our early churches, was less the result of the poverty or ignorance of their founders than of their choice, originating in the spirit of their faith, or a veneration for some model given to them by their first teachers; for that the earliest Christian churches on the continent, before the time of Constantine, were, like these, small and unadorned, there is no reason to doubt." And this position seems to be strongly corroborated by the fact that the apse is unknown, which manifestly points to a type anterior to the basilican model, as otherwise we can hardly account for the omission of that characteristic and almost universal feature.'—P. 196.

We wish Mr. Freeman, adopting as he does these conclusions, had boldly set the example of giving this style precedence to the Basilican, and named it the First Romanesque, or the Primitive style.

We have now arrived at the earliest Romanesque of England; in other words, to the much disputed Anglo-Saxon style.

Upon the *res summa* of this question, we have already in this paper expressed our own persuasion. It is well known that the Glossary of Architecture, and many of the pure archæologists of the day, eagerly maintain that no ante-Norman buildings exist among us. Mr. Freeman, with a degree of scorn that makes us feel for its objects even while we admit its justice, speaks of this school as writers who 'seem animated with a desire to prove, 'in the teeth of all probability and all evidence, that every frag-'ment of Saxon architecture has been swept from the earth; or 'rather, that some physical or moral incapacity prevented our 'Saxon forefathers from putting stone and mortar together. 'The event of the field of Senlac,' he continues, 'is held to have 'introduced, by some mystic influence, a previously unknown 'power of constructing buildings into the British isles: some-'times they seem inclined to add, into the whole of Europe. 'The year 1066 becomes an archonship of Eucleides, before 'which things either existed not, or may not be remembered; the 'slightest hint that aught can have survived, causes an uneasi-'ness to the propounders of these theories.' (P. 203.) Then follows an able argument, to show that certain buildings *must* be ante-Norman, and that from them may be compiled a satisfactory knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon style. With this view, too, Mr. Poole fully agrees: his volume appeared just long enough before the publication of Mr. Freeman's work to enable the latter to express his assent to the important proposition, that probably much of what is now considered Norman may be hereafter proved to be anterior to the Conquest. (Freeman, p. 205, Poole, p. 69.) Mr. Freeman, in elucidating this style, makes one very happy observation, suggested by a hint from Professor Willis, that 'the Saxon tower is a rude imitation of the Italian campanile,' (p. 212): whether the balancing part of the same

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sentence—that 'the Norman tower is the legitimate successor of the cupola'—be equally true, we doubt. A more common-sense view would surely be, just as we argued above as to the column, that no particular feature could thus preserve an unmixed independent descent; but, however derived, would in its development become adopted into the style, and lose its individuality. We mean, that the Norman tower must be the successor *as well of* the Italian campanile as of the Byzantine cupola. Granted, that its situation in the ground plan, and even other particulars, were derived from Byzantine: yet Mr. Freeman would not assert that the Norman architects carefully kept it distinct in idea from the campanile. On the contrary, the external treatment of a square Norman tower is decidedly a development of the tower and not of the cupola.

In comparing Saxon and Norman Romanesque in England, Mr. Freeman proposes a principle of subdivision for the Romanesque styles according to the form of the pier. In Saxon the pier is, he states, a rectangular mass; in Norman it is columnar. So far then, according to Mr. Freeman's own theory mentioned above, (though we believe he omits to draw this unpleasing inference,) the latter is the less consistent and harmonious style. A bold, but we think quite justifiable, suggestion follows for dividing the Anglo-Saxon into three styles: the first, the uncouth imitation of Roman remains with Roman materials; the second, 'the most truly and purely Saxon,' of which the powers of the two Bartons are the types; the third, an approximation to the coming Norman, due to the 'denationalizing process' going on in the reign of the Confessor.

The Provençal style having afforded an instructive intercalatory chapter, we arrive at last at our own Norman Romanesque. We have already prepared our readers for Mr. Freeman's opinion, that this form of architecture presents the perfection of the round-arch style. His own pages (chap. xiv.) must be consulted for his satisfactory arguments in support of this position; though we may be allowed to quote his verdict:—

'The history of Romanesque, as traced in our former chapters, may seem inconsistent with the theory of its perfection, and has led both classical and Gothic exclusiveness to despise it. To the former it is a mere bungling corruption, introduced by men who knew not how to work architraves, or preserve the proper proportions of columns; it is not classical and is therefore worthless. To the latter, it is classical, and therefore worthless; it is Pagan, horizontal, at best only valuable as a groundwork on which Gothic was built up. The one cannot conceive how northern barbarians, ignorant of the principles of Vitruvius, could introduce improvements into the fine arts; to the other a round arch or an acanthus leaf appears altogether profane, and is a subject for absolute loathing. But those who allow that good architecture is not the exclusive property of any one age or nation, will perceive that a style may be neither classical nor Gothic,

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and yet have principles and merits of its own, distinct from both. And in this view it will appear nothing wonderful that the destroyers of the Roman power might be the improvers of Roman art. More skilful hands might have perpetuated the old system of ornament in all its incongruous splendour; with builders who could raise the pier and turn the arch, but not measure the column and enrich the frieze, the ornamental features died away, and the mere skeleton, the unadorned construction, remained ready for more appropriate forms to be engrafted upon it. Architecture was brought back to the point which we may conceive it had gained among the ancient nations of Italy, when the splendid inventions of Grecian art were first made known to them. The pier and arch stood ready for the German or Norman architect to adorn alike with the creations of his own genius, and with such of the spoils of heathendom as might be fitly pressed into the Church's service. The arch began to be recessed, its square section to be enriched with gorgeous mouldings; the pier has the taper shaft, with its rich capital attached to relieve the heavy mass, and to support each receding order. The column is now reduced within the limits of the small arcade, now soars uninterruptedly from the floor to the roof. The laws of classical proportion are sacrificed, as only cramping the energies of the style; but the construction which the classical architect was content to disguise, now stands forth in all its majestic simplicity, its immovable solidity, its severe individuality of parts, admitting alike of the naked plainness of Jumiéges, and the lavish gorgeousness of Bayeux. Surely the adorning of this construction in a manner so harmonious and so splendid, is as much the mark of a pure and perfect style as aught that Grecian or Gothic skill has reared, and may fairly challenge a place parallel to theirs, among the noblest developments of the art of architecture.'—P. 256.

As the soul of Grecian architecture was asserted to be horizontal, that of Gothic being vertical, extension—the distinguishing characteristic of Romanesque is now asserted to be, that neither verticality nor horizontality shall be allowed to obtain a marked predominance. Rest, therefore, and solidity, 'an enduring and immovable firmness,' are the idea that Romanesque principally embodies. Its moral lesson is 'a warning against despondency in days of affliction, a living teaching of the everlastingness of the Church on earth, so long as the world itself remains.'—P. 266.

Pointed, on the other hand, (for we must with Mr. Freeman anticipate the style,) 'is the language of the Church, when she 'throws off her mourning, and, going forth in triumph over her 'persecutors, arrays herself with a victor's wreath of the fairest 'foliage; then was the lesson needed,—and set forth in the tall 'shaft, the soaring arch, the airy spire,—not to be corrupted 'by prosperity, not to rest in a worldly triumph, but to rise in all 'things heavenward.' It was this vivid idea of the genius of the two styles, shown in this graceful sentence, that led Mr. Freeman, if we remember rightly, to suggest on one occasion, that in the present depressed condition of the Church, we needed the moral lesson of Romanesque, and ought to build in that style; and, not dissimilarly, the Bishop of New Zealand proposed, when about to sail for his diocese, to build his first churches

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in Norman, that the newly planted Church might begin its existence with an architecture characterised by rude and undeveloped strength, which might grow and expand, simultaneously with the hoped-for growth of the Church, into a Pointed style.

We cannot, before leaving this style, refrain from comparing with what we have quoted, Mr. Poole's much less poetical idea of its characteristic spirit. He finds in it, he tells us, 'a squareness' and a 'directness' impressed upon its details; and adds, 'Whether or no it has any connexion with the character of the people, the Norman is the most *straightforward* style.'—*Poole*, p. 154.

There remains the most important architecture of all, that of the pointed arch, to be considered: with respect to which we shall find many theories of our author which we are altogether unable to accept. The pointed arch itself, according to Mr. Freeman, was first extensively used in Saracenic,—a style which he refuses to reckon among the legitimate off-shoots of the Byzantine, but which held this form of arch as a lifeless seed, never having been able to develop its latent powers. From the Saracens it was introduced into Christendom by the Crusaders, and still earlier into Sicily,—an island which has always existed under the most extraordinary architectural conditions. We cannot ourselves subscribe to the opinion that much influence was exerted on general European architecture by the Saracenic style; and the idea of Italian Pointed in particular borrowing 'a good deal' from that source, as Mr. Freeman (p. 293) ventures to hint, seems only referable to the extreme aversion with which, as we shall see, he always regards that much vilified style. We hasten to Mr. Freeman's definition of Gothic.

'Fortunately,' he says, 'there is no style which admits of so easy and philosophical a definition; none is so completely the carrying out of one grand principle, of which all its features of construction and decoration are but the exhibition in detail. This has been already defined to be the upward tendency of the whole building, and of its minutest details; in a word, the vertical principle, which, when fully carried out, renders a Gothic cathedral one harmonious whole, seeming actually to rise heavenwards. The eye is guided upwards throughout; the whole building rises from the floor to the roof; no part seems an after-thought, as something unavoidably put on, but each portion grows out of that beneath; all is light, airy, and soaring.'—P. 299.

Now, of this verticality, the most prominent and fundamental example is the pointed arch, by Mr. Freeman's own admission. We defer the further consideration of this point and the consequences that may be drawn from it till we come to discuss the best nomenclature of the styles. Here we will only add, that

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Mr. Freeman somewhat elaborately argues in favour of what he calls (p. 320) 'the combined Ostrogothic and vegetable theory' of the origin of Gothic: *i. e.* he believes that the pointed arch, the germ of the style, having been brought from the Saracens of the East by the returning Crusaders, was developed by the architects of the West; who introduced, as they went on, ideas borrowed from the resemblance the style suggested to the leafy alleys of a forest; to which,—he follows Mr. Petit in thinking—'we may owe the intricate tracery of our windows, and the minute ramifications of our fan-vaultings.'

Mr. Freeman's opinions with regard to the Gothic styles may be represented, not unfairly we hope, in the following summary:—

The ordinary threefold division of Gothic,—the First, Middle, and Third Pointed of the Ecclesiological Society, and the Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular of Rickman and his imitators,—Mr. Freeman rejects as unphilosophical; and he substitutes a twofold division into Early and Continuous. Early Gothic is that which retains any kind of distinctness in its individual parts; Continuous is that which, destroying the separate existence of parts, fuses the entire outline and detail of a building into a Continuous whole. Hence, Geometrical Middle-Pointed being—to supply a term which we are surprised that Mr. Freeman has not used, if only to balance his terminology—discontinuous, it follows that it belongs to the former, and not to the latter, or Continuous half of the twofold division. The supposition then of a middle style, though in practice convenient, is unphilosophical in theory. Mr. Freeman, however, for the sake of practical convenience, proposes a fourfold subdivision: Lancet and Geometrical, in Early Gothic; Flowing and Perpendicular, or Flamboyant, in Continuous. It is under this classification that he describes, in language always both interesting and instructive, the succession of the most famous Gothic buildings in the north of Europe. The abbey of S. Ouen at Rouen, is his ideal of the utmost perfection as yet attained in the Gothic style.

A succeeding chapter reviews the Gothic of the south of Europe: the conclusion being, that all of it is worthless, and the Italian variety the worst.

The last chapter traces the decay of the Pointed architecture, the rise of the Renaissance (in which Mr. Freeman accords to the dome of Florence the most unqualified admiration), the Caroline revival of Gothic in this country, the Revived Italian, the Revived Grecian, (under which head the Taylor buildings at Oxford suffer the last of the countless sneers which are aimed at this unhappy design throughout the volume), and ends with

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a genial, but warning welcome of that new Renaissance which our own times have originated.

It is a matter of regret with us, that having agreed so much with Mr. Freeman in the course of our analysis of his 'History of Architecture,' we should now have to enlarge upon our difference from him in his estimate, as well as his principle of classification, of the most important and most beautiful architectural style that the world has seen.

Let us see how the case stands at present with respect to the rival nomenclatures and divisions of styles. Rickman was among the first to notice,—and all succeeding observers have followed him—that in what went under the general name of Gothic, there were three principal varieties to be distinguished in this country: the first, in which the Romanesque elements were nearly or quite discarded, and the principle of Gothic, whatever that was, had stamped itself on the whole style; the next, in which all the promise of the former style was matured and satisfied, in the same way as the glories of a full-blown rose take the place (though often almost to our regret) of the more modest beauty and the pure promise of the opening bud; the third, in which a general deterioration might be detected, and which was only saved from the corruption of form and ornament that seized upon it in its continental varieties, by the introduction of a new and uncongenial element in that kind most common in our own country. As he was the first to remark, so was Rickman the first to name these three styles: and after him, at first all writers, and of late a great number, have called them respectively the Early English, the Decorated, and the Perpendicular, or Flamboyant.

The absurdity of this terminology became soon apparent. Take the term *Early English*. Why, it was naturally asked, should a style be so called, which had been preceded in this country by at least Norman, Saxon, and Roman, in church architecture? And, if one crossed the channel, or went into Ireland, and found any similar buildings, were these to be called Early French, Early German, Early Irish, &c.? Then, as to *Decorated*. The architectural student was astonished to learn that the style, so far from the luxuriance of detail of its predecessor, and from the excessive ornamentation of its successor, positively admitted of a greater simplicity in its unpretending examples than any other! Again, Perpendicular and Flamboyant, which differ from the others in being admirably descriptive of species, were equally unsuited with the others to be generic. It was, however, a great credit to Rickman that his division should be followed, and no disgrace at all that his terms should be in time superseded by better ones.

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The *Ecclesiologist* in due course proposed and stoutly maintained a new nomenclature. For the term Gothic, which had been given in ignorance and contempt, and was itself misleading and inadequate, it proposed Pointed as a substitute. This, it was suggested, would have the advantage of describing the most striking and fundamental characteristic of the new style, as distinguished from its round-arch predecessor. We may urge, in addition, the important argument, that it is in harmony with the improved continental terminology. M. de Caumont, in France, has divided Gothic architecture into three subdivisions, which he called respectively *le style ogival primitif, secondaire,* and *tertiaire.* M. Bourassé has followed him, and M. Schayes had adopted the same nomenclature in Belgium, in a Treatise, translated by Mr. Austin, in Weale's 'Quarterly Papers,' vol. i. German architectural writers, too, are beginning to use the words *Spitzbogenkunst, Spitzbogenstyl,* as opposed to *Rundbogenkunst,* in their ordinary descriptions: and even Italy has adopted from De Caumont the term *Architettura di sesto acuto,* subdivided into the styles *a lancette, a raggi,* and *a fiamma.*

The name Pointed being conceded, the classification into First, Middle, and Third Pointed is a small matter; and we cannot sufficiently express our surprise, that writers who adhere to Rickman's threefold division, should have so ungraciously received a nomenclature, which, retaining the division, merely provided for it a more consistent and reasonable set of names. Certain it is, however, that the Ecclesiological nomenclature has been an object of continual assault to the archæologists, who in this one point are supported by Mr. Freeman, leagued with them in an unholy alliance; for he really has, from his own theory, intelligible and philosophical, though we think inconclusive, reasons against the threefold division altogether.

Our readers may have already gathered, that in our own opinion the Ecclesiological nomenclature is the one least open to objections; and which, if only for uniformity's sake, we would gladly see in general use. It has the further advantages of being very easy to learn, convenient to use, and, by the fact of its committing itself to nothing more than the Pointedness of the style, being ready to give place when further investigation or profound discernment shall have provided us with a better.

It is as being a better one—more philosophical, more true, more exhaustive—that Mr. Freeman proposes his novel division, with its terminology. And were it indeed so, we should ourselves adopt it, and so, we believe we may assert, would the Ecclesiologists themselves. But we are not convinced of the

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principles on which Mr. Freeman's conclusions are based. We cannot persuade ourselves that the one chief ruling principle of the Pointed style is the continuity of parts; and consequently that the perfection of that architecture is to be found in the Perpendicular Third-pointed, in which that continuity of parts is most perfectly attained. On the contrary, we hold that the culminating point of Gothic architecture was reached in that full expansion of the Middle-pointed period, when, with matchless grace and most justly balanced proportion, every constructive and decorative feature alike found its full development without injury to others; when every part was taught to combine in most perfect harmony with every other part, and not one was slighted or extinguished. The moment this delicate adjustment was transgressed, the corruption of Gothic began. Some members of the architectural body were degraded, and next effaced;[1] tracery, not content with windows, usurped first the walls, and then the roof; pier and arch forgot their mutual dependence and support, and disguised, for they could not annihilate, the impost which reminded them of their due relation; and the roof was lowered, because the lowest members of the building must visibly and ostentatiously (not as of old, unseen but really) assert their share in bearing it. In short, the Middle-pointed reminds us always of the due gradation of the heavenly hierarchy:—

> 'The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
> Observe degree, priority, and place,
> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office, and custom, in all line of order.'

But the licentious facility and flow of Third-pointed is like the misconceived liberty of a modern republic. We would meet Mr. Freeman, therefore, on his own chosen ground of continuity, and argue, that what he considers the triumph of the principle, is its excess and corruption; and, consequently, the Third-pointed, so far from being the perfection of Gothic, we regard as its degradation and decline.

The best way of pursuing the subject will be by examining the value of some of Mr. Freeman's objections to the Ecclesiological nomenclature, and his arguments in favour of his own.

He declares, we find, that in two important particulars the former is defective: in that the term 'First-pointed' is meant to apply to Gothic in general, whereas that style 'in any form worthy the name of Gothic, is exclusively English;' and in that Third-pointed embraces 'two such different styles as Flamboyant

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[1] The triforium, more especially, was utterly lost in late Pointed. Mr. Freeman rejoices over its extinction!

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and Perpendicular; to yoke which under one title is clearly inconsistent in writers who assert the former and deny the latter to be a legitimate development of the Gothic principle.'.—P. 339.

The first of these we must think a somewhat shallow objection: for First-pointed, though rarely, in a pure form at least, yet *does* occur on the continent of Europe. The Seminary chapel at Bayeux is a notable instance; and a German example has been made known to us in the chancel of Remagen, on the Rhine. And, which is much more important, M. de Caumont and the Abbé Bourassé, whose names stand as high as any in France for this kind of learning, have, as we saw above, actually laid down a Primary Ogival, or Lancet style, as of universal application. And surely it is not unreasonable, in a broad view of so widely-extended a style as the Pointed—one, too, of which we know so little as to the means of its diffusion—to assign to the style of Salisbury its precedence in the formal development of Pointed, since it confessedly *is*, strictly speaking, the first development that can be conceived of Gothic forms,—even though this or that country may have in its own case no example of that style to show. An illustration will best show what we mean. Suppose future study should class Romanesque according to a similar division; and, as probably would be the case, the ancient Irish churches (as we proposed above) were, by consent of European Ecclesiologists, reckoned as of the First Romanesque. What difficulty would there be, for example, in England reckoning her Anglo-Saxon churches as Second Romanesque, or Germany her Rhenish churches as Third? Imagine, again (as in Spanish America), a country christianized in late Third-pointed times: are its churches not to be reckoned Third-pointed because First and Middle-pointed exist only in the old continent? The question seems to us to be simply this: on a general review of all known examples of the development of the Gothic style, which form is the simplest and earliest—considered as to *principles*, not as to actual dates? Confessedly the First-pointed—even though its idea were only fully realized in a remote island. Then we say, that philosophically that may be called the First-pointed style.

Mr. Freeman's second objection is a captious one. It appears from his note, that a writer in the 'Ecclesiologist' contended that Flamboyant was a legitimate corruption of Flowing Middle-pointed, while Perpendicular was that corruption, saved or partly redeemed from its degeneracy by the introduction of a new element—absolute perpendicularity of lines; the idea (as he suggested) of the great Wykeham. This view may be true or false; we are not concerned with it: but any one holding it is

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not precluded from regarding the two forms as contemporaneous but unequally good phases of the decaying style, and from designating them respectively the Flamboyant, and the Perpendicular Third-pointed.

Mr. Freeman's own two-fold division is practically identical, he tells us, with Mr. Petit's 'Early Complete' and 'Late Complete' Gothic. But he differs wholly from that writer's opinion, which makes Transitional Romanesque the *in*-complete Gothic: the resemblance between the two classifications being only in this point, that both agree in considering Geometrical and Flowing Middle-pointed to be two styles, and not varieties of one style. It is a fair inference that Mr. Freeman's view also repudiates Mr. Petit's notion of both Early and Continuous being *Complete* Gothic styles.

But we must allow Mr. Freeman to speak for himself in behalf of his division of Geometrical and Flowing into separate styles.

'The Early is marked by the application of the principle of destroying the separate existence of parts only, to the construction of the primary parts of the building; that is, it subordinates the shaft, and capital, and arch, to the whole formed by them, the pier-arch, the triforium, the window, &c., without completely subordinating these to the whole; the secondary parts lose their separate existence, but the primary ones retain theirs. They still remain distinct, united by harmonious juxtaposition, but not actually fused into a single existence. The Continuous, on the other hand, effects the subordination of the secondary parts more completely, while it extends the application of the principle to the further subordination of the primary parts to the whole, so that the parts sink into nothing of themselves, but exist merely as parts of the whole. The beauty, then, of the Early is that of parts; the slim and delicate shaft, the graceful foliage of the capital, the bold rounds and hollows of the mouldings, not only exist, but are brought into prominent notice—they are forced on the eye at the first glance; in the Continuous they are not noticed, if they exist, but it is the whole alone that is seen and contemplated.'—P. 341.

We have anticipated the answer to most of this, when we showed that the difference between the forms of Geometrical and Flowing Middle-Pointed is much less marked than the above passage asserts it to be; in fact, that the latter is identical with the former, with the one exception of having the last roughnesses of the Geometrical forms softened into the graceful continuity (we are not afraid to use the word) of the Flowing. Let us grant that the gain of continuity is the indication of the climax of the Gothic being reached; we assert that the decay began from the moment that this continuity overstepped its due limits, and invaded the rights of other elements of the style. We all agree that the new element did so develop itself—rightfully, says Mr. Freeman—while we say, in a corruption; insomuch that, substituting the word Perpendicular, or Flam-

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boyant, for the word Flowing, we would adopt all Mr. Freeman asserts of the distinction between the Early and Continuous of his classification, as true of the distinction between Middle-pointed and Perpendicular. All he says is true of Third-pointed, in each of its forms, but it is not true of the Flowing Middle-pointed. Geometrical Middle-pointed was, we repeat, perfection short of one quality—viz., entire ease and grace: Flowing Middle-pointed was that one wanting step, more or less successfully, supplied. But we also hold that perfection was either never reached, or, at least, never maintained. For whatever reason—we need not here even hint an opinion for what reason—a corruption immediately began. With the gain of perfect grace came the loss of severity; and architecture, enervated by relaxed discipline, declined. So in painting, Raffaelle had scarcely approximated to perfection before the decay began.

There is nothing more difficult, of course, than to draw an accurate line as to where legitimate development stopped, and degeneracy began. Few would probably be found to agree as to the exact point. But we conceive this difficulty to attach as much to Mr. Freeman's division as to the one we are defending. The whole duration of Pointed architecture is, in fact, a time of perpetual transition. But, in spite of this perpetual transition, four sub-divisions have been recognised by all observers alike; those, namely, in which the Lancet, the Geometrical, the Flowing, and the Perpendicular forms prevail. Why not, then, at once adopt this fourfold division, and reckon four styles of Pointed architecture? Because nearly all observers have remarked a much stronger line of demarcation between the first and the second, and similarly between the third and fourth, than between the second and third. That is to say, they have grouped Geometrical and Flowing into one, and so reckoned three styles. Mr. Freeman thinks he has detected a subtle principle, which is to be a safer guide for drawing the line of division than the combined observations of all his fellow students, and on the strength of it recommends a two-fold division, which places the greatest interval exactly where most but himself perceive the least difference, and which combines under each of the heads, Early and Continuous, two varieties which have been nearly universally maintained to be pretty broadly distinguishable one from the other. Now if any unprejudiced reader, not particularly interested in this discussion, has accompanied us so far, he will probably be inclined to wonder why the dispute is continued after each side has stated its arguments. Is it not, after all, he will say, a mere question of opinion? Pointed architecture, you confess, while it lasted,

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had an ever-shifting, ever-developing existence. You investigate its facts, and search after its principles, and make arbitrary classifications, but cannot agree among yourselves either as to the best system of subdivision, or as to where the perfection of the style resides. What hope is there of agreement if there is no further authority to appeal to, and no further argument to adduce?

We think there *is* a further authority, and an appeal to it shall be our *cheval de bataille;* we mean *Mouldings.* It is quite singular how seldom Mr. Freeman refers to Mouldings throughout his volume, and when he does so, it is always in the most vague and general terms. We believe that a careful regard to them would not only have saved him from what we think his mistaken theory about the perfection of Pointed, but will materially support the side we have taken in this controversy as to the division of styles. We believe it is now generally admitted that Mouldings are the very grammar of Pointed architecture; that form, effect, and even principles, may all, considered alone, lead sometimes to erroneous conclusions, to which nothing but a knowledge of Mouldings can provide a corrective. We are not going to discuss Mouldings technically. Any of our readers who may have little or no practical acquaintance themselves with this somewhat difficult and uninviting department of architectural science, may follow all we shall say by referring to the plates of Mr. Paley's excellent manual. So far from our finding there any strongly marked difference between Geometrical and Flowing mouldings, it is absolutely impossible to distinguish them apart; while between the forms of early or late First, or those of early and late Third-pointed, there is the most obvious variation. That mouldings group themselves neither into two, nor four, but into three, and only three, classes, a cursory inspection of Mr. Paley's plates will prove; and that great authority carefully classifies them accordingly. In other words, he derives from mouldings the same conclusions that others have arrived at in different ways—that the Geometrical and Flowing forms of Middle-pointed essentially belong to one and the same style, a style which, with nearly all writers but Mr. Freeman, he considers to be the highest attained development of Gothic architecture; for he hazards the strong assertion respecting it, that 'there can be no doubt that the perfection 'of mouldings, as of all architectural detail, was attained in this 'style.' (Manual of Gothic Mouldings, p. 37.)

Strengthened by the weight of this independent testimony from Mouldings, we venture to assert that Mr. Freeman is not justified in dividing the two forms of Middle-pointed into separate styles, and we sincerely hope that he will make no converts to his system of classification and his new nomenclature.

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For this place we have reserved an extract from Mr. Freeman, which, while arguing for his favourite theory, contains so many remarkable admissions on our side, that we reckon upon receiving considerable support from it for our own position:—

'It will be thus seen that I completely ignore the existence of a Decorated or Middle-Pointed style as a philosophical division. At the same time, in describing churches, it is almost necessary to retain some such name, for distinct as are the fully developed Flowing and the pure Geometrical, —Ely choir and Lichfield nave,—totally opposite as are their principles, it is utterly impossible to draw a hard line of demarcation between one and the other. Even the two forms of windows are much confused, and much more the other details. One sees that the earliest Decorated churches are essentially Early, the latest essentially Continuous; where one style overcomes the other, it is impossible to say. In fact, if we retain a Decorated style, it can only be as one of transition, but of not a transition of the same kind as that from Grecian to Roman, or Roman to Gothic. Those were attempts to combine a new principle of construction with an old principle of decoration; the present transition is not between two principles, but between two applications of the same principle. And it is to the constant commingling of the two applications, both being for a time in simultaneous use, and indeed often employed in the same structure, that I attribute the notion of the Decorated as a definite style: a class of buildings is marked negatively, as being neither Lancet nor Perpendicular, and which agree pretty much in some points of detail. But if we are to divide, not merely by date and detail, but by some pervading principle, or application of a principle, we shall surely see that two very different ones are at work in buildings of this class. It is very difficult in individual instances to separate Geometrical from Flowing tracery: they are sometimes palpably of the same date, sometimes part of a window is Geometrical, part Flowing; yet this commingling in fact does not prevent an entire diversity in principle. And surely a pure Flowing window is as simply Continuous, as though its mullions were continued in straight instead of curved lines. So, too, in other parts of the building; the details are mingled up in the individual instances, yet we can trace out two types; the one with Geometrical windows, deeply hollowed mouldings, jamb-shafts, clustered columns, arcades, parts retaining a strongly marked individuality; the other with Flowing tracery, channelled piers, pannelling, parts subordinate to the whole. It may be that no perfectly pure example can be found of either, yet even this would not hinder the existence of the two models in idea; and clearly one must rank with Lancet, the other with Perpendicular. Their union in one style is most convenient in practice, as avoiding the necessity of attempting a most painful and often fruitless discrimination of detail; but investigated on philosophical principles, the unity of the Decorated style falls to the ground.'—P. 353.

His own volume affords many instances of the inconvenience he here acknowledges of denying the existence of a Middle style. We observed, more than once, in perusing it, that a building or detail was pronounced to be 'Early Gothic:' it is impossible to say, without further description, whether this means First-Pointed or Early Middle-Pointed. Elsewhere (p. 367) we read, 'a Continuous arrangement with Early details;' which *might* mean, a Third-Pointed structure with First-Pointed mouldings, but which *does* mean—for he is describing

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the nave of York—what other persons would call a specimen of early Third-Pointed. And the classification will appear still more unpractical, if put to the test in an actual example. Let us imagine a village church, the whole external walls of which have been rebuilt in late Third-Pointed, but in which the old arcades remain under an added clerestory. If these arcades do not exhibit any continuity, there is no possible method of ascertaining their dates, except by examining their mouldings. The mouldings will inform us infallibly whether the piers are First, or Middle-Pointed:—they will not tell us whether they are Geometrical or Flowing; they will not tell Mr. Freeman whether they are Early or Continuous. It is quite impossible for him to decide to which of his two main divisions the pier in such an example must be assigned. We can scarcely conceive a stronger testimony to the inconvenience of his classification.

It is a sufficient reply to that final assertion at the end of the last extract, that 'investigated on philosophical principles, the unity of the Decorated style falls to the ground,' to remark the curious circumstance that Mr. Freeman, in discussing Romanesque, argues (p. 231), that 'we may safely treat the Norman style, both in England and Normandy, both of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, as a *unity*,' in spite of such decided transitional combinations, that many writers distinguish a separate Transitional style, and Mr. Petit, from whom he so rarely ventures to differ, actually considers the Romanesque of the twelfth century an incomplete Gothic style.

If, then, Mr. Freeman's division and nomenclature be not accepted, we must fall back upon the threefold division, and, for all reasons, we think, to the Ecclesiological terminology of the styles. We need scarcely advert to the great benefit that would result, both to the advanced architectural student and to the tyro, from a fixed system of terms.

An objection however to the generic name of Pointed has been raised by Mr. Freeman, to which we must here offer a reply. He has expressly condemned the term Pointed, on the score of the Pointed arch not being the essence of the style, and because the correlative term of Round architecture has not been adopted for Romanesque.[1] And yet he has been himself, we believe, the first to lay down that the Round and Pointed forms are an absolutely exhaustive division of the architecture of the arch. He speaks distinctly (p. 149) of 'the round-arched form of architecture;' and, still more inconsistently with his own theory (p. 312), of 'a Christian Pointed style.' Then again he speaks

[1] How little weight there is in this objection will appear, when the reader is reminded that Mr. Freeman has named his own two great divisions Early and Continuous—terms which have no relation whatever to each other.

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(p. 300) of the Pointed arch as being the 'first instance alike in date and importance' of the development of the vertical principle; he aims a severe sarcasm (p. 302) at the 'Glossary' for denying its importance; he contends (p. 307) against Dr. Whewell for making the flying buttress a more important element in the development of Gothic; he defends (p. 310) 'the 'old antiquaries, who reduced the inquiry into the origin of 'the Gothic architecture into an inquiry into the origin of the 'pointed arch,' as being '*accidentally* not so far wrong as might 'be, and often has been supposed.' Again, a little further on (p. 314), we read, 'The pointed arch once firmly established, every other detail followed as a matter of course:' and, lastly (p. 323), the pointed arch is reasserted to be 'the first and most important feature' introduced into the new style; while Mr. Gally-Knight and Mr. Paley are approvingly quoted (p. 314) as laying down the same position. Are not these statements alone sufficient to justify the assertion, that the term Pointed architecture is not only not an incorrect one, but is the most descriptive and appropriate that could be found? And still more particularly, adopting as we do Mr. Freeman's theory of the entablature and arch, we may safely declare, that the most philosophically accurate generic name for what has been called Gothic architecture is the term Pointed, which expresses the main characteristic of the style—the Pointed arch.

The further question, as to the style which must bear the palm in Gothic, is intimately connected with the last discussion, but is not absolutely identical. Mr. Freeman stands nearly if not quite alone, in his preference of Third Pointed; the great majority of architectural thinkers have decided with singular unanimity in favour of the very earliest phase of Flowing Middle-Pointed. There are some, we know, who think even this one degree too late, and take their stand by Geometrical; and fewer still, who go so far as to claim for First Pointed the glory of being the purest development of the style. But these last two classes are in truth scarcely at issue with our own view, while their opinions tell with the force of an *à fortiori* argument against Mr. Freeman. For their only difference with us is, as to whether even the Geometrical forms are not too great a relaxation of the austerity of the first pure Pointed style; they altogether agree with us in believing, that in that perpetual transition of Pointed, never stationary for a single year, we must expect to find, not one legitimate development, but a rise, a climax, and a fall. Mr. Freeman is solitary in seeing no corruption at all in the whole progress, till (we presume) Pointed collapsed into the Elizabethan; and the *onus probandi* fairly rests with him for an assertion so contrary to the generally accepted belief. But his

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proof, we think, is confined to the argument, that continuity is the essence of verticality, and so of Gothic; whence, Perpendicular being most continuous is most vertical, and so the most perfect Gothic. We have shown, we hope, that continuity is but one of many co-ordinate principles of the Pointed style, and that having reached its lawful growth it immediately exceeded it, and was thenceforward a symptom of decay. We reject, therefore, that latest Gothic, which we hold to be a corrupted and a degenerate style, and fix the acme of Pointed as nearly as possible at the point where its every principle found a full, but proportionate development, and all its elements were fused with justest harmony and grace into a perfect whole.

We have yet another lance to break with Mr. Freeman in behalf of Italian Pointed. With all his prejudices against the style, he spares the Duomo of Milan,[1] mainly because Mr. Petit has most truly said of it, that it must be seen to be estimated, and that 'the more accurately it is described, the less favourable will be the impression on the mind of either architect or artist; whereas, if he visit the building, he cannot but be lost in admiration.' This observation must be extended to Italian Pointed in general. We must express our own belief, that no one who has not been fortunate enough to visit Italy can justly estimate, or even understand, her Pointed schools. They still need to be thoroughly and fairly examined; and the constantly forgotten or ignored fact, that the whole architecture of large portions of Italy, in villages as well as cities, civil and military, as well as ecclesiastical, was really and truly Po nted, in the times when Dante and Petrarch sang, and when Giotto painted, and continued so till the Renaissance—needs to be urged and urged again on people's minds. We do not deny, that in many respects Italian Pointed may be found to differ (and, perhaps, in most cases for the worst) from the Transalpine styles: but we should attribute this to several causes; such as new conditions of climate; the properties of other materials than were used in the North (marbles, for example); and new national characteristics. Mr. Freeman, we confess to our surprise, does not enter at all on the consideration of the question, whether his favourite Gothic architecture can be transplanted as it is, into a tropical climate, or whether, and how it must be modified; whether, in short, it pretends to be an universal style. The historian of architecture might well, we think, have devoted a chapter to this subject, and have brought the benefit of his thought and experience to bear on the

[1] The Duomo of Milan kept up a constant succession of Pointed architects and workmen till the present century: and the lantern, which, as Mr. Freeman owns, 'whether beautiful or not, is certainly wonderful,' (p. 413,) is a very late design.

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important and pressing question of the best style to be adopted now in the churches rising in our Colonial Dioceses. Had he turned his attention to the influence of climate upon Pointed, we think he would have passed a more lenient judgment on the southern styles. In truth, his chapter on this subject is unequal to the scope and execution of the rest of the volume. We observe in it no account whatever of the Pointed school of the Pisani, nor of the architecture of Giotto or Orcagna, nor of the Dominican architects, nor of the remarkable Neapolitan style. In a history of architecture one may fairly look for some notice of these styles, and we hope the omission may be made good in another edition.

A new defender of the Italian Pointed has very recently come into the field, in the person of Mr. Ruskin, to whose last work we referred above. Many of his observations as to the difference between northern and southern Pointed show much penetration, and if duly weighed, would, we believe, tend to expand considerably the exclusive predilections of many among us for the northern forms. Let us take an incidental example: 'The 'method of decoration by shadow,' he remarks, 'was, as far as 'we have hitherto traced it, common to the northern and 'southern Gothic. But in the carrying out of the system, they 'instantly diverged. Having marble at his command, and clas- 'sical decoration in his sight, the southern architect was able to 'carve the intermediate spaces with exquisite leafage, or to vary 'his wall surface with inlaid stones. The northern architect 'neither knew the ancient work, nor possessed the delicate 'material; and he had no resource but to cover his walls with 'holes, cut into foiled shapes like those of the windows.'—(*Seven Lamps of Architecture*, p. 86.) Now the more this thought is pondered, the more pregnant with meaning will it seem; it suggests a view which will defend the Pointed of the South on its most assailable side, and leads directly to that most interesting question, whether the northern Gothic is the only true development of the style, or whether new climates and conditions may not produce other developments not less beautiful, nor less truly Gothic. We shall leave the question here, after quoting one more apposite passage from Mr. Ruskin, expressed with an elegance that has been seldom equalled. Having enumerated and defined sixteen 'conditions of architectural beauty and power,' he continues:—

'These characteristics occur more or less in different buildings, some in one, and some in another. But all together, and all in their highest possible relative degrees, they exist, as far as I know, only in one building in the world, the Campanile of Giotto, at Florence. . . . . In its first appeal to the stranger's eye there is something unpleasing; a mingling, as it seems to him, of over-severity with over-minuteness. But let him give it time, as he should to all other consummate art. I remember well how, when

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a boy, I used to despise that Campanile, and think it meanly smooth and finished. But I have since lived beside it many a day, and looked out upon it from my windows by sunlight and moonlight, and I shall not soon forget how profound and gloomy appeared to me the savageness of the northern Gothic, when I afterwards stood, for the first time, beneath the front of Salisbury. The contrast is indeed strange, if it could be quickly felt, between the rising of those grey walls out of their quiet swarded space, like dark and barren rocks out of a green lake, with their rude, mouldering, rough-grained shafts, and triple lights, without tracery or other ornament than the martin's nest in the height of them, and that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, those spiral shafts and fairy traceries, so white, so faint, so crystalline, that their slight shapes are hardly traced in darkness on the pallor of the eastern sky; that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell.'—*Seven Lamps*, p. 134.

There are several other minor questions, though very nearly connected with the history of architecture, which Mr. Freeman has wholly omitted to notice. For example, what, if any, influence the supposed system of Freemasonry exerted on mediæval architecture has been often disputed. Mr. Freeman probably altogether disbelieves it: but he might well have given his readers some means of knowing his mind, or forming their own opinion on the subject. Mr. Poole, we observe, repeats, with little or no comment, the common account of Freemasonry and the influence and importance of the fraternity.

Still more important is that theory lately advocated by Mr. Griffith,—and there are numerous very similar theories afloat,—which finds a key to the whole mystery of Pointed design in abstruse geometrical and symbolical combinations. This principle, if accepted, would cause a complete revolution in the general ideas on this subject: and we regret that both Mr. Freeman and Mr. Poole have entirely ignored the controversy.

Symbolism again, in its several branches, Mr. Freeman has in this volume passed over without notice. Not so Mr. Poole, who has discussed it, (p. 170,) though without originality, and without assisting us to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion. He seems, indeed, in his chapter on this subject, to be arguing for truisms which no one ever denied, and to be contending against quite imaginary opponents.

One more thing we will mention, and that is Polychrome. Mr. Freeman has discussed the whole history of architecture, without, we believe, one passing allusion to the decorative colouring, either of the ancients or the mediæval architects. Mr. Poole's notice of the subject (p. 275) is so superficial as to offer nothing available for an extract. As usual, he scarcely ventures to let his own opinion escape; we may gather it, perhaps, from such an expression as the following: 'The stalls at Wensley were never, I am persuaded, injured by the addition of colour.'

We will now draw these remarks to a conclusion, having

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detained our readers too long already in the attempt to give them not only an idea of the merits of these particular volumes, but a view of the present state of this branch of knowledge among us. No true Churchman can be uninterested in the future growth of the theory and practice of Church architecture. Besides our own immediate duty to consecrate to the service of God the best of all we have—the highest art, the most skilful workmanship, the richest materials—we have a secondary duty to perform to our successors in the faith; we ought now to be building churches which shall be to them what Lincoln and Westminster are to us. There is work to be done at the present crisis in which all may cooperate. Architecture can never flourish till people in general are competent to appreciate what is built. An academy will never rescue art from degradation: art cannot but languish so long as it is not the expression of a people's life. Our people must be educated then; men must know what church architecture is,—why it is so; they must suffer a real craving after good churches as the exponents of their inarticulate feelings of worship, and must be able to see and feel for themselves whether their craving is satisfied, before we can hope for any great progress. Is it not so in painting? These are bad days for that art also: but in what departments of it do our native artists most succeed? In precisely those, and only those, in which the public taste is intuitively interested, and in which it is competent to pass an intelligent judgment: for instance, in landscape, and the school of Wilkie. The English mind must be strung up to a higher tone before it is ready to welcome, before it is able to elicit, true sacred pictures from English art.

Now in architecture we have seen already that there is a deep-rooted revival in progress, of which we may form high expectations. It really seems as if, at least in this one point, Englishmen were likely to exchange that eclecticism which is the result of ignorance and indifferentism for something like an unanimous sentiment in reference to the proprieties of church building. It is most important that this growing feeling should be encouraged and maintained. Every one who is able to do so should do his best practically to spread information about the history, and to enforce the importance of church architecture, to point out the advantage of one uniform style being adopted, to explain its principles, capacities, and beauties, to demonstrate its fitness, to interpret its symbolism, to develop its associations. We heard lately of an 'elocution-master,'—as those persons are called who form the nondescript class to which the final education of our young women is generally entrusted,—prescribing a course of church architecture, as now-a-days necessary for a

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lady in society. We accept the omen. We heartily wish that every one felt a real personal interest in the subject; that every one were qualified to enjoy that glorious inheritance of Christian art in which he has a right to share. Could we but all agree and work together—then, in proportion to the growing intelligence and appreciation of architectural fitness and beauty, would be the successful advancement of the science: the feeling that he was appreciated, would inflame and sustain the efforts of the professed architect, and the successes of the latter would react in increasing the knowledge and improving the taste of the community. Architecture would become inseparably identified with the life and energy of the Church, and would be in the fair way of entering upon some new and glorious development.

Is it mere enthusiasm to anticipate anything of this sort? We believe it is not so. Let us remember, as we said before, that the Church having demanded an increased number of material temples, the impetus thereby given to architecture has already not only produced an unparalleled advance of architectural skill and science, but, contrary to all expectation, has succeeded in establishing the persuasion that the Church has an appropriate religious style of its own, which is not only the best adapted to meet the practical wants of Catholic ritual, but is a significant expression of the Church's mind and doctrine, suited by some essential fitness for a temple of the Christian faith. We trust that neither our Church nor our nation are effete or approaching dissolution. The religious movement among us is a source of fresh life, which need not be stifled. If it be God's will that his Church among us shall prosper, we have in it a germ of life more than sufficient to reanimate the arts which are at best but the Church's handmaids. It is in this light that we try to view our own architectural revival,—as a revival, not merely of dead forms and mouldings, but of the living spirit of architecture. We believe that our people and our architects, in growing numbers, demand churches on the one side, and supply them on the other, not as mere academy studies nor as the gratifications of individual caprice, but as houses of God —designed to meet the practical exigencies of God's worship, and to be material expressions of the Christian faith. What are the elements of architectural life if not these? If this spirit be among us, as we believe it is, we may trust that it will in time mould into subjection to itself the mechanical forms which it has to use. Look at the Lombard movement in architecture: there was an instance of a new life reanimating old forms, and of a new development being the consequence. So far as we can at present see, the new life among us is seizing upon, is pervading, is informing, (as we should most wish) the Middle

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Pointed details of Gothic architecture. It is there that we have fixed the point from which the Pointed style began to decline. Thence, if from any point, it must take a new beginning.

Taking warning by the failure of their Third-Pointed predecessors, our new architects may tread a safer but narrower way in developing, or, if no further development be possible, in exhausting, though this is even less possible, the capacities of of the Middle-Pointed style. We have been endeavouring to show how all may help forward this consummation. Meanwhile, it is deeply to be regretted that such an author as Mr. Freeman, who has done so much as this volume cannot fail to effect for the sake of church architecture, should have nevertheless thrown one great impediment in the way of the revival, by—at the very moment when agreement among ourselves is the main condition of success—doing his best to confuse the generally admitted classification of styles, and placing the perfection of Gothic in its most vitiated and degenerate form.

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ART. VIII.—*Principles of Geology; or, the Modern Changes of the Earth and its Inhabitants considered as illustrative of Geology. By* CHARLES LYELL, M.A. F.R.S. Seventh Edition. Murray: 1847.

2. *Elements of Geology. By* CHARLES LYELL, *Esq.* F.R.S. First Edition. Murray: 1838. Second Edition. 2 vols. 1841.

3. *The Earth's Antiquity in Harmony with the Mosaic Record of Creation. By the Rev.* JAMES GRAY. London: J. W. Parker. 1849.

SIR CHARLES LYELL may be regarded as the representative of the prevailing school in Geology. The characteristics of that school may be stated in a few words. It avoids all discussion and even speculation, as to the first origin and condition of the earth we inhabit, as a snare, an *ignis fatuus* by which geologists of former times have already too often been diverted from their true task and vocation, the examination of the actual existing state of the globe we inhabit, and the inferences which it suggests. Moreover, its great principle is, that the existing geological phenomena, including mountains, valleys, continents, islands, and the like, as well as those which appear on a more minute examination of the strata,—the embedded remains of land and sea animals, shells, wood, and even forests, may be explained by reference to the causes now in operation upon and within the surface of the globe; so that we must banish altogether from our minds the ideas of sudden convulsions, destruction and re-creation of worlds, great revolutions crowded into a few years or days, and the like, and have recourse merely to the action of nature in her present state, continued for such a period (whatever it may be) as will suffice to account for the existing phenomena. It almost necessarily follows, that this school carries on its geological investigations absolutely without any reference to the declarations of Holy Scripture as to the creation of the world, and the events which have since taken place upon it. We believe we do not exaggerate, when we express our deliberate opinion, that the thought of the first chapter of Genesis no more occurs to the mind of Sir Charles Lyell when examining the question, for instance, of the period of the earth's history at which it was first inhabited by any particular animal, say the elephant or the whale, than it would if he were writing upon the principles of mathematics or medicine. We are far from accusing the school in question of

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disbelief in Revelation, much less of any intention to assail it by means of their philosophical studies. Such things we all know have been,—they may be again; there may be, even now, writers who are thus actuated; but of the school as a school we neither believe nor would insinuate any charge of the kind. Still, the fact is undoubted, that whether believers or not, they do alike, as geologists, ignore the fact of Revelation; their inquiries are carried on exactly as if none had ever been given.

In the present article we shall suggest some considerations upon this fact, and on the bearings of geology, in its present state, upon Revelation and belief, and do not intend to enter into the facts themselves which geologists have ascertained, or the theories by which they have arranged them, more at length than this subject requires or suggests.

And, first, concerning this investigation of geological phenomena and formation of geological theories, wholly without consideration of the revealed history of creation, the question at once occurs, How far is it consistent with our faith as Christians and Catholics?

It must, we think, be admitted, that this very question could hardly have been asked without offence a few years ago. The notion of scriptural geology was so deeply ingrained in the minds of men, that the believer and unbeliever alike seem to have assumed that the thing existed, whether it could or could not be reconciled with existing facts. The history of the study in this respect has been, perhaps, nothing more than might reasonably have been anticipated; but, however this may be, it has, unquestionably, been very curious. Men to whom the Scripture histories of the creation and the deluge were, as to Christians they must be, fixed and established facts—first principles of certainty in a dark and mysterious world,—naturally judged at once of the phenomena around them by those facts, which almost alone were certain and undoubted in the history of the visible world. To them, almost of necessity, the fossils in ancient rocks spoke of the deluge; and the date of the material world was assumed without further inquiry to be the same as that of man's residence upon earth. Thus the first, and most natural theory of Christians was a scriptural geology. They rejoiced and trembled as they found themselves brought into continual contact with the remnants of that older world whose destruction by water they knew as one of the very facts of their own inmost souls.

That their feelings and belief were really natural and reasonable, was curiously attested by unbelievers as well as by believers. So plainly did the fossil remains testify of the general deluge, that Voltaire denied the existence of fossils, lest he

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should be compelled to admit the fact of the deluge. They were, he said, 'sports of Nature.'[1] The shells embedded in the Alpine rocks were no doubt real shells, but they had dropped from the hats of pilgrims on their return from Syria; the fossil plants were not plants at all. Sir C. Lyell observes:—

'They who knew that his attacks were directed by a desire to invalidate Scripture, and who were unacquainted with the true merits of the question, might well deem the old diluvian hypothesis incontrovertible, if Voltaire could adduce no better argument against it than to deny the true nature of organic remains.'—*Principles*, p. 57.

It is interesting and instructive to observe how speedily and entirely unbelievers changed their views of geology. It was soon whispered that geological phenomena seemed to indicate that the antiquity of the globe was much greater than that attributed by the Mosaic account to the human race, and, as all Christians then presumed, to the world which they inhabit. So voluntary are belief and unbelief, that geology which had been rejected and derided in spite of the clear evidence of the senses, as long as it was believed to corroborate the Mosaic history of the deluge, was at once honoured and cultivated, and its most doubtful deductions were treated as certain truths, as soon as it was supposed to impugn the Mosaic history of the creation. This innocent science seems really to have been regarded by infidel philosophers first with the animosity with which partisans regard an antagonist, and afterwards with all the partiality they could show to a convert. In Mr. Brydone's 'Tour through Sicily and Malta, in 1770,' eight years before the death of Voltaire, the immense antiquity of the globe as proved by the geological phenomena of Ætna, is treated of with a radiant satisfaction which is really hardly exceeded when he descants upon the profligacy of the Sicilian monks or knights of Malta. He seems to have the same sort of pleasure in dwelling upon the number of strata and the years required for their formation, which he shows when he makes an opportunity for detailing an indecent story, real or imaginary, of a wicked Capuchin.

Sir C. Lyell laments and complains of the habit which thus prevailed in past years of discussing geological subjects upon theological grounds, and for purposes religious or irreligious as suited the prepossessions of the writer; for he considers it as an injury to his favourite science. There is no doubt that such has been the case. Still we do not see that believers in Christianity acted in this matter unreasonably. The impression that the date and manner of the formation of the material globe are revealed in Scripture, if it be, as we believe, erroneous, is yet

[1] Lyell; Elements, p. 56.

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certainly not at first sight unnatural; and although we take a deep interest in geology, we will still, by Sir Charles Lyell's permission, point out the important distinction, that without geology the world has done well, and may do well, but without a belief in the truth of the Bible it cannot do at all. Under these circumstances, some degree of over-sensitiveness, even if it were mistaken, may well be excused in those who undeniably saw that the facts of geology were employed as an instrument of assault upon Revelation.

Had we been writing only a few years ago, we should have thought it little necessary thus to defend those who maintained a scriptural geology, but should rather have been called upon to prove that a geology not founded upon Scripture may be adopted by one whose belief in Revelation is of all things dearest to his heart. We should then have entered into an inquiry which is not now required, because thinking men in general are agreed as to its result. We should have thought it necessary to inquire whether there are indeed grounds for supposing that it was the will of the all-seeing Author of Revelation to convey to us information as to the geological changes which have taken place upon the globe, and the phenomena which have resulted from them. We should have insisted that it is plainly not His will to reveal to us either all that forms the subject of His own infinite consciousness, or even all that portion of it which our finite understandings are capable of embracing—that the real question is not whether He who knows all things knows the exact date and manner of the formation and change of every rock upon and within the world, which He has made and sustains, but whether or not He has really been pleased to give us information (as He might, had such been His pleasure), with regard to these points. Upon these points we say we do not now consider it needful to enter, because they are not at the present day seriously discussed. We doubt whether there are any persons remaining, who seriously believe that it was the pleasure of the All-wise God to occupy with these subjects the pages of His Revelation to man.

We assume, therefore, that the modern geologists are religiously justified in carrying on their investigation of nature, and in theorizing freely upon its phenomena without reference to the creation as recorded in the Old Testament. We believe this course to be on the whole most consistent with a reverent value for the Divine word. We have no overweening sympathy with the temper of mind which would refer men to nothing but the inspired pages for controversial purposes, even if the controversy be purely theological. When indeed controversy arises, we must refer to Scripture; as the Church has ever done:

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yet it is for devotion not for controversy that Revelation was given, and for devotion rather than for controversy we desire all men to have the Scriptures in their hands. But if this be so in controversies of theology, how much more in those of a secular nature. Surely it is evident that needlessly to introduce the word of God in discussions merely secular, exposes men to the danger of an irreverence, somewhat akin to that which is engendered by introducing the Name of God in secular conversation.

But it is sometimes replied that this is a misstatement of the question. It is not, whether we shall go to Scripture for geological facts, but whether when a fact is, (for whatever reason,) distinctly stated in Scripture, we shall reject it as inconsistent with facts observed and theories adopted in modern times—whether moreover those who do reject it, can defend themselves from the charge of rejecting the Divine testimony by urging that the subject is scientific and not religious, and therefore not that upon which it was the pleasure of God to make revelations to us.

Now, fully holding the great principles upon which modern physical philosophers maintain that their inquiries ought to be made, independent of Revelation and without reference to it, we must still admit that this objection is not without weight. It cannot surely be doubted that to reject any one fact really and confessedly revealed in Scripture is inconsistent with belief in its Divine inspiration, as that inspiration is believed among us. For that which the Divine Author of Scripture was pleased to teach us, whatever be its nature or its subject, rests upon His omniscience and His truth; and if it were His will to declare that this material globe was called into existence out of nothing, 5,900 years ago, we could reject the declaration only denying one of those fundamental facts; that is, by denying God Himself, His nature and perfections; for He is wisdom and is truth. Those therefore, for example, who deny the historical facts recorded in the Old Testament must of necessity deny the inspiration of Scripture, as it has always been understood.[1] However they may intend to preserve sacred the religious facts and doctrines of Revelation, they cannot maintain the Divine origin of the book, except in that limited sense which would confine the Divine communication or the superintending and controlling grace of God, guarding the writer from error, to those parts which they regard as strictly theological.

The doctrine of inspiration, therefore, which alone is consistent with views such as those of M. Bunsen, Ewald, and even

[1] See the notice on the Chevalier Bunsen and Ewald, in the fifty-third number of the 'Christian Remembrancer,' in a letter signed E. B. P.

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Niebuhr, (not to mention names in the English Church,) is precisely that which the Roman Church maintains with regard to the authority of the existing Church in successive ages. That it has pleased God to enlighten the existing Church with a supernatural knowledge of scientific or historical facts, or any others save those of a purely religious character, no Roman theologian believes. Upon doctrinal questions, on the other hand, she speaks with His authority. Thus, if the Church declares *ex cathedrâ* that a certain doctrine was maintained by Origen, and that it is heretical; the latter of these declarations rests, according to their belief, upon a Divine, the former upon a merely human, authority. Whether or not it would be consistent with the principles of the Roman Church to extend this distinction to the writers of Holy Scripture, and to maintain as *de fide* that their religious and doctrinal assertions are from God, admitting meanwhile that upon other questions they were left to the unaided light of fallible human testimony and human intellect, we do not here inquire. Such at best must be the view maintained by those Protestant philosophers, who reject any fact really recorded by the inspired writers upon any subject whatever, while at the same time they admit their inspiration upon matters of religion.

Such a view of inspiration, however, would be utterly abhorrent from the religious convictions and sympathies of English Churchmen of every school of opinion; neither, so far as we can see, have those who adopt it (as seems to be the case with the more orthodox and devout of the Lutheran body) any security whatever for the maintenance even of the most sacred religious truths, unless they admit along with it a living teaching authority. For those who admit no Divine voice upon earth save the voice of Scripture, and who at the same time deny that Scripture speaks with Divine authority upon any other than religious subjects, need only deny that any question is indeed necessary to the reality of religion, and they may immediately deny its truth, however clearly taught in Scripture. This view therefore appears to us to require, as its necessary supplement, a living voice which may from time to time declare with authority what are and what are not necessary religious doctrines and facts, and the subject-matters of inspiration.

It seems, then, that upon our own principles, to admit that any one fact whatever is clearly stated in Holy Scripture, and yet to deny the truth of that fact, would be in truth to deny the Divine authority and inspiration of Scripture.

But it is widely different when the question is whether such and such a fact is really declared or not. That men, and even learned and religious men, have before now assumed for ages

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together that certain facts are inconsistent with Scripture, which we now all hold to be perfectly consistent with it, it is too plain to be denied. There is no doubt that the authorities of the Roman Church felt the astronomical doctrines of Galileo to be contrary to the interpretation of Scripture usually received in his day, both by Roman Catholics and all other Christians. It is shown indeed by an able writer in the 'Dublin Review,' (July 1838,) that this was the extent of the sentence against him, and that the great Bellarmine, by whom, among others, it was passed, felt that the usual and most obvious interpretation, was a thing so far distinct from the Divine verity itself, that Galileo's doctrine might hereafter be established; and that should such be the case, the ordinary interpretation of Scripture upon the subject would be proved to be mistaken. Such has accordingly, as we all know, been the course of events, and there is now probably hardly any one above the lower class of a national school, so half-learned as to be puzzled by the apparent discrepancy upon this point between the word of God and His world. May it not be worth while that one who is scandalized at any apparent contradiction between the conclusions of geologists and Divine Revelation, should very carefully consider whether they too may not, perhaps, contradict our established interpretations of the Mosaic history of the creation or the deluge, rather than the Divine record itself? That such contradiction will always exist between the observed facts of every progressive science and the records of Revelation, seems to us, beforehand, almost certain. The words of Scripture, be it remembered, not only are not designed to teach natural science, and therefore cannot be expected to be fitted for a work to which their Divine Author has never 'sent them;' but what is even more important, they are, as we well know, the heritage of all nations, and of every age; and we may say chiefly and perhaps in the first place, the heritage of the simple, the ignorant, the poor, the unscientific. Now, if in the Divine wisdom the volume of inspiration had been so written that the facts of nature which came under review,—for example 'the sun standing still over Gibeon,'—had been described in the language of sciences not yet discovered; the very meaning must of necessity have been altogether a riddle to every age and nation until the progress of science had unlocked the mystery. Thus the scandal (such as it is) of a popular and unscientific style, when it is first discovered that it does not accurately describe the physical facts, would indeed have been avoided; but at the cost of those many generations which elapsed, and read, and mused over the sacred record, before the physical discoveries had been thought of: the poor would have been sacrificed to the great and intellectual, the simple to the objector. How

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different all this from the whole course of His Revelation, who 'has hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed 'them unto babes, for so it seemed good in His sight!' We might enlarge upon other considerations akin to these—for instance, on the opposition between science and poetry, and the distinctly poetical cast in which He who made and loved us, has been pleased to mould his communications to us, both in nature and grace. What would the 19th Psalm be if translated into the terms of science? We might point out the benefit and necessity to inquiring and intellectual minds of difficulties, which exercise peculiarly those virtues which are to them most needful and hardest of attainment,—the virtues of humility, distrust of self, and simple submission to God. But we have said enough, we think, to explain and justify our expectation, that as in times past, so in future, the progress of physical science will be marked by apparent discrepancies of observed facts with Revelation, by the scoffs of the infidel, and the apologies of the believer. We have seen this already in astronomy, in geology, in ethnology. We may expect it in the farther investigation of these sciences, and perhaps in others; even, for example, in experiments upon the nature and conditions of animal life, and the like.

Not that we doubt that difficulties like these, if so they are to be considered, will clear away in future as in past times, as the subjects are more carefully and fully investigated. We enter through clouds into a region of light. And in the meantime we have no sympathy with the state of mind which we cannot help occasionally observing, which hastily takes alarm at every new investigation which seems to threaten results inconsistent with belief. Men who indulge this spirit mean well no doubt, and are to be treated with respect; yet we cannot but feel them to be but dangerous friends to the cause of Truth. They seem always in a panic lest its unsoundness should be found out —they are alarmed lest the miracles of Scripture should be rivalled by Mesmerism,—lest the Mosaic history should be contradicted by geology,—lest the descent of man from one original stock should be impugned by an examination into the history of nations,—lest the theory of nebulæ should suggest something against the creation of the world by God. Surely this is but a weak sort of faith after all. We would say to such men, Cheer up and take courage, for you are on the side of truth, and this is the prerogative of truth, that she may indeed for a while be eclipsed by objections, but that as facts are fully examined, they must be found in accordance with her. No one truth can be contrary to any other truth—if it is your axiom that the Gospel is true, then is it certain, demonstrably certain, that no fact in the universe—in heaven above or earth

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beneath, or in the waters or the rocks under the earth, can by possibility be really inconsistent with it.

And therefore, as Christians, we would say boldly let inquiry and investigation proceed. We fear them not. Some opinions which we have in times past supposed to be revealed truths, may indeed be found to have been mistaken inferences from scriptural expressions. But when the inquiry has been fairly and fully carried out, it is utterly impossible that its result can be inconsistent with any one doctrine of our faith, or any one fact which God has really revealed. To shrink from the inquiry would, in our mind, be as unreasonable as if we should fear lest the working out of some abstruse calculation should exhibit results inconsistent with the axiom, that things equal to the same are equal to one another. We really cannot persuade ourselves to feel nervously anxious, lest it should be proved that two and two are not after all equal to four.

Thus then we would bid the geologist go on boldly—collect all the facts you can—do not fear that any real result of facts can be injurious. No truth ever was or ever can be injurious; it is only falsehood which ever did injury to any one. Collect your facts and systematize them; if the results seem in any degree inconsistent with Revelation, it is either because Revelation does not really say what you have supposed, or else because your theory is founded upon an imperfect induction of facts, *i.e.* because it is not true. But go on boldly, you need not be pausing at each step to inquire how far will this agree with the Mosaic record—is there anything in this opposed to religion? You are working indeed on another part of God's works, but they are His works still. Do not be afraid. It is not the devil's world whose construction you are examining, but God's; and in it there can be no contradiction of anything God has said. Only let us know exactly what His works are, and they will be found to be in agreement with His words.

With these feelings, we confess we think that upon subjects like these, men of science and divines will do well to agree upon a division of labour. Let the geologist go on ascertaining and arranging his facts and drawing his inferences as best he may, unchecked by any fear lest conclusions should be inconsistent with religion, and let it be the business of divines to inquire, after the conclusions have been attained with tolerable certainty, whether they agree with the preconceived opinions of religious men, and if not, how the discrepancy is to be set right.

But if this cartel is to be established, there is one condition which men of science must carefully preserve. They must stick to their last; they must leave theology to others. If they leave their proper province, the investigation of physical

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facts, and encroach upon theological ground, they must not expect impunity because they are not divines but philosophers. A foreigner is amenable to the laws of England if he comes amongst us—a man of science, if he chooses to write on questions of theology at all, must write like a Christian, or bear from us the imputation of heresy or infidelity. To illustrate our meaning. A geologist may state his opinion, that the causes now in operation are sufficient to account for the existing strata and organic remains, but that those causes must have been in operation almost for countless ages. He may state that he can find no traces of any general inundation over the whole earth; he may declare that the organic contents of the ancient strata must have belonged to animals which lived and died long prior to the creation of man. These subjects are his legitimate field of inquiry. But if he chooses to examine the questions, whether Noah's deluge was universal, in what sense 'death came into the world by sin,' and the like, he is writing theology; and must be tried by the same rules which are applied to other theologians.

For be it well observed, that there are two styles of writing which may seem, at first sight, much like each other, but which, in truth, spring from principles and imply tempers diametrically opposite. Of the one we have already spoken; it is that of a man, who, firmly convinced that the Revelation of God is and must be true, goes boldly forth into His world, certain that any discrepancy with it must be only superficial and apparent, and therefore pursues his inquiry without fear of a conflicting result. The other is that of one who, by no means convinced of the truth of Revelation, and fully persuaded of the reality of his own studies, pays a formal acknowledgment at starting to the one, and then goes on to the other quite willing, upon any temptation, to make statements really and plainly opposite to the truths which he began by formally admitting. The difference may be illustrated by our own feelings. If we hear a story which seems to attach a suspicion of dishonest or dishonourable conduct to a friend, whom we know to be wholly incapable of it, we say at once, 'There is some mistake, when the facts are fully known it will appear;' but we do not even for a moment feel a doubt that perhaps it may be as it is represented. How different this from the official protest of Shakspeare's Antony—'Brutus is an honourable man,' while he is labouring to prove him a villain. Now it cannot be denied that there was, especially in the last century, a class of writers who habitually used this policy towards the religion of Christ. It was adopted by Voltaire, by Hume, by Gibbon, and by the vulgar herd of their followers. They canted about 'our holy religion,' especially when they conceived that they had found some

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telling weapon against it. Voltaire writes, in a letter to the editors of the first edition of his works:—

'A l'égard de quelques écrits plus serieux, tout ce que j'ai à 'vous dire, c'est que je suis né Français et Catholique; et c'est 'principalement dans un pays Protestant que je dois vous mar- 'quer mon zèle pour mon patrie, et mon profond respect pour la 'religion dans laquelle je suis né et pour ceux qui sont à la tête 'de cette religion.' Hume concludes his 'Essay on Miracles,' 'I am the better pleased with the method of reasoning here 'delivered, as I think it may serve to confound those dangerous 'friends or disguised enemies to the Christian religion, who have 'undertaken to defend it by the principles of human reason. 'Our most holy religion is founded on FAITH, not on reason, 'and it is a sure method of exposing it to put it to such a trial 'as it is by no means fitted to endure.'

Now it is evident that a geologist may very easily act in the spirit here exposed, who begins his work with a protest of his belief in Christianity, and of his being now engaged on a wholly different subject, which must be examined, not as a question of cosmogony, but as one of pure science; if he afterwards takes opportunities to sneer at Christian doctrines, or at those whose writings show that they heartily receive and embrace them as unquestionable truths. And this obliges us to express our deep regret that Sir Charles Lyell,—we sincerely trust without intending it, or considering the inference to which his words fairly expose him,—should in several places have written in a manner which exposes him to the charge of writing in this very spirit. We will give one or two examples out of several which lie before us.

'In a rude state of society, all great calamities are regarded by the people as judgments of God upon the wickedness of man. Thus, in our own time, the priests persuaded a large part of the population of Chili, and, perhaps, believed themselves, that the fatal earthquake of 1822 was a sign of the wrath of Heaven for the great political revolution just then consummated in South America.'—*Principles*, p. 10.

Speaking of Ray's 'Essay on Chaos and Creation,' he says:—

'We perceive clearly, from his writings, that the gradual decline of our system, and its future consummation by fire, was held to be as necessary an article of faith by the orthodox as was the recent origin of our planet. His discourses, like those of Hooke, are highly interesting, as attesting the familiar association in the minds of philosophers in the age of Newton of questions of physics and divinity. It is curious to meet with so many citations from the Christian Fathers and Prophets, in his "Essays on Physical Science;" to find him, in one page proceeding, by the strict rules of induction, to explain the former changes of the globe, and in the next gravely entertaining the question, whether the sun and stars, and the whole heavens, shall be annihilated together with the earth at the era of the grand conflagration.'—*Principles*, p. 33.

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Here Sir Charles Lyell assumes that it is the error and superstition of a rude state of society to suppose that 'earthquakes and other great calamities' are 'judgments of God upon the wickedness of men;' he treats, as a similar weakness, the opinion that the world will one day be destroyed by fire, and the inquiry how far that conflagration will extend. Now, beyond a doubt, these are questions of pure theology. If he chooses to speak upon them at all, he is bound to speak of them as a Christian, and is as much open to censure and criticism as any professed theologian. His theology may be good or bad, but theology it is; and it is not too much to demand, that a professed Christian writing on points of theology, should tell us on what religious grounds he rejects conclusions which have ever seemed unquestionable to all Christians who have discussed them. Does he mean that we have been mistaken in supposing these doctrines to be revealed? If so, let him show it. Does he mean, that, though revealed, they are not to be believed? We trust not, for in that case his profession of Christianity would but too much resemble the zeal of Hume for our 'most holy religion.'

We have enlarged upon this point because we think we see, in much of the popular literature of the day, a tendency to confuse together the just and healthy tone of a scientific inquiry, (we mean that which, assuming earnestly and sincerely the truth of Revelation, proceeds upon purely inductive principles of observation, as if Revelation did not exist; confident that truth, when really discovered, will be found to agree with truth revealed;) with that other temper, the very worst in which such an inquiry can be carried on, which renders to Revelation a hollow and pretended acknowledgment (which, however intended as a compliment, is really an insult),—and then proceeds upon the real assumption of its falsehood; as if it were something ludicrous that a practical man should really believe its facts to be no less certain than the results of the most rigid induction, though attained by another method of proof.

Neither are we by any means convinced that the interests of religion are safe, because philosophers profess, above all things, to reverence the First Cause, the Deity, the Author of Nature, and the like. Our readers probably remember that Lord Brougham appeals to phrases like these, in the writings of Voltaire, for the purpose of proving that he was not an impious or irreligious man, although unfortunately disgusted with Christianity, which he knew only under the garb of Popery. We would employ the same fact for another purpose: we would beg our philosophers not to consider themselves sound Christians because they employ, and employ sincerely, expressions which

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were equally sincere in the mouth and from the pen of Voltaire. They can hardly think us uncharitable or bigoted if we require something more than this; in fact, we are but acting upon principles which they would themselves apply to any other subject-matter. We are not content that a Christian should think it much to acknowledge and rest in natural theology, because in him, to rest in that truth, implies the rejection of many truths more important, more practical, more strongly attested. That Cicero or Plato should appeal to the works of nature, and trust in their great Author, was indeed a great thing, because their doing so was, as S. Paul says, 'a feeling after Him' who had, for a while, suffered all nations to go in their own ways, and had left Himself with only this imperfect witness. But for him who knows the true God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, to content himself with this meagre theology, is an ungrateful rejection of truth; not a craving after it and reaching toward it; it is groping for the wall, and shutting his eyes to the glorious light of day. For these causes, we cannot acknowledge such passages as the following as any proof of the Christianity of the writers although we do not for a moment mean to deny that they are sincere Christians. Sir Charles Lyell says of Hutton, quoting the words of Playfair:—

'"He had always displayed," says Playfair, "the utmost disposition to admire the beneficent design manifested in the structure of the world, and he contemplated with delight those parts of his theory which made the greatest addition to our knowledge of final causes." We may say, with equal truth, that in no scientific works in our language can more eloquent passages be found, concerning the fitness, harmony, and grandeur, of all parts of the creation, than in those of Playfair; they are evidently the unaffected expressions of a mind which contemplated the study of nature, as best calculated to elevate our conceptions of the First Cause,' &c.—*Principles*, p. 59.

Our objection to all this is the same which our author would feel to any work which should, in the present day, announce as great discoveries, geological facts which would have been important accessions to knowledge a hundred years ago. There was a time, before God had spoken, when the study of Nature was perhaps 'best calculated to elevate our conceptions of the First Cause.' Is not our author employing conventional language, the meaning of which he does not realize, when he says it is so now? Does he really mean that the physical works of God are higher, nobler, or more glorious than His moral and spiritual works;—that the strata of our hills have a tendency to elevate a Christian mind higher than the word and the works of Him who has brought for us life and immortality to light through His Gospel? We trust, nay, we sincerely believe, he cannot mean what he says. It is an idle

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fashion which the miserable study of evidences and natural theology, and the like poor fare, which was of late so popular among us, has introduced; and which custom, we trust, now keeps up among men who really mean better; else the passage we have quoted would really amount to a denial by implication, of all that is really great, noble, and stirring in God's Revelation of Himself through His Son; if, after all, we may say, that He has been born, and lived, and died, among us, and men have seen God manifest in the flesh, and 'have seen with 'their eyes, and have looked upon, and their hands have handled, 'the WORD OF LIFE; for the life was manifested, and we have 'seen it, and bear witness, and show unto you that eternal life, 'which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us;' and yet that still, after all this, it is true as it was before, that it is the study of nature which elevates man most near to God; and that the rocks of the earth reveal Him more fully, more nobly, with more transforming power, than His incarnate Word. Surely, 'if these should hold their peace, the very stones would immediately cry out.' Inanimate nature herself will witness to her Lord, if man, to whom He has spoken, will not hear and love His voice; yet it is only because these hold their peace—not because the stones speak of Him more clearly or more nobly than His revealed Word, but because He will not be left without meaner witnesses, when they who should be His witnesses, refuse the task which is their true glory.

With what indignation must we suppose that glorious Apostle would have read words like these from the pen of a Christian, who cried, 'God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ;' and again, 'We all with open face be-'holding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed after 'the same image from glory to glory, as by the Spirit of the 'Lord!' Yes; it is the Word made flesh that is alone the true elevator of mankind.

In these remarks, be it remembered, we are not by any means demanding that philosophers shall intermingle religious with scientific subjects. We think they had better usually be kept separate. All we require is, that if Christian philosophers choose to theologize at all, they should theologize as Christians, and not merge the Christian in the natural philosopher, when speaking upon theological subjects. Neither do we think of denying that the Christian may and will make a religious use of the works of nature. Of course he will. But he will not come to them as one ignorant, to be instructed in the great First Cause, as he might and would have done had God never spoken. On the contrary, he will go to them in the spirit of one who knows God already, and turns to His works, not for proofs of

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His power and wisdom and love, but for perpetual instances and memorials of that love, wisdom and power, which he knows already, not in His works but in Himself. He adores in them the God whom he already knows, instead of seeking in them for proofs of One whom he knows not. He receives them as gifts, not from an unknown benefactor, whose goodness he infers from them, but endeared to him even beyond their intrinsic value because he knows them to be the works and the gifts of Him who has loved him and given Himself for him. The one temper would be but a deifying of the works of nature, the other is to see and worship the true God in His works. The one is the religion of Nature, the other the faith of Christ. Thus it is that the Christian contemplates nature:—

> 'His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
> And the resplendent rivers; his to enjoy
> With a propriety that none can feel,
> But who, with filial confidence inspired,
> Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
> And smiling say, MY FATHER made them all!
>
> * * * * *
>
> 'Acquaint thyself with God if thou wouldst taste
> His works. Admitted once to His embrace
> Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
> Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart
> Made pure, shall relish with Divine delight
> Till then unfelt, what hands Divine have wrought.'

Neither will we deny that he who brings with him this temper to the works of God will draw conclusions with some degree of diffidence as to the method of their creation. He remembers that he is scanning the works of Him whose 'judgments are unsearchable and His ways past finding out;' and he applies to himself the reproof of God to the Patriarch: 'Where wast 'thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? declare, if thou 'hast understanding. Who hath laid the measures thereof, if 'thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it? 'Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened? or who laid 'the corner-stone thereof; when the morning stars sang 'together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?' In this spirit he will not indeed abstain from a careful and rigid analysis of nature, nor from logical induction from its phenomena; but he may, perhaps, shrink from deciding that it is only in this manner, or only in that manner, that it can have been framed. To exemplify our meaning:—the modern geologists, as we have already said, assume that all the existing rocks of which we have cognizance, (whether stratified as deposits from water, or massy as the results of fusion,) have gradually been formed in the course of successive ages by the operation of the same

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causes which are now at work upon the globe, and that similar results are at this moment being produced by the action of the same causes; thus they entirely reject the hypothesis of any sudden and violent changes formerly taking place in some chaotic state of our earth, wholly dissimilar to any which are now going on around us. But they are forced to assume that this material globe has existed and been inhabited for a period of time which it almost perplexes the human mind to contemplate. The period indeed of man's residence upon earth would be sufficiently proved to be comparatively very short (apart from Revelation) by the mere geological records of the earth. But that it must have been replete with vegetable and animal life, not merely for centuries, but thousands, and more probably even millions, of years before the creation of Adam, seems certain, if the existing rocks were formed by a process exactly similar to those which are in progress around us. Fully convinced of this, we do not hesitate to admit that Christian geologists are justified in examining the physical records of the earth, as if unquestionably the result of existing causes acting for a period of years almost countless. It is the work of theologians to adjust whatever may really be discovered with existing systems of belief, to show whether in any point the popular opinion has too hastily assumed, as the true meaning of Scripture, facts, which are not indeed recorded there; or if not, to show in what other way the face of the world and the words of God may be shown to be, as when rightly understood they must of necessity be, perfectly harmonious. And this has already been done in a great measure. There is much that is very valuable upon this subject in Mr. Gray's little work, especially in the third chapter, on 'The harmony between the Word and Works of God, in relation to the Earth's Antiquity.' Much had been done before, as for instance by Bishop Wiseman, in his 'Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion,' and in some valuable remarks in a note supplied by Dr. Pusey to Dean Buckland's 'Bridgewater Treatise.' Dr. Pusey shows that the creation of the world out of nothing, at an indefinite period before the creation of man, (although inconsistent no doubt with the usual opinion of Christians as derived from the book of Genesis before geological facts were investigated,) is yet so far from being contrary to the words of that Divine Record, that great authorities so understood them long before geology was studied. He says, 'The time 'of the creation, in verse 1, appears to me not to be defined; 'we are told only what alone we are concerned with, that all 'things were made by God. Nor is this any new opinion. Many 'of the Fathers (they are quoted by Petavius, lib. c. cap. ii. s. 1—'8,) supposed the first two verses of Genesis to contain an account

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'of a distinct and prior act of creation; some, as S. Augus-
'tine, Theodoret and others, that of the creation of matter;
'others that of the elements . . . . Accordingly, in some
'old editions of the English Bible, where there is no division
'into verses, you actually find a break at the end of what is
'now the second verse; and in Luther's Bible, (Wittenburg,
'1557,) you have in addition the figure 1, placed against the
'third verse, as being the beginning of the account of the
'creation on the first day. This then is just the sort of confirma-
'tion which one wished for, because, though one would shrink
'from the impiety of bending the language of God's book to
'any other than its obvious meaning, we cannot help fearing
'lest we might be unconsciously influenced by the floating
'opinions of our own day, and therefore turn the more anxiously
'to those who explained Holy Scripture before those theories
'existed.'

In a similar manner may be explained (what seems the most startling difficulty) the creation of the sun on the fourth day of the Mosaic creation, while it appears as if the world had existed for countless ages before that last work of God, under conditions similar to those in which it now is. It is shown by Bishop Wiseman, that 'S. Basil, S. Cæsarius, and Origen, 'account for the creation of light prior to that of the sun, by 'supposing this luminary to have indeed before existed; yet so 'that its rays were prevented by the dense chaotic atmosphere 'from penetrating. This was, on the first day, so far rarified 'as to allow the transmission of the sun's rays, though not the 'discernment of its disk, which was fully displayed on the 'third day.'

Another difficulty had long ago been observed—the distribution of animals as well as plants over the globe. Men have often inferred that all were created in one district; and, more naturally, that after the flood of Noah, no animal life remained upon the world except that preserved in the ark; and, that from this remnant, all creatures now existing on earth had their origin. This at once suggested the question, how animals, and in many cases noxious animals whom man would not transport, were carried from the centre of Asia to distant islands; and how it came, that many of them are found only in those distant lands? Thus, for example, all the quadrupeds of the great Australian continent, about forty in number, are peculiar to it. This seems to negative the idea that they have sprung from individuals preserved in the ark and casually transplanted across the sea; for, had this been the case, it would be miraculous that none of them should have left any of their race, in any of the countries through which they must have passed, and which

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are well adapted for their increase. The same remark applies to the American continent, and to many distant islands. This difficulty was observed by S. Augustine, who inquires, whether God, by the ministry of angels, may have transported them across the sea after the flood? It now appears that the fossil remains of Australia, for example, are characterised with the same peculiarities which are found also in its recent animal races. This seems to indicate, that the Almighty planted the creatures which it was His pleasure should inhabit different lands in those lands at their first creation—that Australia, for instance, has been occupied by marsupial animals, not merely since the flood, but for ages before. Difficulties like these will be adjusted by degrees; whether the judgment of divines may finally acquiesce in the opinion, that the universality of the deluge consisted, not in its covering the whole face of the globe, and sweeping away all wild animals; but rather in the entire destruction of the race of man, (which is a point of religious belief, attested by the clear words of Scripture, and by the traditions of all nations,[1]) and the animals dependent upon him, and all his works; or, whether they may decide, that after the earth had been swept by the flood, it pleased God to replenish it by creating anew in each land, as at first, creatures similar to those which had before occupied it. In either case, we are of opinion, that as it is nowhere declared in Scripture that all animals now existing are descended from those preserved in the ark, so, on the other hand, that opinion, natural as it is, will not be found consistent with facts.

From what we have said, it will be plain to our readers that we are far from regarding the modern systems of geology, founded as they are upon observation and induction apart from any consideration of Scripture, as in any degree inconsistent with the facts there recorded. On the contrary, we are convinced that a sincere and earnest believer may consistently admit the conclusions of the geologists, which are in the main these: that the world has existed in substantially its actual state for countless ages before the creation of man,—that the existing rocks[2] which meet our eyes in all known countries have been gradually formed, and have assumed their present shape and character, while the earth has been enlightened by the sun as it now is, divided as now into sea and land, rivers and lakes, plains and mountains,—that during these ages the climate of different parts of the earth, as for instance of that which we inhabit, has been

[1] This is shown by Bishop Wiseman in a very interesting manner in his 'Lectures.'

[2] The term rock, as used by geologists, is technical, and signifies not merely masses of hard stone, but any mass of mineral matter, chalk, clay, sand, &c.

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greatly modified, at different periods, by changes in the proportion and situation of land and sea, the growth and clearing away of forests and the like,—that since the creation of man the same causes have continued to operate and to produce similar effects, so that there are, no doubt, many rocks now existing, (though they may be chiefly hidden in the bed of the ocean,) part of which was formed before men were created, while part exactly similar has gradually accumulated since—but that the period since the creation of man is so small compared with those which elapsed before, that the geological results of that period are as yet scarcely appreciable, as compared with the vast monuments existing in actual mountains, valleys, mines, and the like, of changes which took place before the first man tenanted the globe,—in particular, that we cannot decide with certainty that any existing remains which have yet been examined are the results of Noah's flood, and that there are in most countries many races of animals which do not appear to have sprung from those preserved in the ark. Of these conclusions, indeed, some are startling at first sight, and differ from those suggested by the first view of the Scripture narrative; yet we think that even these are by no means inconsistent with the real meaning of that sacred history, and that a fair and candid mind will not feel itself obliged to censure those who maintain them as subverting the truths of Revelation.

Yet fully admitting all this, and that the views entertained by modern geologists may be actually correct, we still cannot but feel that our author and his compeers exaggerate their certainty. Take what view you please of the formation of existing strata, allow for it what time you please; but at last we are met by that one stupendous fact, however distant, the point at which matter and spirit come into contact, the great wonder and mystery of this visible world, the fact of CREATION. 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.' This is a certain theological truth revealed by God Himself, and which (even when unrevealed) reason itself showed to men of higher souls. Indeed, is it as evident to reason as to faith? For all life upon this globe has its beginning no less than its end; and it is almost a contradiction in terms to say that a series has lasted for ever without any commencement, every individual of which had a beginning. One uncreated cause, without beginning, is indeed beyond our conception or understanding, but such a series as this would be contrary to our reason. Moreover, the fact of creation is witnessed even by the organic remains, which geology brings to our notice; for no fact is more certain, than that many species of animals have come into existence within geological periods: and of course (unless

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philosophers are disposed to return to the 'fortuitous concurrence of atoms'), this can only be referred to an act of creation. Now, who shall undertake to say in what state God would create any of the works of His hand. Who is sufficient for such a speculation? This is that ultimate difficulty which remains behind every geological theory, however complete.

Sir Charles Lyell states at the end of his book, in language which we think might well be more positive, the argument from analogy as he accounts it, against the existence of the present order of things from everlasting; but if it ever had a beginning, if there ever was a period, however remote, at which animal and vegetable life first commenced upon this earth, (and that such a period there was, we are assured by reason no less certainly than by faith,) then at that period we are met by the act of creation, by the Divine agent and the creature of His hand. Now, what human intellect shall presume to conjecture what the state of this world was as it came thus from the hand of the Creator, and before any changes had been wrought in it by the course of ages—the formation of new strata—the embedding of organic remains? Far be it from us to answer: yet one suggestion may be offered. The only approach towards even a probable solution, must be made, not upon principles of *à priori* probability—not by asserting what God must needs have done, (in all cases a perilous course,) but by analogy—by inquiring what it has pleased Him to do in other instances. For though this is no demonstration that He will do the same in every case, yet, inasmuch as 'He is not the God of confusion, but of order,' it is a presumption of a high order. Now, the only analogy we can consult, is the case of the creation of the existing state of things as recorded in the book of Genesis. We find there that He created both Adam and Eve in a state of perfection; it has generally been supposed such as they would have been after twenty or thirty years' life upon earth; not, indeed, such as their children since the fall have been after so many years, but such as they would have been, had they been born sinless and without infirmity, into a sinless world, and had then gradually advanced to strength and perfection. Certainly, in neither of them was there any lengthened period of infancy and youth. The same seems to have been the case with 'every beast of the field,' created for their use, and put under their subjection. They were created such as their progeny would gradually become in the process of time. Moreover, the same rule seems to have obtained in the creation of the trees of the field, for He created 'every plant of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew.' It seems then, that those things which were called into existence with and for the use of man, as well as man himself, were brought at once by the creative will of

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God, to that state of perfection which it would have taken a lapse of years to produce in the usual course of growth. If, then, any philosopher had stood among the works thus produced, but a few years after their creation, what must have been the effect produced upon him! He would have seen around him objects which bore no witness of any sudden change or violent convulsion, which spoke of nothing but silent gradual growth and maturity, but which must have required many years to bring them to their existing state. The whole world that surrounded him would bear witness to the long-continued action of still existing causes. Nay, there are many of the works of nature which bear upon their face a record of the precise number of years which has passed over them. A tree, for instance, of the fir tribe, shows this so distinctly, that the philosopher could have no difficulty in stating exactly how many years it had stood: every successive layer of wood being the record of a year of growth. More than this, if the trees originally created were, as the book of Genesis seems plainly to declare, such trees as have grown since, they were composed of wood, the internal rings of which tell each of one year's growth. In like manner, Adam himself, if he was a man such as other men, must have borne in the sutures of his skull, and in other points of his anatomical structure, distinct traces of that wondrous state of imperfection and infancy, through which it was the purpose of God that all his children should pass Thus much seems clearly implied in the history of the book of Genesis, the only account, be it remembered, which has been given us of any act of creation. If, then, it had been the will of God to call into existence the material globe at the same epoch with the creation of man, what reason have we to suppose that He would not adopt in this instance the same course which we are told He adopts in the other acts of creation at the same time? And, if He did, would not the world be created at once in the state to which it would have been brought by the action, for a course of ages, of the same principles, and the continuance of the same changes which since the creation have been passing upon it? Thus we infer, that analogy, (the only argument, as far as we can see, which bears at all upon the subject,) suggests the belief, that if it had been the will of God to call at once into existence a globe for the habitation of men, He would probably have created such an one as we actually find this to be, namely, one which to all outward appearance had gradually come to its state of perfection through the continued action of natural causes for many years. Now, the only reason for supposing that the world was not created immediately before the creation of man, is, that it has this appearance; the analogy, therefore, which we have pointed out, if it be just, altogether removes every reason which

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we might have had for believing that it is in fact more ancient.

One objection we have heard to this view, namely, that it would be inconsistent with the Divine truth thus to create at once objects (as organic remains) which, to all appearance, were the gradual result of many years, and of the life and death of numerous animals. This objection, however, seems to us obviated by what we have seen of the recorded history of creation. Adam, as he came from the hand of his Creator, spake as plainly to human understanding of years already gone over him, as any of the fossil remains on the rocks upon which he stood.

Whatever there is of strangeness in this theory at first sight, appears to us to vanish, when we remember who He is of whose works we are reasoning. Not to enter at present into the deep and mysterious subject of the action of the Divine will upon those creatures whom God has been pleased to create in His own image, giving them a free will and power to choose the good or evil—leaving this mystery, which is alien to our present subject, it is plain that whatever is done in the physical and material world, He alone is the doer of it. So reason tells us, and Revelation confirms it; assuring us, that God clothes the grass of the field and numbers the sparrows. Let us, then, assume the correctness of the prevalent theory of geology, and admit that for many ages before the creation of man, this world had been inhabited by inferior animals; and during those ages had been gradually made fit for his use by the revolutions which passed upon it. It is certain, then, that in the mind and will of the Creator every one of these revolutions, every individual rock and stratum, every animal whose remains now astonish us in the ancient strata—all these must have been present from the beginning, as they were when they existed, or as they are now: for to Him time is not. No detail could have been otherwise than it actually was, without interfering with the perfection of His work and His plan. Thus then every geologist, who is a theist, must admit that the whole course of events in all the ages of the geological eras, was present to the will of the Creator, at the moment of creation; and afterwards gradually developed one after the other in the course of ages. The only difference then between this view and that of the creation of the world as it was when man first entered it, is a question of time—of the time in which God would produce a certain work; a question, that is, of time with regard to Him who does not exist in time—to whom time is not. Will any wise man venture to say, that it might not be His will,—that it may not have been the very idea of creation to compress into a moment (to employ human language, which cannot really apply to Him) that course of events, that succession of cause and effect, which He saw to be requisite

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for producing such a world as it was His pleasure to create? Before any man undertakes to decide thus, let him consider how entire is our ignorance of the nature and process of creation, (as Dr. Pusey observes in another part of the note from which we have already made an extract,) how entirely ignorant we are even of the more kindred events which most intimately touch each of us individually. We know not how God acted in the creation of our own individual souls; how He framed our bodies, 'secretly, beneath in the earth;' how the powers of our souls grow, not to mention the body; what birth is, and what death. Above all, we are absolutely ignorant of the very nature of *time;* and know only, as is shown in a well-known paper of the 'Spectator,' that even to men in our present state of being the same period may vary almost indefinitely.

These considerations do not appear to us calculated to diminish, but, on the contrary, greatly to augment, the interest of geological inquiries in the minds of those who are disposed to give them full weight. In examining these phenomena it is certain, that we have before us, presented to our senses, the instrument by which it pleased God to prepare this His world for the inhabitation of man and for the humiliation and incarnation of His Only-Begotten. All things indeed come from Him, and bear the impress of His hand, and therefore, unquestionably, these among others. In any case, the geologist is analyzing the course of events by which it was His pleasure to prepare the theatre of this great event. He is tracing back to the best of his feeble powers the succession of event and cause which existed in the will of the Creator from the beginning. This is certain: yet to our imagination at least, and we think to our reason also, it would invest it with a fresh and deeper interest, and the objects which we contemplate would appear to come more directly from the hand of the Creator, if it was indeed the case that they were all called into existence in the moment of creation by His Almighty Word; in the same manner as we should look with greater interest upon a tree, an herb, or an animal which we knew to have been created, than upon one which was indeed equally the work of the Creator's hand, only by the instrumentality of the usual powers of Nature. Thus, we think that the Christian geologist, while he will not condemn the prevailing opinion of philosophers as irreligious, will not for his own part find the subject less, but rather more, interesting should he be inclined to think that in a subject beyond the reach of human intellect the balance of probability may be rather in favour of the actual creation of this world, including all its strata, and all their organized contents, both animal and vegetable, nearly in the state in which we see it, and at a period little preceding the creation of man.

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NOTICES.

THE department of our labours which is in many respects the most unsatisfactory to ourselves, is that of noticing the quarterly masses of well-intentioned and generally well-principled 'little books' which are now-a-days published. We have so often—and hitherto so ineffectually—reclaimed against these numbers numberless of 'Children's Books,' and 'School Prizes,' and 'Religious Tales,' that we abandon the task, or duty. The whole world is against us: men of the highest acquirements—ladies young and old—doctors and senior fellows—publisher and printer—probably six out of every ten of our readers—all write or are interested in writing good little books, or at least what are meant for good: and we are expected to praise all this. We respectively are Church-publishers, Church-printers, Church-writers, Church-rhymesters, Church-essayists, Church-pamphleteers, Church-tract-inditers: we have a right, each and all, to have our little works praised in a Church review: the mere fact that we are all working on the same side, and for the same ends, as the Christian Remembrancer, establishes our claims to a favourable notice. This is really the language addressed to us: and as it is so, we can but in all humility, however sad, submit to what seems inevitable. We demur to the claim. We have duties towards English literature, as well as to friendly partialities. The 'little volumes of nonsense,' of which Sidney Smith spoke, are so many, and of late so very nonsensical, that even the proverbial patience of our much-enduring craft fails us. We do not desire to hurt the feelings of well-meaning people: so, without specifying or naming a single publication of the class to which we allude, we simply state that, in our judgment, of its twenty-one representatives which this quarter has brought before us, in all its varieties of the small blue and red *feuilletons*, manuals catechetical and semi-catechetical, tales illustrative of this or that office, or this or that portion of truth, reward-books and story-books, tracts and fictions, allegories and verses, (and we have really read them all,) there is not one above the average—most of them far below it, even taking that at a very low pitch. If people would but remember that if they have nothing to say, it is far more prudent to be silent; and that, on the whole, reading is a far more healthful occupation than writing; among other useful ends which this abstinence would compass, stands foremost that of saving money, which is at present wasted either by themselves, their publishers, or their purchasers. The market is stocked and over-stocked. One of the most sensible ordinances of a certain period of ecclesiastical history was that which stopped preaching for a whole twelvemonth. We will offer no opinion of the expediency of its literal revival among ourselves: to the advantages of its application to check the rank luxuriant under-growth of 'good books,' perhaps the booksellers themselves can bear the most practical testimony.

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One illustration we are not sufficiently ascetic to suppress: from a verse-book for the use of schools we extract:—

My donkey, I would love him so,
I know that I could make him go
Without the fear of blow or kick,
Not even of a hazel stick.
'I'd feed him well, and speak him *kind*,
For that's the way to make him mind;
And by his side I'd trudge along,
And sing a little donkey song.'

We can quite assure the writer that he has misapplied his moods and tenses: any form of the conditional is out of place. He has already sung 'a little donkey song.'

'Adelaide's Gift; or, New Year's Day, by Miss M'Anslane,' (Edinburgh, Grants, 1848,) is, however, a small collection of tales satisfactorily strung together. The spirit is good, the reference to sacred considerations just what is right and needful in any book aiming at morality and designed for the young, and not too much for one which does not profess to be theological; and the last story indicates really considerable inventive and constructive power. We mention the book as something above the average.

The same may be said of the 'Shepherds of Bethlehem.' (Masters.)

'Baptism: its Nature, Efficacy, &c., by Mr. Maxwell Nicholson, of Pencaitland.' (Paton & Ritchie.) 'The Holy Eucharist: its Nature and Laws, &c., by Mr. John Marshall, of Burnside.' (Paton and Ritchie.) It is by no accident that these two pamphlets are bracketed: they are in every sense antistrophic. They are curious illustrations of the Trans-Tuedine religious tendencies. The same publishers send us by the same post a correlative antagonism in controversy. The two chief sacraments are illustrated by a happy and unhappy deflection from their own principles of two Christian teachers. Mr. Nicholson is a Presbyterian preacher, whose views of Baptism are nearly as deep as those of the Catholic Church. Mr. Marshall, a Scotch priest, degrades the other sacrament into a mere Puritan commemoration. It were, on the one hand, as unreasonable to expect, as on the other it were unfaithful to believe, that either writer represented more than an exception in their respective communions. Mr. Nicholson's tone is as warm and able as Mr. Marshall's is cold and common-place. The latter reflects upon the important question, opened by Mr. Palmer (of Magdalene) on '*passive* and *non-passive* communion.'

Chancellor Harrington has printed a Postscript to his searching pamphlet against Macaulay's History of England. (Rivingtons.) On this branch of the subject the case is complete. But perhaps, on the whole, the most damaging assault yet made on the most readable and amusing historian of this or any other day, is Mr. Churchill Babington's 'Macaulay's Character of the Clergy considered.' Apart from its triumphant conclusion, Mr. Babington's Essay is a very finished piece of criticism: it is as minute and exact as one of Croker's attacks, without that writer's captious littleness of thought and style. Mr. Babington knows what Mr. Macaulay—we will hope—did not know, the moral value of the authorities he cites. 'The young Levite filling himself with corned beef and carrots,' is just the sort of phrase never to be forgotten. Mr. Macaulay's strength lies in his brilliancy. Unfortunately for his credit, however, his malice getting

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the better of his discretion, he produces for fact what at the best was meant for banter: and when Aristophanes happens to be accepted as an historical authority for the character of Socrates, or when Captain Lemuel Gulliver supersedes D'Anville, then Mr. Macaulay may aspire to the historian's sober robe—but not till then. Mr. Babington's last chapter proves that Macaulay's *Tory* Parson and *Tory* Squire are taken, feature by feature, in an unacknowledged but most direct plagiarism, from contemporaneous sketches, in a pamphlet entitled 'The character of a *Whig* under several denominations:' we can acquiesce in the present writer's cautious severity: 'It was a bold and perhaps not very politic 'stroke of Mr. Macaulay to take the above description, reproduce it *mutatis* '*mutandis*, and apply it to the Tory Clergy. And all this not in an avowed 'work of fiction, but in a professed History of England. Some may con-'sider the fraud pious; all must confess its conception facetious: but his joke, once discovered, is at the expense of the author and his history.'—P. 110.

Two pamphlets on Baptism, of which the writers respectively seem alive to the unhappy state in which the particular question rests, are before us. 'Baptism misunderstood, the great trouble of the Church, by Mr. Alfred Gatty,' (Bell,) and 'Discourse on Baptism, by Mr. Richard Hibbs,' (Hamilton, Adams and Co.) The former, while cautious, is earnest and sound; the latter, while, we have no reason to doubt, equally earnest, is quite unsound. Mr. Gatty pleads; Mr. Hibbs decides. He tells us, which will surprise most, 'that during the eighteen centuries of the Church's continuance, either no consistent view of Christian baptism has been elicited, or that his own view is least of all known or received:' this view being only the very ordinary 'charitable assumption' one. Mr. Hibbs complacently assures his Church of England hearers, that to deny infant baptism altogether is much better than to believe in baptismal regeneration: the latter 'is far more' (p. 22) dangerous. We have not heard that Mr. Hibbs has been censured: being a Suffolk curate, it were hard to expect it. But what we fear is any thing like the growth of a disposition to accept this state of things as normal: not only to admit the fact, that our Church, by its living authorities, does permit contradictory teaching, but to acquiesce in it: in other words, to say that a Church even on fundamentals need hold *no* doctrine.

The two metropolitan Archdeacons have published their recent Charges. (Rivingtons.) To Archdeacon Hale we are thankful for a manly and intelligible protest against the incestuous Marriages Bill and the (so-called) Clergy Relief Bill. Archdeacon Hale's language is eminently plain and satisfactory: one can always tell his meaning; and though we do not perhaps meet with very high language, or very expansive principles, there is a wholesome English, common-sense, practical character about all that he says. We detect a contrast between the bluntness of London and the suavity of Middlesex: suited, we suppose, to the more delicate and coarser fibre of their respective constituencies. The allusions to 'lowering irretrievably the social position of the whole clerical body,' (p. 63,) and to 'the young men of birth and property who are *induced to enter into holy*

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orders,' (*ibid.*) and to the courtly fact of '*almost every family of any consequence* in the kingdom having ties of kindred or affinity connecting it with the Church,' (*ibid.*) had, we had hoped, become obsolete in archidiaconal Charges. We should have been glad, moreover, to have seen some allusion to the Marriage Bill, and less approval of the Management Clauses.

'Remarks upon the Record Newspaper, &c., by an Incumbent of the Diocese of London.' (Thomson.) If this London Incumbent had confined himself to his appointed task of exposing the 'malignancy, profanity, falsehood, inconsistency, evil speaking and evil thinking, selfishness, ignorance, and narrow-mindedness,' (p. 23)—to use his own words—of the newspaper with which he finds fault, it would have been little concern of ours. We should simply have sympathised with the excellent intentions of such a writer, as well as with his deplorable, however amiable, ignorance in attempting to improve in a quarter alike incapable of appreciating argument, principle, common sense, or common decency. But the London Incumbent is an Arnoldite; and, true to his party, runs a-muck against all the self-called religious journals and religious criticism of the day. As in Archdeacon Hare's various works, those who will not 'speak of the "Victory of Faith" and "Mission of the Comforter" as the grandest expositions of the two central verities of Evangelical truth which our English literature contains,' (p. 10) —those who begin to doubt the propriety of a Theological professor telling us 'that the popular English religious systems cannot last,' (one at least of those popular systems simply claiming to be that of Christianity before its corruption)—all such persons, if they happen to express their opinions, current opinions meant to meet current errors, are denounced by Mr. Hare and his many friends as 'bravoes of orthodoxy,'—as 'hired and anonymous scribes,' whose 'favourite employment is to blacken and traduce,'—as 'Iago,' and possessed of a 'hoof,'—as 'link boys,' or what not. Of course we have a word to say about all this. Dr. Arnold himself was either proprietor or editor of, or a constant contributor to, a newspaper: he was a review writer; nay, he wrote, as everybody knows, the most virulent 'blackening and traducing' and personal article which ever brought disgrace upon any review; so that Dr. Arnold's friends and worshippers will have some difficulty in showing, at least from the example of 'that true and righteous man of God, Dr. Arnold himself,' (p. 8,) that in themselves religious reviews and periodicals are unlawful. They will have greater difficulty in showing that 'falsehood and inconsistency, ignorance and narrow-mindedness, selfishness and suspiciousness,' are inseparable from periodical writing in periodicals. And while it is not for us to say what reviews are, or can do, the world has not yet learnt from the tone which replies to criticism in certain quarters have taken that no disturbance of temper can force its entrance into the serene temples of the wisdom of Hurstmonceux, or the academic calm of King's College.

Mr. E. V. Vaughan, of Wraxall, has addressed a very important 'Letter to Mr. Miles,' (Nisbet,) on one particular part of the practical working of the Minutes of Council on Education. We do not know whether this letter has attracted attention—it fully deserves it. Mr. Vaughan shows what is

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actually at work; what a miserable class, the rough material of 'dangerous classes,' as dangerous as those of Paris itself, the present system of Government inspection is actually bringing up; and yet more, how, in cases quoted and produced, the State inspector sets aside pupil teachers, against the deliberate judgment of the parish priest as to their moral and religious acquirements and general aptitude in teaching and docility, and against his testimony of their twelvemonth's daily diligence and proficiency, only on his own dislike to a provincial accent in a nervous child during a quarter of an hour's *viva voce* examination by a stranger. The fact is—and the sooner the Clergy learn it, the better—that the Government grant and the system of pupil teachers and salaried monitors have already turned our parish schools into a very plain instalment of the Prussian Staats-system. It is not a contingent danger; it is a fact daily at work. We are not alarmists, but the classes who at this moment have overturned all the authority and faith of Europe have been educated exactly and precisely upon the principles of which the paid monitors, and pupil teachers, and Government certificates, and Her Majesty's inspectors, are the actual exponents.

Mr. Cosserat has printed a 'Letter to the Bishop of Exeter,' (Wallis,) on the necessity of catechising. It is judicious and useful.

There is, to those disposed properly to use it, some important information in Mr. C. H. Cottrell's 'Religious Movements of Germany,' (Petheram,)—that is to say, Mr. Cottrell's facts are important. For himself, he only adopts the swaggering tone of one to whom all religious movements are equally an object of contempt. The principles avowed in this pamphlet are hardly other than infidel. We gather from it that the result of the political convulsions of Germany has been, that the so-called orthodox party, as represented at least by Krummacher, is now 'using the most conciliatory,' indeed rationalistic, 'language to the very persons whom they have hitherto treated as freethinkers and unbelievers.' (P. 108.) In other words, a fusion of orthodox and pietists, the Friends of Light and the Rongeists, in 'that young and renovated Church which is, with its free institutions, developing itself before our eyes,' to use Krummacher's own words, is all but openly recommended by the most respectable of German so-called orthodoxy.

Mr. C. J. Lyon, of St. Andrew's, has reprinted from a very promising periodical, 'The Scottish Magazine,' three admirable 'Letters on the Duke of Argyle's recent work.' (Lendrum.) Mr. Lyon's is a searching and closely-argued piece of criticism.

Mr. J. Lockhart Ross,—one keenly alive to the necessity of practical reforms,—has addressed some useful 'Letters on Diocesan Colleges to the Dean of Chichester.' (J. H. Parker.) We are entirely at one with the writer as to the desirableness of a distinct theological *cursus*, and even of distinct theological colleges. But the real difficulty remains, how to make this course compulsory on all candidates for orders; or, which is only another way of stating it, how to bear an increase on the present enormous expense of clerical education. On the one hand, our existing theological seminaries, planned to supersede the expense of Oxford and Cambridge, only produce second-

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class Clergy: on the other, the existing diocesan colleges are only attended by the more earnest B.A.'s. The question is how to *force* upon the crowd of imperfectly-taught and imperfectly-disciplined candidates for Orders, a creditable amount of divinity. Are we prepared to add to the four years at Oxford and Cambridge two more at the Diocesan College? or are we prepared to abridge the University period?

The Hon. Richard Cavendish has addressed one of the most striking pamphlets which have come before us, 'On the actual Relations of Church and State,' in the form of a 'Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury.' (Ollivier.) Mr. Cavendish's position, as bearing the name of the highest among the great Whig aristocratical families, gives his words only an adventitious weight: they are in themselves entitled to attention, which, however, they had scarcely secured had they come from a less influential quarter. He says plainly that to 'multiply Bishops,' as at present appointed, 'would serve but to multiply the evil,' (p. 18.) He puts a question,—and, considering both who it is who asks the question, and to whom it is put, it is an awful one,—in the plainest language which we have yet seen. We extract the passage:—'Men who can only sign the Articles 'in a non-natural sense have justly been made to feel that the Church 'has no desire to retain them within her fold. Shall others who use 'the most solemn addresses to Almighty God in a non-natural sense, 'believing them, as they must, when taken in their natural sense, 'to be "most blasphemous frivolities," — shall they any longer not 'only be tolerated, but cherished as the very salt of the Clergy? 'My Lord, if all truth and uprightness are not to die out amongst us, here 'is a matter to which the rulers of the Church must look. Here is a moral 'plague which must indeed be stayed. If it be not, what can result but an 'upgrowth of the rankest and most deadly infidelity? The rulers of the 'Church! Are they all untainted themselves? Not long ago a Bishop of 'our Church had occasion to refer in a Visitation Charge to some of these '"blasphemous frivolities." He informed his Clergy that to question the 'maintenance by our Church of one of the chief doctrines so termed by 'Mr. Noel, is absurd and impossible. But, says his Lordship to those of 'his Clergy who may reject it, this doctrine is in the Prayer-book, but an 'undue importance is attached to it. There, indeed, are the words, but 'they are only *words*. Say them and hear them, but say them and hear 'them as if they were empty sounds, destitute of all meaning. In a cor-'respondence with one of his Clergy, relating to some other "blasphemous 'frivolities" in the Prayer-book, the same Bishop informed him that they 'were allowed to remain in it by our Reformers out of pure compassion to 'human ignorance and infirmity. Now, my Lord, if any unprejudiced 'man will only pay one moment's attention to the solemn and awful invo-'cations which accompany these "idle words," he cannot fail to acknow-'ledge that if such were the intentions of our Reformers, then they were 'hypocrites the most accomplished, abettors of perjury the most shame-'less, and breakers of the third commandment the most reckless, whom the 'world has yet seen, or, it may be hoped, is ever likely to see. My Lord, 'when one of the chief pastors of our Church ventures on such assertions, 'and gives such advice to his Clergy, what wonder if some of the startled

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'sheep should wander away, some in one direction, some in another, from 'a fold which is thus pronounced, *ex cathedra*, to be polluted with falsehood 'the most revolting, and profanity the most impious?'—Pp. 21—23.

Mr. Brudenell Barter has added to his many warm-hearted appeals 'A Solemn Warning against that doctrine of Special Grace which causes divisions in the Church, and prepares the way for Infidelity.' (Rivingtons.) Mr. Barter's title is perhaps not very clear: his matter is unquestionably so.

With reference to Mr. Heurtley's 'Tract on Public Worship,' (J. H. Parker,) we must repeat his own abatement, 'It is true: but it is not the whole truth,' (p. 7,)—not more than half the truth: 'thanksgiving, praise, the hearing of God's word, prayer,' are not *the* objects of public worship; not even if we add Mr. Heurtley's 'fifth: viz. to partake of the Sacraments,' which, significantly enough, 'it is beside his purpose to dwell on.' (P. 18.) Such a purpose announces its own inadequacy. There yet remains among 'the objects of public worship' all that does not concern individual edification: such as come under the ideas of sacrifice, offering, mystery, the simple abstract glory of God, announced by angel voices, as one-half of the purpose of the Gospel, the witness to the faith, and sympathy with the unseen Church.

A useful and scientific 'History and Description of Exeter Cathedral,' has been printed by Mr. J. W. Hewett. (Holden.) It is of exactly the right proportion and in the right spirit. We do not accord with Mr. Hewett's doubts about the paintings on the choir-screen.

All that Mr. Winston writes upon the subject which he has so deeply studied deserves respectful consideration, or even deference. With this view we recommend this gentleman's 'Introduction to the Study of Painted Glass.' (J. H. Parker.) We are entirely satisfied with his historical *précis* of the art, with his technical descriptions, and his accurate and tasteful criticism of ancient art. And while we can quite enter into his vigorous condemnation of the modern mediævalisms, we are by no means satisfied with the existing specimens of an improved style which Mr. Winston praises. We should be sorry, for example, to admit that such glass as that lately placed in Westminster Abbey was an improvement, either artistic or technical, even upon the most servile imitations of old glass practised by mere copyists, such as Willement and Warrington. On the contrary, we look rather for the *tertium quid* of an improved style, not in a development commencing upon the vitiated *cinque cento*, which Mr. Winston seems disposed to take for his starting point, but rather upon a combination of the mosaic principle of colouring with the careful religious drawing of early Italian art. An advance in the right direction has been lately made in a window at Christ Church, Hoxton: of which, however, the chief defect is a want of relief, arising from the absence of cool white glass.

In our January number, after commending the improved practice which had been introduced into the education of the choristers at Westminster, we added, 'When we hear of similar care being taken at S. Paul's, we shall gladly withdraw the whole of our observations.' We are very happy in

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being able to state that our strictures had been preceded by a recent and important change for the better: a change, however, only as recent, in its completeness, as Midsummer, 1848. The details may be learned from a courteous communication which we have received:—'. . . first premising 'the system, pursued by our forefathers centuries ago, which no modern 'system can outvie, and which it is a pleasure to state we are imitating as 'nearly as we can. . . .

'In the earliest periods to which our records refer, we find the educa-'tion of the Choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral intrusted to the following 'officers:—

'I. *The Almoner*, whose duty it was to clothe, board, and *superintend* the 'education of the Choristers, both religious and secular.

'II. *The Chancellor*, whose duty it was to teach them grammar, writ-'ing, &c.

'III. *The Music Master*, whose title sufficiently denotes his duties.

'After a time, the Chancellor, whose revenues then began to increase, '(and possibly then his zeal and love for scholastic duties began to de-'crease,) appointed a Deputy, under the title of "Magister Grammaticæ," 'the duties of the two officers, Almoner and Music Master, remaining un-'touched. This change appears to have existed for a very long period.

'But afterwards it appears that the Dean and Chapter departed seriously 'from the well-projected and matured plan of their predecessors, and for 'some reasons amalgamated all the above mentioned offices in one person, 'that person sometimes being a Minor Canon, but generally the Organist, 'or a Vicar Choral.

'This plan remained in operation until the death of the late Mr. Hawes, 'Almoner and Vicar Choral, when, upon some little lapse of time, Mr. Arch-'deacon Hale (whose energy has been of much service to the Cathedral) 'accepted the office of Almoner, (independent of its emoluments,) and 'appointed a Music Master, a Grammar Master, (unconnected with the 'Cathedral,) who taught the Choristers grammar, &c. five days in the week 'for two hours per diem; and the office of Divinity Lecturer was given to 'one of the Minor Canons, Mr. Povah, (to whom praise is due for the 'interest he has generally taken in their welfare,) with the condition that 'he should catechise the boys, which he did one day in the week, and then 'only for one hour, his avocations not allowing him to do more.'

This system commenced in 1845; but it was obviously one in which a very important element in education was wanting, namely, the formation of character, and the correction of the general conduct of the Choristers both in and out of choir: the moral teaching of the boys belonged to no one. There was no provision for anything beyond a technical training. In this difficulty, an individual Minor Canon—(and we are glad to connect Mr. J. H. Coward's name with this movement)—offered to undertake the education of the boys, both religious and secular, as 'Magister Grammaticæ,'—Mr. Archdeacon Hale still retaining the Almonry, and Mr. Bailey the office of Music Master. This scheme was commenced at Midsummer last. Its details consist in providing for the instruction of the Choir-boys in Latin, History, Geography, Mathematics, and Arithmetic, with Music, in all five hours per diem, for five days in the week. It is much to be regretted, however, that the Almonry cannot provide funds to board the boys, who at

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present reside at home, and are not very sufficiently paid. To state the whole matter in full, while it is but a simple act of justice to the present Dean and Chapter, gives us satisfaction, as a proof of the vast improvement daily taking place in all departments of the Church practice.

Mr. J. H. Parker's devotional series has been enriched by a new edition of Sherlock's 'Practical Christian,' edited, with a very nice preface, by one of the author's descendants, Mr. Harold Sherlock, of Winwick.

Jeremy Taylor's 'Life of Christ' has been usefully reprinted in an abridged form, (Mozley.) This is one of our most admirable books, and eminently suited for the poor: as, indeed, all high-caste books are.

We have, in a single particular, done the editor of Mr. J. W. Parker's 'Liber Precum' wrong in our recent review of that publication. We stated that the 'In commendationibus Benefactorum,' &c., was omitted. It is printed at the end of the preface—not a very likely place to look for Occasional Offices, nor exactly corresponding with the place which this Office, and that for Communion at funerals, occupies in Queen Elizabeth's Latin Prayer-book, which Mr. Parker's recension offers to follow. We willingly put on record the editor's private avowal of his 'most earnest desire of his life to devote himself entirely to the service of the English Church, and the cause of Catholic truth,' though we still regret most strongly that, with whatever good intentions, he has published a book which will not serve his zeal in that cause.

'Self-Murder,' an affecting and solemn Pastoral Letter, addressed by Mr. Anderdon, of Leicester, to his parishioners on a case of suicide.

The second, and completing, volume of Dr. Hook's 'Sermons on the Miracles' has appeared. (Bell.) They make an interesting series.

Mr. Bowtell's admirable work on 'Monumental Brasses,' (Bell,) which has appeared regularly, wants but the concluding part.—Mr. Sharpe's equally interesting series on 'Decorated Windows' (Van Voorst) has been in this predicament since February, 1846. It is a great pity that it should not be concluded, especially as its delay forms quite an exception to the publisher's usual punctuality.

'Protestantism and Catholicity compared in their effects on the civilization of Europe,' by the Rev. J. Balmez. (Burns.) This is a translation of a Spanish work, which has attained an European celebrity. It reads very like a sensible and prose echo of Mr. Digby's 'Mores Catholici.' There is a great deal both of argument and elegant illustration in the work. The chief part of it glances over our heads. Indeed Mr. Balmez would have little quarrel with the Church of England had he had opportunities of rightly understanding our own position; for most of that impulse upon civilization which he claims for Catholicism attaches as much to ourselves as to the rest of the Western Church. On one occasion, if we remember rightly, we found Mr. Balmez admitting a very fundamental distinction between England and the other Protestant bodies, as, speaking according to his brief, he of course styles us. The present translation is taken from a

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French version, by Messrs. Hanford and Kershaw: whoever these gentlemen may be, they are not scholars sufficient for this or any other work of learning. Thus we find 'Justin Clement of Alexandria,' p. 56; 'Penestes,' (p. 66,) which, if it be the French form, is neither the Greek nor the English; 'Chio,' (*ibid.*) which is a mere Gallicism. In another place the French translator's phrase 'les filles de Chypre' is faithfully done into English, (p. 386,) 'the daughters of Chypre,' which, whatever notion it may carry, is scarcely *cy près* to the original.

The most important work of the quarter we pronounce to be Mr. George Williams's very elaborate second edition of his 'Holy City.' (J. W. Parker.) We shall call future attention to it: in the mean time, we can at present only speak highly of the very happy results at which Mr. Williams has arrived. Professor Willis's share in the work is a great improvement to it: and it contains, for the first time published, the Ordnance Survey of Jerusalem, not the least valuable fruit of our brief successes in Syria.

Mr. Robert Montgomery, we believe, is desirous to take higher standing, and to represent a better tone of Church doctrine than the world has hitherto assigned to him. This praiseworthy purpose will not be furthered if he stands forward as the sponsor of such books as 'Nitzsch's System of Christian Doctrine,' (Clark,) which has just appeared under his auspices as joint-translator. This book is intensely German: a happy defect, which will render innocuous its intense heresy. Nitzsch's own 'soteriology,' to use one of his own frightful mintages, is a mere eclecticism from the various German, so-called, systems; and it entirely ignores the dogmatic teaching of the historical Church. Indeed he ignores Church, the creed and Sacraments, as objective realities. The notion of the implanted Christian life does not seem to have occurred to him. As a system—and it is revoltingly systematical—the work is a vast fabric of difficulty and danger.

Dr. Wordsworth has published, by way of supplement to his recent Lectures on the Apocalypse, an extremely full and scholar-like edition of the Text of the Apocalypse, with an English translation and harmony. (Rivingtons.) The volume also contains a full appendix to its sister volume of Lectures. We are not called upon to repeat what we have already said of Dr. Wordsworth's private conclusions on the interpretation of the Revelation of S. John; but the present undertaking, as a whole, is decidedly such as to raise its author's reputation. We desire entirely to preclude ourselves, in this place, from passing any judgment on its details. The bias is so strong and patent, that the exegesis must be judged on very different grounds from the judgment passed upon the formation of the text.

'Westminster: Memorials of the City,' &c., by Mr. Mackenzie Walcot, Curate of St. Margaret's, (Masters,) is a handsome volume. It embraces a good deal of curious matter, historical, biographical, and topographical; it is interspersed with lively anecdotes and minute personal details. It contains also much antiquarian information: and were it not disfigured

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by an over ornate and stilted style, we could recommend it unconditionally. A paragraph in the first page will illustrate our objection: 'Its [Westminster's] fittest emblem is the oak of our native land, upon 'whose rind the successive rings of a thousand years denote its gradual 'growth from the tiny acorn into the kingliest forest-tree,' &c. The metaphor is false in fact, for the annual rings are not on the rind at all. Mr. Walcot's work does not embrace the history of the Abbey. We detected some ugly misprints, such as: 'Velasco,' p. 52. We demur to calling the two westward looking seats in the sanctuary of S. Margaret's 'two sedilia for the officiating Clergy.' (P. 136.) All Souls' towers we have always understood to be the work of Hawksmoor, not Dean Aldrich. (P. 158.) We are not aware of the allusion to the 'rival schools of St. Paul's, and St. Peter's Cornhill, in London.' (P. 170.) We regret also that a clergyman, and one so right-principled as the present writer, should have pronounced such an eulogium on Milton as that which—we say nothing of its taste—may be found at p. 291.

We suppose that Mr. Hobart Seymour does not remember Æsop. But the hint which the lion gave the forester, how the figures might be grouped were lions the statuaries, should have suggested to Mr. Seymour how his *Matinées Théologiques* would have read if the Jesuits had published their complement to his recent volume, 'Morning among the Jesuits at Rome.' (Seeley.) If the Jesuits are what Mr. H. Seymour represents them, their teeth have been drawn and their claws pared. Instead of any dread of Maynooth, the Irish Protestants ought to patronize it as a *vivarium* of living theological victims, who might safely be brought out to be baited with perfect security on every recurring festival of S. William of Orange. Mr. Seymour seems to have found as good sport with the sons of Loyola as Oliver Proudfute did with his 'Soldan or Saracen;'—'With him I breathe myself, and wield my two-handed sword against him, thrust or point, for an hour together.' Many is the downright blow that Mr. Seymour has aimed—'in troth the infidel has but little of his skull remaining to hit at.' Mr. Seymour's sword and prowess are as good as the honest bonnet-maker's, we have no doubt: from his own showing, he is a very formidable polemic. However, the resemblance to the slashing burgher of Perth does not end here: we own to a sort of liking for Mr. Seymour: his bustle is so much on the surface, that we can quite tolerate it for a fund of fairness and honesty which underlies it. Though, seriously, the sly way in which Mr. Seymour, only intent upon trapping the deluded Jesuits, and drawing them out for the theological triumphs of himself and Mrs. Seymour, under the pretence that he was but a meek inquirer after truth, instead of the confirmed champion of Protestantism, cannot be quite reconciled with some strict codes of ethics.

'Parthenogenesis,' by Professor Owen, (Van Voorst,) is scarcely within our province, but we understand it to be an able and original essay.

There is much that is pleasing in Mr. Thomas Knox's 'Daniel the Prophet, &c.' (Hodges and Smith). It consists of reflections written in a

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meditative form; without much depth or originality, the volume reads equably and usefully. Has the amiable writer, or his publisher, regulated his impression in any anticipation of the wish expressed in the Preface—his 'fervent hope that, with the blessing of God, this little book may be kindly received into *every one's* library?'

Of a much higher range and cast of thought is the volume of Sermons left by the late Professor Butler. This has been published, together with an interesting Memoir, by Mr. Thomas Woodward, of Fethard. (Hodges & Smith.) Professor Butler was a writer not only of merit but promise, and his early death seems to be regarded in Ireland in a way somewhat similar to the removal of Mr. H. J. Rose from ourselves. His life was curious, as he forms almost a solitary instance of one who quitted the Roman Catholic communion without passing into the ranks of Ultra-Protestantism. It must be borne in mind, however, that one of his parents was an Anglican, and he himself became so before he was eighteen. The Irish Church could, we fear, little afford to lose a son so full of hope: one, however, whose opinions, though very moderate, the majority of the Irish Clergy felt but little the duty of sympathising with. We should perhaps have been pleased had the volume consisted rather of a selection of his Sermons, together with some of his *Adversaria*. Some papers in the Irish 'Ecclesiastical Gazette' we remember thinking very powerful.

Mr. Prichard, formerly Fellow of Oriel, and lately Vicar of Mitcham, has left for the recollection of his friends, and for more general usefulness, two works: a volume of Sermons, (Masters,) quite of a parochial and simple character, yet displaying much thought and evenness of temper; and the 'Life of Hincmar,' (Masson: Littlemore,) which displays a great amount of painstaking in a difficult period of Church History. Mr. Prichard certainly had many of the historian's qualifications—calmness, and a close habit of judgment and discrimination. He seems studiously to have kept in view the severity required in such compositions.

Three volumes of Sermons have reached us, each of which we think above the average: one by Mr. Chanter, of Ilfracombe, (Masters,) of a level and practical character; one by Mr. Harper, of Bideford, (Cleaver,) warm and direct; 'Lent Lectures,' by Mr. Jackson, of St. James', Piccadilly, (Skeffington,) slight in texture, but useful; and a volume by Mr. Heurtley, (J. H. Parker,) of which the first, elsewhere noticed as a 'Tract on Public Worship,' is an average specimen.

'The Devout Chorister,' (Masters,) edited by Mr. Smith, Fellow of Magdalene, we think suggested by a religious appreciation of a great need. It is a very useful book, which we have great satisfaction in recommending.

Sir Francis Doyle has translated the 'Œdipus Rex,' (J. H. Parker,) with a view of familiarising uneducated persons with the beauties of the Greek stage. We always thought C. Lamb a solitary instance of one who could relish the translation of Greek plays; he however delighted in the literal

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Latin 'cribs.' But such works can only touch the poetical mind. The present version is both spirited and scholar-like.

'A Plea for Sisterhoods,' by the Bishop of Brechin, (Masters,) is a very solemn and religious appeal.

Dr. Wordsworth has edited, in an abridged form, for the use of a lower class of students, his well-known 'Theophilus Anglicanus.' This shorter form is published under the title of 'Elements of Instruction on the Church.' (Rivingtons.)

Butler's 'Six Sermons' have been reprinted, with a Syllabus and Preface by Dr. Whewell. (J. W. Parker.) They form a sequel to the 'Three Sermons on Human Nature,' executed on the same plan. Why the Six Sermons do not range with the Three, we cannot say.

'Rodriguez on Christian Perfection' has, we believe, generally been found too cumbrous for general use. Its plan is confusing for most persons. An edition for 'those living in the world' has been published by Mr. Burns. There is so very little in it which belongs to local differences, that this publication, of which the praise is in all Churches, may be employed to general edification.

'The Christian Consoled, and the Christian Instructed,' by Quadrupani has issued from the same publisher. It is entirely addressed to the spiritual life; and being strictly of an internal character, has few or none of the drawbacks which not unfrequently are believed to attend the use of practical books of the great branch of the Western Church.

A very pretty pocket edition of 'Herbert's Poems and Country Parson,' has been printed by Mr. Washbourne.

There is a considerable range of fancy and reading in Mr. T. H. White's 'Marigold Window; or, Pictures of Thought,' (Longman,) but Mr. White wants discipline: his volumes are not, as his fantastic title would suggest, gay with an orderly variety. His is not the Mosaic of a painted window, but rather that of a kaleidoscope,—not of a kaleidoscope viewed through its tube, but only its receptacle, with all its untidy bits of broken glass, crooked pins, scraps of lace, and chequered beads. Mr. White's mind must be perfectly chaotic: occasionally he says very bright sparkling things. But there is no occasion for him always to be thinking:—still less for him to write down all his gleaming fancies:—least of all to print them all.

Another volume of the 'Annals of the Colonial Church,' by Mr. Ernest Hawkins, perhaps exceeds its predecessors in interest. Its subject is the Diocese of Quebec:—and it has some very suggestive illustrations.

'Judith; a Romance,' (Hatchard,) is an unfortunate idea unsuccessfully executed. Because the Book of Judith is not canonical Scripture, there is no occasion that it should be turned—not into a Romance, of which there is nothing,—but into a very tedious story-book.

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Not that we are prepared to say that the Scriptural lives or narratives cannot be reproduced in other forms. Jeremy Taylor, to take the most direct instance, is a case in point: he did not scruple to write the 'Life of Christ.' Biographies of the Apostles have been always the privilege of the Church. Dr. Biber has, we think, been unusually successful in his recent 'Life of S. Paul,' (Cleaver.) Not only does it contain the narrative of the Acts, but it weaves up most of the substance of the Epistles; and incidentally, of course, the history of all the Apostolic Churches. The parallel only suggests what least fits the subject, an unpleasant association, but the history is elucidated from the Epistles, something on the plan of Middleton's 'Life of Cicero.' The result is an instructive volume. The scheme leads Dr. Biber, incidentally, through much doctrine, which must, from the nature of the case, be represented in a book of this sort under a single definite phase. Here the writer will not expect his readers to accompany him implicitly. We do not desire to do so ourselves.

Mr. R. A. Willmott's 'Summer-Time in the Country,' (J. W. Parker,) is suitable to the season. To some minds, the hazy, musing, half-dreamy images which such a series of quiet thoughts suggests, is almost better than real holiday-making. It is seldom in this windy, showery climate that, except in books, one—

> 'Comes into a land
> In which it seemeth always afternoon;
> Where round the coast the languid air doth swoon,
> Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.'

Perhaps, too, it is better to dream of idling than to idle: idleness never is to a true heart but in anticipation; one seldom really sinks down into the full luscious moss bank shoulder-buried in enjoyment and 'greenery:' and it is better to do it in essays and verses than in fact. And Mr. Willmott is a pleasant, suggestive writer: he never hunts his thoughts, literary, artistic, and poetic, down. He just places them before you, to do their work. You may follow or not, according to taste: but their mere presence is pleasant. Mr. Willmott is always graceful, and often original; and he displays true criticism. We like this book much.

To those who mean to make their holidays a matter of holiday-task—happily the majority—we can recommend Dr. Harvey's 'Sea-side Book,' (Van Voorst,) for those who are for the sea-board. It is beautifully illustrated,

'Ornithological Rambles in Sussex,' (Van Voorst,) by Mr. Knox, is rather for rustic use. It is a genial, good-tempered book: all the writers on Natural History seem good-tempered. They have but one drawback —a merciless delight in enriching 'my collection' at the expense of their friends, furred or feathered. Mr. Knox seems occasionally to shoot for the sake of shooting. Surely Mr. Waterton's kind practice, by which even the hawks and owls are all over his estate as tame as chickens, is more rational. The 'Heron alighting on his Nest' is a very graphic sketch by Mr. Knox, who is equally spirited with pen and pencil: and one gets

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familiar with a pair of ravens, whose lives and fortunes Mr. Knox delights to tell.

Major Trevillian has published an extremely important book, 'A Letter on the Antichristian character of Freemasonry, &c.' (Bath: Binns & Goodwin.) It bears out and illustrates a recent article in our own pages on this subject. There seems quite a movement in the right direction with respect to this question.

'Notes on various Distinctive Varieties of the Christian Church. By the Rev. R. W. Morgan, Perpetual Curate of Tregynon, Montgomeryshire.' Scattered thoughts are sometimes an influential form of authorship, and we are not surprised at Mr. Morgan trying the experiment, as he has done in this volume. Such a form, however, is not generally very effectual, except the author has made some previous impression on the public by means of regular composition. The interest of a book of scattered thoughts lies principally in an appeal to the curiosity of the reading public, who are anxious to know what such a person, previously known to them, thinks and says on such and such points. Without this previous introduction, such thoughts rest entirely on their own merit, and require the aid of formal composition to give them weight. With this drawback, we are glad to acknowledge that we have come across many remarks in this volume which show a writer of considerable thought and varied reading, and who has been observant of the signs of the times. It shows, too, sound Church feelings. Its defects are a want of that pithiness and force which such a form of writing ought especially to have. The thoughts, when they are good, are often weakened by diffuseness, and a too copious and cumbrous style ceases to arrest and fix the reader.

'Cyclops Christianus,'—an epigraph which we cannot understand,—is 'an argument to disprove the supposed antiquity of Stonehenge and other 'megalithic erections in England and Brittany. By A. Herbert, late of 'Merton College.' (Petheram.) Mr. Herbert is a decided innovator; yet, either of purpose, because his theory is intended to connect itself with ulterior speculations, or from defect of method, he is not very clear in announcing his own position. It is decidedly opposed to the ordinary 'Dracontian' theory of Stonehenge and Amesbury, as well as of Carnac: neither is he less merciful to the ordinary Druidical, *i. e.* the anté-Roman view. As far as we can collect Mr. Herbert's own theory, which is very obscurely announced, it is that at or about the end of the fourth century, after the Roman power had declined, the erection of Stonehenge was connected with the renewal of an English independence, with a revival of a modified Paganism, engrafted upon and adopting some features both of Christianity and of the religion of the Norman settlers. In other words, that there was an occidental type of a depraved Christianity exhibited in these megalithic structures somewhat akin to the oriental Gnosticism: a point of union would be the Mithraic rites. It is well known that heathenism did, perhaps does still, survive in some faint way both in Brittany and in the southern and western parts of our own islands; and that in some way or

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other it was preserved, not in opposition to, nor in fusion, but in a strange parallel, with the Church's rites and worship. This is a view, and requires to be met. We need hardly say how important it is upon the character of what we esteem the original British Church before the mission of S. Augustine; Mr. Herbert, we believe, propounds it without theological bias, to which he is, or affects to be, profoundly indifferent. There is a good deal of strange learning in the volume, which, whether sound or not, recommends itself to those who are interested in its very curious subject.

'Vogan's Lectures on the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper,' (J. H. Parker,) have reached us very late in the quarter. Upon a cursory inspection they appear to represent the received theology of Waterland on this subject.

Our anticipations that the first number of 'Masters's Guide to Daily Prayers' could not be very correct,—as indeed the Editors confessed,—were amply verified. The second number, however, which has since appeared, has corrected the mistakes, which were very numerous, of the first, in great measure: though a few errors have still been pointed out to us. It raises the number of churches with Daily Prayers to about 460. We were led, by too implicit a reliance on the first number, into one or two errors in our recent article on the subject: but none, that we are aware of calling for particular notice. In some of the counties which we mentioned as absolutely without Daily Service, the second edition of the 'Guide' states that there are one or two instances. But, as Dr. Johnson said, 'If I go into an orchard, and say, Here are no apples or pears,—and a man, after a diligent search, says, "Sir, you are mistaken: I have found one pear and two apples,"—what does that prove?' In the same article we have to apologize for a curious typographical error. The paragraph, p. 343, l. 12, 'Next come Gloucester, ... sixteen,' was a correction for p. 342, l. 37,—on the preceding page, 'Next comes Devon,' &c.

Mr. Oakeley must excuse us. We trust we are prepared to read a palinode on any proper occasion: but we cannot think that he has established a claim of that nature upon us in a published 'Letter to the Editor of the Christian Remembrancer,' &c. (Burns,) complaining of a passage in our last number. The statement made by us was, that, in the communion to which he now belongs, an unequal prominence is given to the sacrificial, as compared with the sacramental, aspect of the Eucharist. As indications of this, we adduced the urgency with which frequent 'hearing' of the rite is enjoined, and the comparative deficiency of exhortations to actual communion; referring, in proof of our statement, to a manual of their own upon the subject. The passage quoted by us was very strong, and went the whole length of our assertion: Dr. Pusey, in his 'Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury,' (first edition,) had adduced one equally to the point. And the impression conveyed by these extracts was fully confirmed by all that we had ever learnt of the practice of that communion. Mr. Oakeley slurs over the evidence of the books; but even what he does say, on the other hand, amounts to an admission of as much as we had asserted. The book quoted by us,

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we are told, was published some twenty years ago; neither are the regrets expressed by preachers or teachers, as to the decay of communion, to be taken *au pied de la lettre*. But these pleas will hardly meet the case. The book has been reprinted quite lately; and we know that everything in that quarter must come forth under sanction: and Mr. Oakeley himself speaks of it with commendation. And we contend that, this being the case, the complexion of the book may be fairly taken to reflect, with some fidelity, the mind of the communion from which it emanates. Now so it is, that in a very thick little duodecimo, no more than one short chapter is devoted to the consideration of *communion;* and even there it is dealt with in the 'faltering' manner which we exemplified. We have examined other manuals of theirs with the same result. This fact speaks much in confirmation of what we said. We are told of a particular manual which has of late been specially recommended by their authorities, and which certainly is free from the defect in question; but as we cannot be supposed to know, as soon as it takes place, of every sudden improvement which other communions may make under an awakened sense of duty, we can but speak from our knowledge of such of their own uncontradicted teaching as falls in our way. So, again, Mr. Oakeley brings a great array of evidence from various countries, for the existence of activity in the Roman Church in bringing its members to communion at the present day. We, on the other hand, could allege counter evidence, collected partly before and partly since, and applying to parts of the self-same countries. Such an utter desolation of communicating Christians in those parts, as is testified to by persons on whom we can place the fullest reliance, only too sadly proves our point. The truth is, firstly,—and it would have placed Mr. Oakeley in a much better controversial position to have owned it,—that the constitution of the Roman rite *has* a tendency, unless great diligence be used to counterwork it, to induce the practice of *non-communicating* attendance upon it. Witness the demand of the Devonshire insurgents at the time of the Reformation: 'They will have mass celebrated *as it has been formerly, without any persons communicating with the priest*, because, as the office is now managed, the mysteries are treated without due regard.' (Collier, vol. v. p. 315.) And the truth is, secondly, that a *revival* has taken place in that communion as well as in our own: but that is all. It is tacitly admitted by Mr. Oakeley himself, that twenty years ago the state of things we speak of was universal. He has only proved, and we rejoice to learn it, that it is universal no longer: but it is too much that he should take a tone, as if he had shown that it never did, nor could, by any possibility, exist at all. Mr. Oakeley would have done better by his adopted communion, if he had immediately admitted and deplored what cannot be denied. As to the necessity of yearly communion for remaining within the Church, we know it is their theory, but we also know, and so does Mr. Oakeley, that it is not insisted on in practice.

Two or three important works which we have lately received require further consideration:—'Wales,' (J. W. Parker,) by Sir Thomas Phillips, an extremely valuable volume on the Education Question. — 'Corpus Ignatianum,' (Rivingtons,) by Mr. Cureton, a complete recension of all that he has to say on this subject.—'The Church of our Fathers,' (Dolman,)

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by Dr. Rock. This last we shall perhaps reserve till the third and completing volume appears.

Among single Sermons, we have to acknowledge: 'Penitents and Saints,' the second edition, with a preface—Archdeacon Manning's well-known sermon preached for the Magdalen Hospital. (Pickering.) 'Modern Philosophical Infidelity," &c., an University Sermon, preached by Mr. Garbett, (Hatchard,) containing some useful matter, disfigured by the author's grotesque style and parade of technological terms. 'On the Inspiration of Holy Scripture, &c.,' also an University Sermon, by Mr. Harris, of Magdalen College, exhibiting much serious thought, and an accurate reflection of Butler's method and spirit. 'The Sacredness of Life, and the Doom of Murder,' by Dean Lowe, (Wallis,) a forcible reclamation against the unchristian sentimentalism afloat on this subject. 'The Beauty of Holiness,' by Bishop Doane, (Atkinson, Burlington,) the subject justifying its ornate style. A Sermon by the Bishop of Exeter for the Plymouth Fund, (Croydon, Torquay,) vigorous and practical. 'Charity under Persecution,' a Sermon on behalf of the Devonport Sisters of Mercy, by Mr. Martin, of S. Martin's, Liverpool, (Masters,) very affectionate and stirring.

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THE

CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCER.

OCTOBER, 1849.

ART. I.—*The Works of Quintus Horatius Flaccus: illustrated chiefly from the remains of ancient Art. With a Life. By the* REV. H. H. MILMAN. Murray. 1849.

IT may be a bibliomaniacal prejudice, but we are inclined to doubt whether, so far as mere printing goes, the classics may not be read more pleasurably in the editions of the last century than in any that have succeeded them. It is possible that the reproach which this feeling dictates may attach to foreigners rather than to our own countrymen, and that the fact may be merely that the Germans, of whose labours we most naturally think when speaking of modern classical philology, are almost without an exception insensible to the charms of good paper and elegant typography. Still, while we thankfully acknowledge that English workmen are in this respect far superior, and recall with satisfaction editions like those of Messrs. Harding & Co., twenty years ago, and Mr. Pickering's of a later date, our instinct is nevertheless to look yet further backward. Mr. Murray, in the book now before us, has made a bold attempt to vindicate the honour of his century; but his success does not strike us as complete. It is a very beautiful work, but the type is hardly equal to that with which Horace has before now been embellished in more than one instance. We do not happen to have Pine within call, nor yet the immaculate edition of Foulis; but we can safely speak for Baskerville, and also for Bensley, who was Gilbert Wakefield's printer. There is, indeed, much for Mr. Murray to fall back upon, even if it be allowed that Messrs. Vizetelly's fount is inferior to the silver type of the old Birmingham press. In the combined force of its attractions, his book is, so far as we know, unique. There are vignettes without number, gems, and landscapes, and groups of figures, quite a Horatian gallery; and each page stands in a graceful framework, varied with considerable skill, though perhaps the effect of the whole is not quite distinctively classical, and reminds us too much of mediæval illuminations, and other developments hardly congenial to the spirit of Augustan Rome.

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But whether the taste of the present period in externals be retrograde or progressive, in the more substantial requirements of classical editorship we have decidedly advanced, as this edition shows. In the last century it would have been difficult to secure such services as Mr. Milman's, which should attract the English reader by embodying critical learning in the forms of elegant literature. Had Tonson a hundred-and-twenty or thirty years ago resolved to delight the world with a model Horace, and employed Addison to write the life, whatever might have been the impression made at the time, it would scarcely now be a book quoted and appealed to. Something must be allowed for the disadvantage under which even the purest specimen of eighteenth century English would come before us now. We might abstractedly admit the style to be equal, or superior to our own, but many of the terms of expression will be such as have now become practically obsolete—perfectly intelligible indeed, but unsuited to our modern habits of thought. We should smile, for instance, to see Horace called the most shining wit of the emperor's court, or, perhaps, an exemplar of Roman civility and polite letters, and might thus be prevented from doing full justice to the real excellences of a memoir where such phrases abounded. But setting aside all these prepossessions, we may affirm confidently that a life by Addison would in æsthetical, and still more in historical, requisites be infinitely behind this of Mr. Milman's. The sketch of previous Roman literature, if given at all, would be superficial to the last degree; nor could much more be expected from an attempt made in Queen Anne's reign to give Horace his proper rank in poetry, even by the critic who first showed a tendency to appreciate the 'Paradise Lost.' In our days there is, it may be said without vanity, a larger amount of knowledge, and truer, wider views; and when we meet with a writer like Mr. Milman, exhibiting a happy combination of the English and the classical scholar, we are led to reflect with some complacency on the improved literary circumstances under which we live, and the improved literary atmosphere which we breathe.

Save, in the *pro forma* revision of the text, which appears to be that of Orelli,[1] Mr. Milman's editorial labours are entirely preliminary. Besides the life, which extends to five chapters, he has given us a table of Horatian chronology, and two long

[1] The philological world has sustained a great loss in the recent death of this excellent scholar. To estimate his merits as a critic would be beyond our province. It is more in point to remark that, as we learn from a late number of the Classical Museum, the very last book with which he was occupied was Horace, a third edition of which he had almost completed. The second edition, now before us, is admirable for its learning and critical acumen, though rather deficient in native poetical taste.

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lists of notices of the various historical personages and brother poets whom Horace happens to mention. He has also, by a fortunate power of assimilation, contrived to favour us with a letter from Mr. Dennis (author, as many of our readers probably know, of an elaborate work on the sepulchres of Etruria,) describing Horace's villa. Thus, without making himself responsible for anything in the shape of a critical commentary, he has accumulated a large amount of information, tending to illustrate the personal and poetical character of Horace,—his position in relation to his own time, and to Roman literature in general, and so to commend him to the perusal of the reader, not as a stranger, but as one whose life and circumstances are already known and understood. We should have been grateful if he had added a few notes, such as would have come very appropriately from him—notes, which, taking for granted the results of philological investigation, would decide the meaning of doubtful passages by considerations of taste and poetical feeling, precisely of that class which we seek in vain from ordinary commentators, but which an accomplished student might easily furnish. What he has done already is quite conclusive as to his perfect ability to have done more. He displays, we think, great judgment in the manner in which he deals with the vexed question of Horatian dates. We do not pretend to go into the controversy, or to arbitrate in any way except on grounds which would apply to any collection of poems, no less than to the Odes, Satires, and Epistles: but we cannot doubt that his instinct (backed, as it apparently has been, by a careful independent inquiry,) has guided him right. Bentley, as might have been expected from a man who, though a giant in classical scholarship, is not known to have written more than one copy of English verses in his life, drew out a scheme, which, correct as it seems to be in the main, is far too simple and unbending; and the consent of subsequent editors, till a very late period, has been generally in his favour. Tate's 'Horatius Restitutus,' for instance, is a restoration on strictly Bentleian principles. On the continent, however, an attack on his theory has for some little time been going on, and various exceptions have been satisfactorily established by a diligent comparison of passage with passage. Mr. Milman sees without any difficulty that the publication of a collection of poems does not show that all the pieces contained were written at the same date, nor that the author may not have had by him at the time some production of a different nature, reserving it for a later volume. He sees, too, what an antiquarian ought to have seen, that in those days the private circulation of works was much more frequent even than now, and that Horace may have been known as a poet of name in more branches than one, before he ever ventured to

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publish at all. Of course it is not meant to assert that a separate date can be assigned to every ode, though that has been maintained by the all-encountering hardihood of the Germans—'Ego vero tunc Romæ non fui,' is Orelli's shrewd and sarcastic remark on the subject of one of these disputes. Differences of style and tone may furnish good reasons for believing one part of a poet's writings to belong to a later stage in his mental growth than another; but these, belonging as they do to questions of general interest, will mostly be at once discernible by an instructed comprehension, not merely dependent on the individual subtlety, however valuable in itself, of a professional critic. Supposed allusions to historical events, though seemingly more definite, are really much less amenable to broad principles of judgment, and except in certain tangible cases, more likely to be due to perverted ingenuity.

And now, presuming that Mr. Milman, like a loyal editor, would wish the main interest of the reader to be centred in his author, not in himself, we shall make no apology for speaking exclusively of Horace—of Horace as the representative of a note-worthy period, both of literature and of society. It is a picture which has often been drawn with various success; but perhaps there may be something in the disposition of the lights and shadows, as it appears to us, which is not included in the view ordinarily presented, and for which it may therefore be worth while to run the risk of a little sameness in the general outline. The Augustan age certainly is one which, without there being any difference about the facts, will be estimated differently by different minds; and each year, independently of the direct influence it may exert on the question by means of historical research, is sure to affect its bearings indirectly, as adding to the data out of which intellectual developments and social phenomena are to be judged.

The literature of Rome, more particularly its poetry, at the time that Horace appeared, was undeniably exhibiting strong signs of vigorous life. It had been already conquered by Greece some time before: the expulsion of the Saturnian measure, of which Horace speaks as such a step in civilization, really amounted to the banishment of the one metre which was of native Latin growth; and though the hexameter had the right of the stronger on its side, its triumph is no more to be imputed to the Latin language than the victories of the Norman kings—a point which Mr. Macaulay has just been putting with so much force—to the national glories of England. But the parallel with our own conquest holds so far that the native life of the conquered was but overlaid, not crushed, by the conqueror. Specimens might be quoted from Ennius, even without going beyond the two or three lines which Mr. Milman happens

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to cite in one of his foot-notes, to show that the Latin tongue was fashioning itself to poetical expressions which might have established themselves as original and independent. When we get to Lucretius and Catullus, the possibility of Roman poetry seems to have been proved beyond a doubt. The poem of the former especially well deserves more systematic consideration than it has yet received, or than we can now afford to bestow on it. We suspect Mr. Milman is right in intimating that it was the finest burst of didactic poetry that the world had as yet heard —far beyond anything which had been produced in that strain by the Greeks. In its main object it is indeed a failure, not so much from the unpoetical nature of its philosophy, as though, doubtless, it is by no means the most capable of all schemes of doctrine to be exhibited in verse, poetry has overcome greater difficulties in its day—but rather from the poet's want of art, hindering him from grasping together the ideas which he apprehended separately, and forcing him at last to leave a composition where the two elements, the poetical and the doctrinal, separate and fall asunder the instant they are touched. But the attempt was a large one, especially for a man whose life was not very long protracted, and who seems to have lived in some way under a cloud: defective as was its execution, it was conceived and carried out on a great scale. Nor has any one since wholly succeeded where he failed, and effected a thorough conjunction, without trace of heterogeneousness, between poetry and didactic philosophy. It is not enough to reason in verse, even in excellent and genuine verse; the reasoning itself must be such as belongs to verse, and to verse alone—the logic of the imagination. Conclusions must be brought before the mind, not by the tangible chain of dialectical syllogisms, but by the impalpable, yet no less appreciable connexion of poetical images. Where Lucretius has turned both eyes on poetry, instead of endeavouring with a double vision to take in two objects, he sees more than was ever seen by most Roman poets, and many of other nations. The passage on the physical decay of the world at the end of his second book, has a solemn and overwhelming grandeur, which affects us more than anything that we recollect in Latin verse. The majesty of Nature rising up to rebuke her creature for his puny and querulous dread of death, described in the third book, is even more than poetical; it is, *pro tanto*, an exception to the general failure of the attempt, and gives the poetry of Epicurean doctrine as truly as man can ever hope to give it. In the copiousness of his phraseology too he affords us a better notion than any one since his time of what the resources of the Latin language appeared to promise. A careful examination of his style will detect a great deal of slovenliness and inartificiality, as in all works written before the code of

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taste has been thoroughly formed; but it will discover no less a surprising number of phrases and terms of diction, most of them of high merit, hazarded apparently by him, and only lost to Roman poetry by the timidity of those who succeeded him. Catullus, who cannot be more than mentioned here, was a poet of the same stamp—by the fault of his time deficient in art, as the most cursory inspection of his longest work, the Epithalanium of Peleus and Thetis, at once shows—by his own genius a writer rarely surpassed for strength and sweetness, as the fourteen lines on Sirmio alone, received and worked out by a kindred nature, would be sufficient to prove.

Unfortunately, however, Greece was not content with a single conquest, once for all. It was not enough to have established a supremacy over Latin literature, which might then have been allowed to develop under its shade into a gradual independence—to have given a primary form which the recipient might have been trusted to fill up from his own resources. There was at hand a second invasion, by which Roman thought, just recovering from its prostration, was to be overthrown afresh, and reduced almost completely to bondage. Already, in the boasted works of Cicero, in and through whom, to quote the highest authority on Roman history, the literature of Rome attained its perfection, it must have been plainly discernible that the matter was in danger of being sacrificed to the form. Character is, doubtless, very closely connected with genius; and a man whose morale is not in some sense independent and self-sufficing, is not likely to show a very substantive intellect. Cicero's deficiencies, as a man, are well known; and thus we should be prepared to presume that, as a writer, he would let the external preponderate over the internal. But, in the period which followed, even a degree of independence like Cicero's was a thing to be coveted. Consequently, we may expect to find an increasing tendency to make style and manner everything. Literature had arrived at a crisis which, in any case, is sure to be peculiarly perilous. Men were becoming every day more sensible of the requirements of taste; more impatient of the rusticity and inelegance of what had pleased them a few years before. Ennius had spoken with contempt of Nævius, as of one who had lived before poetry existed at all. He was now to be relegated himself by public opinion to the same barbarous age. Nothing as yet produced in Rome had been composed with a sufficient knowledge of the rules of art. A model was wanted; and to whom could they go more profitably than to their old masters, the Greeks? Greek literature was not exactly living then, being, in fact, in a state of extreme decrepitude; but it had enjoyed such a life as no phenomenon of the kind had ever

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equalled. The great authors of Greece were in every one's hands; they were the real sovereigns of the Roman mind, as surely as the physical energies of the nation had given way before Rome. The gods had not bestowed every thing on Rome; she had no real poetry of her own; therefore, she must borrow. There was much in the nature of things to recommend such a notion. No one will say that the Romans were essentially a poetical people, or that there were not elements in their national character, their aptitude for law and empire, which are as uncongenial to poetry as to speculative philosophy. But the stern senatorial dignity of Roman nature had that in it, which might have expressed itself in solemn Æschylean music, as Lucretius had practically shown; and the question should have occurred, whether a literature borrowed from another people was, indeed, a literature worth having. After the battle of Actium, however, these considerations were not likely to suggest themselves. The austere gravity of the Roman citizen had, in the person of Cicero, the pattern public-man of the time immediately preceding, so far as externals went, become a kind of peace-loving pompousness, hardly sacred from ridicule, though not reaching to the comic conception of a modern civic functionary, and, at any rate, no living source of inspiration or enthusiasm. The great men of the day were extra-national; forming no class which could be said to represent Roman interests, but animated by personal hopes and a spirit of personal ambition. On the other hand, there was a decided appetite for literature, and plenty of workmen, some of them men of extraordinary artistic ability, prepared to supply the want by studies after the Greek. Generally speaking, there was no lack of judgment exhibited in these copies; but in one remarkable instance they showed themselves ignorant of the analogy which is the first law of imitation. They regarded epic poetry, not as the wild, luxuriant growth of an early age, but as a plant which could be reared in any atmosphere by ordinary pains. A narrative poem with similes and episodes, and a heroic action extending over a given number of books, twelve, or four-and-twenty, was to all intents and purposes the representative of the Homeric rhapsodies. What bitter sarcasm there is, whether intended or no, in Niebuhr's statement, that Virgil admitted a few archaic forms into his Æneid, in conformity with a rule respecting epic poetry, which had been laid down by the Alexandrian grammarians! Rome needed an epic, for the older poems had gone out of fashion; and Virgil was asked by Augustus to supply it. It was to be on a great national subject; no mere common history of two or three hundred years back; but one as old as the very oldest origin of the Latin race. The poet had abundant grace and tenderness,

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and a certain majesty, besides an inimitable style; but the whole feeling was modern. Those who used to maintain that Æneas was intended to prefigure Augustus were unconsciously maintaining a truth. It is an Augustan poem,—a splendid glorification of Augustan Rome,—incidents, images, characters, all of the Augustan stamp, slightly transformed, in order to look antique,—but with no trace of the heroic life and manners. But the Romans thought it a genuine epic; and it has been a common-place with critics ever since, whether the Æneid or the Iliad be superior.

It was among this band of poetical regenerators that Horace came forward. He was every way qualified by temperament and bent of genius, to take rank as an Augustan poet. In versatility of mental experience he seemed to have the advantage over some others of the class. He began life as a republican, among the last school of political enthusiasts which Rome saw; and in his later years he frequently recurred to the recollection, and described, though with an apology for meddling with such serious subjects, how, when all else on earth had been conquered, the fierce soul of Cato alone remained untamed. But he had no mind to seek a Roman death, either in the field, or by his own sword; and he lived to think better of his youthful heat, and to find that he could live and please his readers very well though the republic was gone beyond recall. Educated in the best style, first at Rome, and then at Athens, he early formed his literary taste, and was even ambitious to be distinguished as a Greek poet, when his better genius wisely counselled him not to bring poetry into a language where none was wanted,—advice which a supernatural informant might have taught him to apply to imitations from the Greek as well as to Greek originals. His first attempts, however, were in a department almost purely Roman—that of satire. From very early times it had existed in Italy; first, in a rough dramatic form, analogous to that of Greece, afterwards in a shape of its own, not scenic, nor yet lyrical, like the satire of Archilochus, but entirely devoid of the external marks of poetry, save the metre. No denationalizing change had passed over it, if we except the introduction of the hexameter. One great master of it at least had already appeared; Lucilius, an author whose works were read as classical at the time when Horace wrote. Many years after the Augustan period, it still flourished in full vigour, increasing rather than waxing feeble as the rest of Roman poetry and the remains of Roman character fell into corruption, and, like history in prose literature, roused into more vital intensity by the utter badness of everything around it. It was the most real intellectual birth that the nation produced, generated by the old sternness of

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disposition and unideal legislative temper; and, so long as a trace of those characteristics remained, it was likely to induce a stronger and more vehement protest the more spreading the evil to be protested against. In Horace's time, and in Horace's hands, it had no such temptation to indecorous clamour. Liberty went out, not with a violent explosion, but in a gentle exhalation, almost imperceptibly; Octavius seemed so like a beneficent person, destined to restore order and tranquillity, and to put down that long-continued strife of factions which had been proved to be the bane of rational freedom. Everything would soon come right in the political world; and all that a satirist could do was to testify against a few moral and social delinquencies, such as the extremely illiberal passion of avarice, or perhaps an immoderate and vulgar indulgence in sensual pleasure, in neither case as absolutely wrong, but as interfering with the amenities of life, while at the same time no favour was to be shown to the Stoics, or any people who dared to be over-strict. Some mock-moralist is reported to have remarked that it is exceedingly difficult to strike the golden mean between vice and virtue; and this difficulty is exactly what Horace surmounted himself by his own happy constitution, and wished to make others do so too. He disliked violence of any kind, whether in the pursuit of good or of evil, as offending against the rule which he wanted to have regarded as the rule of society, the rule of toleration. Fortune had not cast his birth among the nobility; but it did not prejudice his innate social qualities; he did not mind the accident; indeed, he turned it to good account, and while he speaks with that gratitude and warmth of his father's magnanimity in resolving, in spite of his circumstances, to give his son as complete an education as the best, he feels that to have escaped the *morgue aristocratique* is a blessing, and that the true thing is to live among the great without being troubled with greatness one's self. His perception of the outward appearances of life was consummately keen, and sharpened by daily practice; all beyond was a territory which he neither knew, nor cared to know—a region of abnormal monstrosities, of exaggerated feelings and useless questionings. In coming before the world as a censor, he touched on literary as well as on moral topics, and lost no time in proclaiming himself a decided champion of progress. There seems to have been a tendency at the time to over-estimate the old writers, and to despair of getting beyond them, though we do not hear that it enlisted much intellectual activity on its side. Horace at once opposed it, beginning with an attack on the writer who in the very province of satire was supposed to have precluded all further improvement, Lucilius, and replying to the clamour

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which he thus excited by a second note of spirited defiance. With this, his first collected publication seems to have concluded; when he next puts forth a series of satires he is seen as the established favourite of the public, not requiring to make any bold strokes for their applause, but licensed to disport himself as he thinks fit, and take for granted that they will feel interested in his personal humours and fancies. He next appeared, if our chronology be correct, with a volume of epodes, a species of composition half-way between satire and ode. These were after the Greek, being in imitation of Archilochus, and may be regarded as Horace's first contribution to the literature of the new school. Some of them at least look as if they had been composed earlier than some of the satires, as the Epicureanism is scarcely so ripe, and the tone, whether in laughter or in rebuke, rather louder, though the change of form may perhaps have given the appearance of a change of spirit. Even in the most satirical of them there is something dithyrambic; even in those which rise most nearly to a high lyrical strain there is a dash of bitterness. However, they paved the way for his presenting himself before the public as a purely lyric writer. He produced two books of odes, and afterwards a third, consisting chiefly of addresses to gods and goddesses, great men, (who are made rather more prominent than the immortals,) and male and female friends. Pindar and Anacreon appear to have been the two extreme points on which he fixed his eyes, Sappho and Alcæus lying between. From these last he took some of his metres, following the Greek form, as Niebuhr remarks, much more closely than had been the custom in the generation just before. To the full height of Pindar he did not venture to aspire. But he evidently thought himself, or wished to be thought, a Roman Pindar. Between the real enthusiasm with which the Theban bard deifies his heroes, and the mock enthusiasm with which Horace deifies Augustus, there is, indeed, a step. Still, Horace had a certain belief in that great personage—the belief of a quiet, easy-going citizen in the restorer of order, reinforced by that of a literary man in his patron; and he trusted to poetical art to do the rest. We read them as they are—admire the consummate skill of the poet, but pity him for his not having had a better subject. Yet it is by no means clear whether he would not have felt the inspiration of a more exalted name a burden to him. 'Nature formed the poet for the king:' and probably as much fervour was called out as his composition was capable of. The ode in which, after first endeavouring to stop a friend's grief for the loss of a favourite boy by an appeal to the greater moderation observed by the convulsions of the physical world, he ends with

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recommending him by way of diversion to sing the praises of Cæsar, whatever else it proves, (and it might be taken as a text for proving a good deal,) is an argument, at any rate, that his faith in the man on the throne must have been considerable, at least for him. But he was not quite satisfied that his vocation was to celebrate great men and great deeds. He rarely gives a specimen of Pindaric song without begging pardon for having forgotten himself, and confessing that his province after all is, what he significantly calls 'joci,' a term nearly parallel to S. Paul's εὐτραπελία. It is as the Roman Anacreon that he is in his element. Then his exquisite grace and playfulness come out, and we feel that the man is thoroughly equal to his subject. As he advances in years, he fluctuates more and more. He seems half to wish to withdraw his disclaimer, apparently being conscious that the happiest occasional pieces on love and friendship would form but a slender basis for his permanent reputation as *the* lyric bard of Rome. At the beginning of the third book he sets forth ode after ode, each of them attempting something of the moral sublime. Later still, in putting out a fourth book, he dwells more exclusively on his dignity as a poet, and his power over posterity. To be the Homer of Cæsar's battles is on the whole felt to be beyond his hopes; but he gradually draws to the conviction that he may yet be remembered in connexion with the peaceful glories of the Augustan period. A short time before, he had returned to his old manner, and published a collection of epistles, the satires of mature life. He now added a second series, containing only three, but those of much greater length, and mainly on literary subjects. He makes a final protest against the old school of poets, sketches a sort of Biographia Literaria of his own poetical life, past and present, and lastly, embodies the rules and traditions of his art, all the precepts which a long experience had enabled him to leave to the world, in a didactic treatise in verse. He was not only to revive at Rome the spirit of Alcæus, Anacreon, and the Greek comedy, but to appear at last as the Roman Aristotle περὶ Ποιητικῆς. This was his last character; and it was natural that the curtain should fall among thunders of applause.

Such a career would doubtless lead us to expect great incidental success; but it is scarcely probable that a man so circumstanced should have realized his main object. We see a most skilful artist availing himself of his consummate felicity of touch to attempt works of different and almost opposite characters, half consciously with the intention of taking more than one share in furnishing a gallery of Roman literature. Of course, he would be the idol of his contemporaries; feeling how

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completely he was one of themselves, they would acknowledge in his varied powers the versatility of their own national character, and rejoice to observe what perceptible progress the Latin mind was capable of making. It was, indeed, a stooping to conquer. Rome had condescended to learn from Greece, and was amply rewarded by the sudden impulse given to its mental development in almost every branch, and the possession of those provinces of intellect and imagination which it seemed in a moment to have made its own. But an impartial observer will estimate the marvel somewhat differently. Guided by a view of the literary interests, not of this or that people, but of mankind at large, he will set no great value on the facility with which a national literature can be run up in a single generation by persons content faithfully to follow the best foreign models, except so far as any characteristic genius may be incidentally manifested in the process. He will not acknowledge the right of a Roman to produce a copy, however artfully adapted, of Pindar or Anacreon, merely because there happened to be at Rome a demand for lyric poetry. A certain step has been made by the masters of former times; but it will not help the advance of literature simply to have that step gone over again, however truly the pleasure arising from the first exhibition may be repeated in the second. It may be made with a difference; and then the difference alone will be set down as a gain, and the rest ignored. With these principles he will approach the examination of a work like the odes of Horace. He will find undeniable Roman allusions, illustrations, adaptations. But the question with him will be, Is the whole written in a Roman spirit? If not, the lyric spirit displayed will be restored to the fountain, whatever that be, from which it was derived, and only the Roman externals credited to Horace, as proofs of more or less art. And this last he will probably find to be his duty. It will appear that there was something in the old Roman character that might have overflowed in lyric poetry of a certain kind; it will be equally evident that no such element is to be found in Horace. A Greek, brought up from his childhood in Rome, and able to wield the Latin language completely, might have written almost anything in the odes, so far as national individuality is concerned. Such a criticism would of course apply mainly to the greater odes. The 'songs of love and wine' Rome was still capable of producing, though Grecized, perhaps all the more for having been Grecized. They are the genuine growth of the poetical life of the Augustan era, as epics and dithyrambics are the spurious. Still, after the case has been decided against Horace's title to be considered a great

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Roman lyrist, it is possible to leave him a large proportion of the praise with which men have agreed to honour him. There is that unsurpassed style of which he and the other Augustan poets were such masters; not, indeed, the style which Roman poets might have attained, had they been able to walk in the footsteps of Lucretius and Catullus, but admirable as far as it reached, in performance much beyond anything previous in Latin, possibly, even in Greek, and powerful in its influence on literary composition many centuries afterwards. Coleridge was inclined to trace what he regarded as the depravation of English poetical style to the practice of writing Latin verses in schools. It cannot be doubted, that our poetry from the Restoration to the beginning of the present century was very materially affected by Ovid, Virgil and Horace, either in themselves, or through the instrumentality of their French imitators. And there are other beauties, which though going deeper than the mere phraseology of a passage, are yet to be reckoned among the externals or accidents of poetry, being not thoughts, but media through which thought is conveyed, though themselves frequently suggesting thoughts of their own, which give them a substantive value as isolated pieces of writing. Horace may lay claim to many of these, even in those odes which most fail of accomplishing their real purpose; and the existence of them tells so far in favour of Roman poetry, showing that there were subordinate spheres in which, even in the atmosphere of Augustan influences, it was tending to genuine excellence. We will mention only the increasing appreciation of the picturesque in natural objects. The reader of Humboldt's Cosmos will have followed with great interest the sketch there drawn of the manner in which this innate feeling has developed itself with more or less prominence in the literature of the several nations of ancient and modern times. The comparatively small space which it occupies among the expressed sentiments of classical antiquity has often been observed, and is, doubtless, to be accounted for by the causes ordinarily alleged, the absence of a reflective habit of mind, and the like. We shall understand it better by looking to the simple question of the division of mental labour. In early times the various provinces of thought were not likely to be clearly mapped out. The physical philosopher and the poet were continually trespassing on each other's ground. The former was not free from the idols of the imagination—the latter thought it was his province 'rerum cognoscere causas.' Xenophanes and Parmenides were actually poets; the vision which Virgil proposes to himself as the object of his fondest aspirations, would in later ages have been left undisputed to Newton and Gassendi.

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The very names of the Muses and their respective offices show how completely at first all things were in common. It is only since the full reception of the Baconian method that a love of nature, like Wordsworth's, has been possible. Humboldt will not allow that the Romans were so appreciative as the Greeks, but to us they seem to have been a stage nearer to the modern point of view. They were, indeed, sufficiently removed from anything like an admiration of romantic scenery. The Alps, as he remarks, appear to have suggested no other sensations than those of pure discomfort. But we think there is a greater sense of the quieter beauties of nature shown by the Romans than can be paralleled from the poetry of Greece, except, perhaps, in Theocritus. The Greeks were, doubtless, more naturally alive to the charms of their country; but as Roman civilization advanced, scenery seems to have been contemplated more definitely as a separate and distinct source of pleasure. It is at Rome that we first see gardening becoming an art. And if this be admitted to be in any way characteristic of Latin literature, no Latin poetry can be named possessing it in a greater degree than Horace's odes. We hardly open a page without finding something about the headlong Anio, and the orchards watered by ductile streams, or the goats wandering through the sheltered wood in search of arbutes and thyme. He has few direct attempts at regular picture drawing; but he is fond of noting some feature of the landscape, as that on which his eye happens to rest.

It is possible, however, by regarding a poet's works as a continuous process of self-revelation, to extract interest even from the very points in which we consider him to have failed, supposing of course his failure to be in itself a matter of any importance. The curtain *is* the painting; and a very good painting it may be, if we make up our minds to expect nothing more. As an Augustan writer, the poet of society, striving to express himself in Orphic song, Horace is worth studying in his Odes, no less than in his Satires. But this is only saying that his moral and didactic poems are the real groundwork of the interest that is felt in him, as being the genuine issues of his mind, and thus supplying a point from which his other writings are to be judged. Those who delight in the Satires and Epistles, will be glad to turn to the Odes, and see how that worldly wisdom, that courtly adroitness, that easy fluency, stood the author in stead, when he strove to prove that Rome might have her lyric poetry no less than Greece. It shows no great appreciation of the mission of a poet—a vates, who sees the future by the light of imagination—to address an ode to a statesman, in the most majestic passage of which he is told not to

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be anxious about anything beyond the present hour; for that all the rest is hurried away like a stream which none can check or measure. But we may admire the description of the river, now flowing calmly on to the Etruscan sea, now rolling along fragments of corroded stone, and trees, and cattle, and cottages, while mountain and forest re-echo to its roar; and we may moreover be pleased with the philosophy as characteristic, without defending it as highly poetical. Thus we are sent back to the more prosaic works of Horace as the true foundation of his fame. They are the objects on which, after our school days, men most often dwell, whenever they think of him at all. Nor can there be much doubt that they entitle him to something very like the credit of an inventor. Lucilius had discarded the lyric and dramatic accompaniments of the old comedy, '*mutatis numeris pedibusque*;' but his prosaic simplicity may have been due to the rudeness of his age, rather than to any principle of writing, consciously and definitely embraced by him. But works like the Satires and Epistles of Horace may fairly be regarded as forming an epoch in the history of poetry. In them we first plainly see the question raised, whether the language of poetry be not the language of common life? Certain subjects come before the mind, as those which are felt to be most real and vital at the time, and they plead to be admitted into poetry: the heroic age may have been thoroughly poetical, but it is no longer a living thing; even those who draw their tragedies out of it, are compelled to breathe into their characters their own spirit and that of their age. May not we take any phase of society as such, so long as it be our own, and get our poetry thence? If this be conceded, the monopoly of poetical diction has not long to live; for every-day subjects require every-day language to express them, or the effect is at once felt to be frigid. The question is one of special moment to us, as it is being worked out among us now in more ways than at first sight appear. Even in the past generation, those who thought they were contending against Wordsworth's doctrine most effectually were in reality promoting it. We may now see that on the literary question Don Juan was on the same side as the Excursion, both battling for the language of common life against that of conventional versifiers; though the every day existence of the one poet was sufficiently different from that of the other, and supplied very different images and expressions. The distinction between tragedy and comedy does not settle the question; but rather shows that the apparent difference between poetry and prose resolves itself into one of subject. Take up a translation of Æschylus into prose, and one of Aristophanes into verse, and they will be as far from one another as ever; the former will not have been made less serious, or the latter less comic.

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English poetry at the present moment has not very much direct imitation of Wordsworth, and still less of Byron; but the revolution in style is going on no less. Those who have tried to copy Mr. Tennyson's diction, or at any rate have studied it carefully, will have been surprised to find how much there is which they would have before set down as prosaic, especially technical terms and phrases borrowed from philosophy. It would be easy to accumulate proofs; but it is sufficient to have indicated the fact. Of such a change in poetical language no more proper epoch can be chosen than the time of Augustus. It had, doubtless, been going on long before, especially under the influence of Euripides, and his school in Athens: still, the experiment there was hardly a crucial one, for the reason mentioned above in the case of the Attic comedy, the retaining of certain adjuncts which had been ordinarily held to distinguish poetry from prose. But in Horace, society appears to contemplate itself, in and by itself, through no medium but that of a studiously unmodulated metre. He binds himself to nothing when he begins the Satire or Epistle,—'perhaps it may turn out a song, perhaps turn out a sermon;'—(a habit of mind which he carried with him into the composition of his Odes)—but runs on just as his thought, at no time very definite or sustained, may happen to lead him; insomuch that his critics have often proposed, with some apparent reason, to change the places of whole paragraphs, even to the extent of inserting what now stands as part of one poem in the middle of another. Cicero's Letters are a marked literary phenomenon—a species of writing which has been cultivated most successfully in modern times, and for which they have to thank not Greece, but Rome. What they are in prose, Horace's Epistles are in verse; the product of a similar state of society, which has advanced so far in the study of art that it can afford to be negligent on principle. At Athens, life was too much carried on out of doors to admit of what we call really social intercourse; the sentiment destroyed itself by its very diffusion, as where men were constantly meeting for public purposes, they could have but little strictly domestic feeling: while in Rome, the family principle had been always strong, so as to counteract anything like an ultra-political spirit; and even now, when both the antagonists were being swept away by the common enemy, indifferentism, the first appearance of the evil rather tended to develop the social capacities of the people; and men, at length set free from other cares than those required for a graceful existence, easily formed themselves into circles round the imperial centre. Thus, it may be said, that the poetry of society was for the first time made possible in the case of Horace.

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The place then which we assign to Horace must depend on the estimate formed of this poetry of society, viewed in its simplest aspect. It is, as Mr. Milman perceives, to a great extent, the Byron and Bowles controversy about Pope, over again; and if anything is to be said now more than was said then, it must be owing simply to the change which twenty or thirty years of æsthetical improvement may have effected in common habits of thought. Certainly now we shall hardly hear it asserted, that the dispute turns on the comparative aptitudes for poetry of nature and art, or be called upon to assist at the analysis of some of Shakspere's best known passages, in the hope of ascertaining which of the two great factors was most concerned in their production. We should much rather say that the point is, whether the object, be it of nature or art, is idealized; not literally represented, but glorified by the imagination that looks on it. It has now become a formula so trite as hardly to need repetition, that wherever there is imagination, whether in verse or prose, there is poetry; and that every subject on which imagination can be exercised is therefore poetical. On this general position, that there can be such a thing as the poetry of society, Mr. Milman will find few to dispute with him: what he is bound to prove is, that Horace's view of society was a poetical one. He seems to ignore the very common distinction between truth in general, that is, any kind of truth, and poetical truth; if indeed, he does not directly contravene it, and suppose that conventional literalness is the essence, instead of being as it frequently is, the antipodes of reality. Goethe, we take it, would be readily accepted by any one as pre-eminently the poet of civilized life; but his insight was not merely that of a keen observer, but that of a diviner, not collecting isolated facts, but seizing the spirit of the whole. How far this higher praise can be claimed for Horace, may admit of some doubt. He was, indeed, practically imbued with the spirit of the society in which he moved; but this, for a poet, is hardly enough. A man thoroughly absorbed in the life about him, teaches others, not by precept, but by example: he may himself be held up and flashed into light by a poet's imagination, but he can scarcely exercise the gift of imagination himself. Byron, at once below and above his age, was able to sketch boldly and truly from his own point of view; we see the poet standing aloof for a time, and gazing on the giddy whirl about him, though himself accustomed to join in it more recklessly than the rest. Horace was too much occupied with mere present enjoyment, not sufficiently violent to cause any revulsion, to have the power of doing more than note down the different things which passed before him, as mere matters of sensation, and generalize from those. Afterwards, when his blood became

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cooler, and his pleasures more philosophical, his standing-point continued virtually the same; he is still an essentially social being, though his friends are fewer, and moral disquisition is quite as much a thing for company as ever Epicurean practice was. If he is more of a spectator than he was, he still likes to have some one at his elbow to whom he can make his comments, and from whose face he can gather that he is observing as a wise man should. He is evidently doubtful himself whether he has a right to be called a poet on the strength of the Satires and Epistles. This might be put down to the diffidence which a knowledge of the world teaches a man to feel, or at least to express, did not the appearance of the Odes look like the evidence of a more genuine feeling. We do not hear that he began to write lyrics merely at the request of Augustus, or Mecænas; while it is undeniable that he talks at intervals, as if in producing them he were establishing a real foundation for his fame. No one has ever questioned the happiness and applicability of the expression *sermoni propiora;* it can hardly be contended that it is merely meant to extend to the metre and language, and not to the manner of treating the subject.

It is at all times difficult to point out exact historical parallels between one period and another; the elements are sure to be indefinitely varied, and even when they are all to be found in one plane, they will not prove to be spread over the same surface in two given cases. On the whole, if it were asked what age in English literature corresponded to the Augustan age in Rome, it would probably be most correct, as it would be most natural, to fix on the times following the Restoration. The French writers had then begun to be to us what the Greeks were to Horace and his contemporaries. The national spirit, after a long and apparently ineffectual struggle, had at length given way, and the general feeling was to sacrifice every higher consideration to the maintenance of peace and settled order. In each instance the lull was favourable to the growth of literary ambition. Neither generation perceived how completely that which must form the heart of a living literature had died out; but they had become better critics, more sensitive to the requirements of taste, and they were anxious to apply their newly acquired knowledge to practice. Thus we had French tragedies, French satires, and probably only escaped French epics because France had no very standard model to furnish. Had not the earlier writers of England had infinitely more strength than those of Rome, great as we have allowed these last to be, and had not there still remained something in the English mind which after the lapse of more than a century could beget a wish to return to old things, poetry among us must have eventually become mere rhetoric, and served only as

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the matter out of whose decomposition some new life might be generated. But Shakspeare and Milton were at once the witness of the existence of a fundamentally poetical element in the national character, and the cause of its revival. A people could not be despaired of which had once given birth to such a literature, and was yet permitted to retain it as an example.

Yet it is not among the immediate post-Restoration worthies that we should seek for a counterpart to Horace. There may be some particles of his spirit discoverable among the Sedleys and the Buckhursts, were it worth while at this time of day to look back to their writings; but not one of them can be named as presenting any of his really distinctive features, any in short which he has not in common with Petronius. Pope has, undoubtedly, much stronger claims of cousinage, and most courts would not scruple to pronounce him heir-at-law. As a versifier, however, he is rather the Ovid than the Horace of English poetry. Whatever may be the Horatianisms of the Moral Essays, or the Essay on Criticism, they cannot outweigh such a fact on the other side as the translation of Homer. Nor are the resemblances between the characters of the two men very extraordinary. The Roman, even without making allowance for the difference of the light in which he lived, was clearly a more amiable and better-hearted man than the Englishman, whose intense personal vanity, capacity for intrigue, literary jealousy, rising to positive malevolence, and consequent uncharitableness in judging of the motives of others, have nothing which could be set off against them. We should rather be inclined to maintain the pretensions of Cowper, admitting freely the great superficial disparity that exists between them, but contending that at bottom their natures had strong mutual affinity. Of course we suppose ourselves to abstract the influence of that singular change which passed so early over Cowper, and may almost be said to have transformed his whole being, as though due abatement should be made for the predisposition of temperament which such an event implies, the case was to a great extent an individual one, and the subject of it, retaining his place as an Englishman in the eighteenth century, might quite conceivably have developed without it. Even with it in its full force, not resisted by the intellect, but suffered to work as the law of his mind, he displays in his seclusion from the world a social freedom, a genial playful humour, a faculty of quiet observation and judgment, an innate gentleness of spirit and sympathy with human frailties, in spite of the severer standard recognised and upheld by his conscience, which show what the good side of Horace's character might have become. His pure, unaffected vein of English, running out, not in epigrams and antitheses, but in real conversational verse, blank

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or rhyme, is the nearest thing we have to Horace's poetry prosaicized. Hardly any two instances could be mentioned in which the raw material of character has been worked up on more discordant principles; but from the likeness yet discernible in the result, we feel that it must have been originally much the same.

After all, however, these parallels scarcely amount even to illustrations; they may be curious as cases of coincidence, but they do not really affect our judgment of the phenomenon in behalf of which they are adduced. Horace is to be estimated, not as the type of any other person in any other age or nation, but as a man occupying a certain position in his own time. To arraign the poet of social life before the tribunal of an austere morality, may seem like breaking a butterfly on the wheel; condemning a comedy because it does not fulfil all the requirements of a sermon; yet when we consider what Rome was, and to what it was hastening, we shall perhaps feel that a little indignation will not be misdirected against a citizen, who having the ear of his country said so few true words—whose philosophy at its highest did not really rise beyond inculcating a decent moderation in sensual pleasure, and a good-natured tolerance of other men's peculiarities—whose patriotism, if occasionally it vented itself in denunciations of the progress of material prosperity, a species of political zeal easy to realize, and almost worthless unless accompanied by a spirit of far-seeing practical wisdom, was, in general, quite satisfied with the government of Augustus, and saw without pain all the wide-spread energies of the nation gradually lost and absorbed into the person of one man. A poet who could really find pleasure in living at the imperial court, and enjoying the personal friendship of the emperor, without, so far as we know, a single thought that he was doing what in him lay to swell that vast mass of Roman corruption, of whose existence and gradual increase he sometimes showed himself conscious, will hardly command the full sympathies of any, except such as, like him, are content to barter the future for the present, and employ their thoughts in attention to conventional decorum and the art of standing well with the world when society is going to ruin before their eyes. It was because the better sort of men in the days of Augustus consisted of men like Horace, that the next generation presented such a spectacle as we see when the curtain draws up, and Tacitus shows us Tiberius in the act of ascending the throne. As to the mere material Rome, the city with houses, and porticos, and aqueducts, and temples, it may be perfectly true that Augustus found it brick and left it marble; it is no less true that he came upon the moral Rome, when, though convulsed with strong agonies, it had yet much life to show, and that at the time of his quitting it, it was a mouldering system

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with scarcely a seed of vitality. Men of genius ought to be the salt which keeps a nation from decay; the restoratives which diffuse a healthy action through the whole body. But Roman literature had lost its savour; it scarcely even prolonged the existence of the people from which it sprung: decomposition went on unchecked by it, if not actually assisted. And where writings do not appear to have exercised any renovating power in their own period, it is hard to see how they can maintain their place in after times as permanent social companions. We are bringing no new charge against Horace: we are merely stating facts and suggesting conclusions which all mankind is supposed to be ready to draw.

Still, there is no denying that he has ever enjoyed, and continues to enjoy, greater popularity than many who have a much better title to be reckoned as the masters of human thought. With the late Archbishop of Canterbury we understand he was a constant favourite. 'I know nothing of your Tract 90, and your Tract 89,' said a country gentleman some years ago, when the conversation happened to turn on the Oxford controversy; 'I always say, Give me my Horace.' Nor is it difficult to see how many persons of literary pretensions may gladly take refuge in the Horatian philosophy, as the best after-dinner antidote to other and more perplexing questions. Every one, however unworldly his disposition, has probably a latent wish at times to be thought a man of the world; every one, however strict his moral code, has doubtless moments at which an Epicurean view of life appears the most tenable. This is tantamount to saying, that there are times when Horace will be felt to come home to the breast of every one. It is not well to despise or overlook any definite regularly constituted instinct in human nature. We may not think it the highest; but if we see even the best men occasionally abandoning themselves to it, we may be sure that it has its place, though our scheme of ethical duties may seem to have been framed without a view to its admission. Where there is nothing that strikes the conscience as actually wrong, or as reaching to more than a venial offence, we may be sure that there is some genuine sympathy, however insignificant, asking for its proper satisfaction. Whether those who look upon Horace as one who after the lapse of nearly two thousand years may still be a friend by day and a solace by night will be content with this concession, we cannot pretend to say; but such as it is, they are welcome to take full advantage of it.[1]

[1] It may seem strange that we have made no mention of Mr. Keble; but, though the sentiments here expressed coincide more or less with those delivered in his Lectures, they were not consciously derived from them.

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ART. II.—*Scenes where the Tempter has triumphed. By the Author of The Gaol Chaplain.* London: Bentley.

THERE is a class of writers who rejoice in great solemnity of title, and an attractive programme as represented by the contents. Now, this is all quite right as far as it goes, but for the very reason why a grandiloquent title and a list of subjects euphoniously arranged are rather pleasing to the mind, it also happens that they are calculated to produce a more than slight feeling of disappointment if the book itself should not answer to the expectations formed by it: we like a profession just so far as we associate it with the reality. If a title attracts us, it does so because it presents to the mind a certain idea of a book, which book we picture as desirable; but if we discover that the previous idea is not realized on further acquaintance, that book henceforth becomes only a part of our experience as to the emptiness of mere words, and the difference between professions and their fulfilment.

The same feeling also applies to the general subject undertaken as the foundation of a book. If stirring and thrilling scenes for instance are chosen, we have a right to expect in return for such an advantage taken by the writer, that he shall give something of dramatic pathos or powerful moral tone, or at least take great care to accomplish a concise and vivid description of what is before him.

With regard indeed to all books of a descriptive or an historical character, there are certain instinctive laws in the literary world which it is rash for an author to violate. There is a sort of covenant understood to exist between the writer and the reader.

The writer chooses his own ground, and the reader forms his judgment according to the advantages of that position. To illustrate our meaning, we will first take the case of pure romance or fiction. The writer here is bound to a certain probability of events, and unless indeed he professes the supernatural, he must follow a natural order of things, such as life may be imagined to bring to any one's experience. Events described may perhaps be strange, but still they must be possible and not violate our notions of probability too much. If stranger events and more thrilling scenes are ventured on than can be thus supported, the effect instead of being sublime, from overstepping the mark, has become ridiculous. A thrilling scene or a catastrophe can only be admitted in any legitimate manner, as the climax of a plot gradually leading up to it, or as the

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fons malorum of a coming history. To arrive unnecessarily or frequently at such a means of enchaining attention is taking an unfair advantage, contrary to the true art of story-making, and consequently produces either an empty or a ludicrous effect. A child's first attempt at a story rushes headlong into fires, and the tumbling down of houses, whereas a maturer judgment sees the propriety of setting off more exciting events by a previous train of quieter transactions. This rule is peculiarly observable in dramatic writings. High drama may include most frightful tragedies, but there is always some deep plot, either represented by the continued working of human passion, or by the idea of fate, or whatever the case may be, and thus a complete groundwork is discovered to exist, on which to raise the climax. Low drama on the contrary is often distinguished by its too great profusion of vapoury tragedies brought in with no art or no plot, but only for scenic effect. The attempt is made to unite the thrilling climax of several histories into one, by which means, that process, through which we arrive at a condition to be really affected, is altogether neglected, and the final result is a vulgar appeal to the eyes, or the very outside surface of our sensitive powers. The same argument holds good in things altogether disconnected with literature. For instance, in painting, great brilliancy of colour requires some reason and excuse for its introduction. It is the luxury of painting, the crowning feast of the eyes, which must come in appropriately, and with due moderation to be itself fully appreciated, or to avoid the charge of vulgarity. Again in music, the stormy climax so wonderful and absorbing in its place, without the quieter history which the rest of the symphony discloses, would come spoilt of its interpreter, and would simply gratify an unmeaning love of noise. One proof, if any were wanting, of the necessity of due proportion between the preparatory stages of any work and the climax may be found in the utter fruitlessness of attempting to satisfy the mind without its observance. The mind, if it looks for excitement or amusement from the mere relation of horrors, or from mere scenic effect, or, in the arts we have referred to, from brilliancy of colour and the clanging parts of music, becomes a more insatiable monster, than any earthly food can satisfy. You may heap one thing on another *ad infinitum*, but you cannot keep pace with such disproportionate desires. This has been the ruin of all modern theatrical managers. To make up for dramatic talent, they have commenced scenic representations. That principle once begun is self-condemned to perpetual increase or to decay. Nobody cares to witness such things a second time, except on a grander scale. The expense soon overreaches all bounds, and empti-

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ness of mind is the only result. The same result may be observed in the ever-growing expense which the desire for a splendid manner of living entails, if everything is not kept in proportion by what is called good taste, that is, an appreciation of the fitness of things.

To return, however, to the province of literature, we will sum up our notice of romance or fiction, generally, by the remark, that an attempt to excite interest by an appeal to the morbid sensibilities of the mind, not in proportion to the ground work or plot of a story, is a fraud in literature, only meets with admiration in the vulgar qualities of the mind, and must have a most ephemeral existence.

Other cases, however, need consideration besides that of general romance or fiction, where the whole ground of human events is before the writer, and he has to make his choice. We may take the case of a particular period of history, that of a very tragical character, being adopted as the subject either for narration, or on which to found an historical romance; for so far as the descriptive powers are concerned there is equal room for powerful writing in both. In this case, tragedy of course will occupy a larger place than on the former supposition. But still there need be no disproportion in the work as a whole; for those preparatory stages that work the mind up, so to speak, for tragedy are presupposed. The writer professedly starts from that point, and therefore may be perfectly consistent with nature and good taste if he deals very greatly in scenes and horrors, just as an artist, if he chooses for his subject any scene like as the destruction of Sodom, is at liberty to indulge in an otherwise unnatural amount of wild and fiery sky. In this case, however, the point from which the writer starts is laid to his account in the mind of the reader, as so much in his advantage, in return for which privilege of subject he must give an equivalent in the manner of narration and the power of his language. Even newspaper reporters, whose business is simply to communicate facts, and that on the shortest notice, they are aware of the privilege which great events afford them, and feel it incumbent on them to exalt their style of writing in proportion to the emergency. Much more then in writing a book, which is supposed to be a work of mature consideration; should this instructive contract between the writing and the reading world be scrupulously observed.

We now take another supposition, which we will put into a definite form, exemplified by the work at the head of our article. The circumstances of this book, we will premise by saying, are very favourable for the indulgence of a certain thrilling manner of writing. This is an advantage granted to the author, or

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rather chosen by himself, in return for which we expect a powerful style. In the first place, his professed subject is tragedy; he depicts sin in its deepest form, and follows out its most calamitous results on the well-being of society. Here is the foundation of tragedy, but further than this he is granted the poetical sublimity of heavenly vengeance and earthly retribution. He describes first the sin; he traces the mental agony of convicted culprits; he follows them to the scaffold, and brings in death, with its most awful accompaniments, at the end of every chapter. What would a worn-out novelist give for such a happy licence? He knows, however, that in his case it would be ludicrous to indulge so freely in the ultimatum of *scenes*. With regard, however, to the present book, this privilege, from the nature of the case, is granted. A sad reality, again, with regard to facts, though melancholy in itself, is another advantage in aid of the writer; and to increase our expectations from such materials, if it were possible, the relater of them has been himself an actor in those or similar scenes, as we conclude from his being the author of 'The Gaol Chaplain,' and also from the introduction. Beyond this inference we have no personal knowledge of our author; he is consequently surrounded by the mysterious power and authority which the anonymous style affords to a writer in place of the gratification of any personal vanity. The author of the 'Gaol Chaplain' stands before us, himself also one of those solemn functionaries. In that character only do we know him; we have not, like young Copperfield, 'seen him without that white thing.' Surely, then, taking all these means and appliances into consideration, a nervous-minded person might almost begin to shudder before the book was opened. The recollection of other stories, where a like advantage of subject had been taken, such as some parts of the 'Diary of a late Physician,' and 'Death-bed Scenes,' comes into the mind, and expectation is raised very high, hoping that the same interest is about to be again excited through means of the present volume.

The title of the work also gives still further hope of its interest. 'Scenes where the Tempter has Triumphed' throws a supernatural gleam of horror on the too familiar associations of vice; and also it assumes that the nature of crime is discussed as leading to certain terrible results by the inevitable disposition of Providence. Both in the title, and also in the headings of each chapter, we have an assurance that the author knew and felt the strength of his position. Each instance of crime which he selects for description is announced under the head of the original snare which first led its victim from the right course, or else is meant to convey some proverb of mighty

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import. Thus we have 'Wounded Vanity' at the head of one chapter, 'Popularity' at the head of another; and, of the latter kind, 'The Engineer hoist by his own Petard.' Again, 'The Traitor Clergyman,' 'The Gaming-house, an Ante-room to the Gallows,' 'The Viper who stung his Benefactor,' are samples of the profound moral and philosophical aspect in which crime and its punishment are seen by our author. But whatever the sentiment or aphorism may be which heads each chapter, there is but one conclusion to all—that of the gallows; to this point we arrive with unerring certainty. We are secure of vengeance if indignation is roused at the crime, and may always land the hero of each tale beyond the reach of earthly mischief.

Now, to say that this book does not answer to its opportunities, or fulfil expectation, will convey no adequate notion of its many deficiencies. All hope, indeed, of any brilliancy or poetic manner of treatment, any well-followed out view of divine Nemesis working through human justice, is checked by the general views of crime and punishment expressed in the first chapter, where he states that 'the sole and legitimate object of all punishment is the prevention of crime;' but we were not quite prepared for the meagre account given in many instances of bare facts to illustrate the pompous headings under which they are arranged; or, again, for the very indifferent language in which they are given. The morals, also, drawn from each case, as it comes in review, are not sufficiently novel in our opinion to warrant the solemnity of their introduction. They are too much like the verbal address of a chaplain in the performance of his office. Then, indeed, they might be appropriate; and, considering to whom they would be addressed, might even not strike the listener as common-place; but to other persons, and those who are at all likely to read the present volume, we cannot but imagine that they will appear very trite.

We will give, however, one history complete, to show the ground of our complaint as to poverty of facts and triteness of moral. The chapter is headed 'Industry in an Unholy Cause. Denton, the Coiner.'

'It is an Englishman's boast that in his own free country no distinction is unattainable to the aspirant who combines in his own person talent, industry, and character; that an adventurer, no matter how humble his birth or how obscure his family, may, if deserving, grasp the highest honours of the profession of his choice.

'The boast is a noble one, and based on centuries of experience of our free institutions. Many a bishop has first seen the light in a lowly cottage; and many a law-lord been cradled in the little "keeping-room" behind the shop of some petty tradesman in a provincial town.

'But in each of these instances, to talent and industry, there has been

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added principle. The determination to excel has been vigorously manifested, and has decidedly the resolution to rise *fairly*.

'A similar boast may be uttered with reference to that important boon—education. The Englishman says proudly, "it is not withheld from the people, it is promoted amongst them."

'But to education and industry, a parity of reasoning will apply.

'Industry to be availing must be rightly directed: and education, if it is to bless and benefit, must be based on Christian principles.

'Otherwise, the former resolves itself into activity in wickedness—a mere multiplication of misdeeds; and the latter into a training for the gallows.

'The fate of the chemist-coiner illustrates these conclusions:—

'Thomas Denton was a native of Yorkshire, his birth-place being a little village in the North Riding of that wealthy county. His original position in life was humble—that of a tinman. Self-instructed, and naturally of an aspiring disposition, he lost no opportunity of gaining information and raising himself in the scale of society. Success seems to have attended his efforts, for, in 1779, we find him a bookseller in the city of York. Soon afterwards he visited London, where, seeing a speaking figure made by some ingenious foreigners, it occurred to him that he could construct a similar piece of mechanism. He made the attempt, and triumphed. A kindred figure was completed in a very short space of time; by exhibiting which in various parts of England, he accumulated a considerable sum of money. The speaking figure he subsequently sold to a printer, in London. He then made a writing figure, which was in existence at the close of the last century. Science claimed every leisure hour. He became an adept in chemistry. From early youth this appears to have been a favourite pursuit. To it he grudged no expense or labour, so far as experiments were concerned, if they promised in the most remote degree to further his mastery of the science. One among many of his successful efforts in this department deserves distinct mention, namely, his translation of "Pinetti's Book of Deceptions," with notes. From his acquaintance with chemistry he obtained the art of plating coach-harness, which he carried on for some time in connexion with the business of a bookseller, in High-street, Holborn. While thus engaged he, most unfortunately, formed a connexion with a person notorious for making plain shillings. The same abilities which had enabled him to construct several mathematical instruments, such as pentagraphs, sextants, &c., gave him facilities for imitating the current coin of the realm with a perfection that deceived the best judges.

'Detection at last overtook him; he was apprehended, indicted, and arraigned. His trial lasted seven hours: and such was the tact with which he had conducted his proceedings that, from the beginning to the end of the investigation, it was more than doubtful whether any verdict could be secured against him. The result was, that he was acquitted of coining, but convicted of having the implements for coining in his possession. Sentence of death was passed upon him, and, pursuant to it, he was executed July 1st, 1789.

'Will men never learn that any deviation, however slight, from the narrow path of integrity is necessarily perilous? Do they require to be reminded that it is *an honest and meritorious aim*, which sanctifies industry, and draws down the blessing of Heaven upon it? No efforts, no toil, no perseverance, no amount of patience and self-denial can hallow a bad cause. However fair its outside, the seeds of shame and sorrow lurk within it.

'Had half the patient and continuous industry which Denton displayed in acquiring knowledge for purposes of fraud, been honestly and properly directed, opulence, security, and an untarnished name might have been his.

'His love of knowledge, his thirst for information, the perseverance with

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which he carried out his plan of self-instruction, the avidity with which he grasped opportunities of strengthening his hold on science, these are so many noble features in his character.

'Had his aims been honest all would have been well.

'As it was he "sowed the wind to reap the whirlwind." '—Pp. 99—103.

What there is in this rehearsal worthy of the form in which it is now put before the world, is beyond our power of invention to discover. We neither have the curious piece of mechanism described, nor the manner of the culprit's detection, nor even his execution; but only something about a free country, a bishop, and a law-lord, with an extract from a gaol sermon tacked on at the end.

The chapter, 'The Gaming House, an Ante-room to the Gallows,' has, on perusal, very little concern with the peculiar vice it holds forth, as leading to such disastrous consequences. The whole chapter is eight pages in length, disposed of as follows:—One page and a half, remarks about the Tempter, full of notes of interjection; two, a confused account of some dishonest transactions in the funds, by Henry Weston; one, stating the fact, that the said Henry Weston was hanged; and, after his conviction, exhorted all young men to take better care of their money than he had done; and three and a half, describing another man who, though he lived by play, yet went to church, was temperate in his habits, and died comfortably in his own bed. The only positive notice of a gaming-house in the account of the man who was hanged, occurs incidentally at an end of a sentence about the funds, and stands as follows:—'And other great losses which he had experienced at different gaming-tables.' To make up for this deficiency of appropriate material, it is so managed, that the reader's eye shall rest on the words '*The Gaming-house!*' in the course of the first page, forming a whole paragraph, and obviously meant to tell its own story, as the author had no story to tell about it. The end of this unfortunate man is conveyed with equal brevity in another paragraph, consisting of the word 'Death.'

Another chapter is headed 'Extravagance, the Highwayman's Training School. Robert Walpole Chamberlaine.' The first page and a half we will extract, as it contains all that has to do with the subject, the remaining four being about some lady, whose hands were not so delicate as those of Lady ——; but yet who was a more praiseworthy character.

'The cry is often loudly raised, and as often slavishly heeded—"Ah! *he* will succeed because he is backed by means; and *he* will assuredly fail, because he has to struggle with poverty." But it is not always thus. Means are sometimes a positive evil. Where prudence and principle are wanting, they are destructive. Whereas poverty, though a severe school, teaches many a salutary lesson, affords many a valuable check, subdues a

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man's heart, renders it soft and sympathising, and nerves him for future effort and for future usefulness.

'Which of these assertions will the following facts support?

'Early in June, 1791, Mr. Bellamy, of Ewell, in Surrey, and his lady, as they were returning to that place in their carriage, were stopped near the twelve-mile stone, on the Epsom road, at about ten o'clock at night. Their assailants were three footpads, who robbed them of their watches and other valuables, together with a considerable sum of money.

'But with robbery they were not content. Dragging by main force the lady and gentleman from their vehicle, they cut and wounded the latter in a most cruel, wanton, and dangerous manner.

'Many months elapsed without bringing with them a discovery of these ferocious assailants. No means were left untried to detect the guilty perpetrators, but in vain.

'At length, in 1793, a clue was obtained to the parties, and Robert Walpole Chamberlaine was apprehended, tried, and convicted at the Summer Assize, held at Croydon, for highway robbery and maltreatment.

'No mitigating circumstances presenting themselves, he was executed on Kennington Common, August 5th, 1793. He had numbered only 23 years of age, and at the decease of his mother, a very few years before, had inherited a fortune of 10,000*l*, *which he dissipated in three years*.'—Pp. 265—267.

The chapter headed 'The Traitor Clergyman,' commences with some general remarks on the restlessness of man, the necessity of government, and the sin of rebellion. The particular instance of the crime which he adduces, is thus described:—

'Such was presented in the person of the Rev. William Jackson, whose designs admitted only of one construction. Treachery placed these in possession of the government, and on the 23d of April, 1795, he was put on his trial for high treason, at the bar of the Court of King's Bench, Dublin.' —P. 120.

The trial is dwelt on more at length in this case than the former, and is interspersed with long speeches, beginning 'Gentlemen of the Jury,' the whole scene ending in the prisoner at the bar dying from poison. All this is told in a confused, pointless manner, the common routine of every trial occupying as much space as the peculiar features of the one under consideration.

The principal crimes for which death has been the penalty in the histories now before us, are murder and forgery. Of the former, that headed 'Wounded Vanity,' is, perhaps, the most interesting, and contains the fullest account of the facts of the case. On the subject, indeed, of wounded vanity, as leading to such disastrous consequences, not much is proved, for the murder itself is a very unimportant part of the story; and is even supposed by our author to have been accidental. The peculiar feature of the case was, the concealment of the dead body for a long time in the house before anything was suspected, and the absence of any attempt on the part of the murderer to effect his escape. Theodore Gardelle,—if we remember right this man was of the same country as Courvoisier and the woman

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Manning—was a portrait painter, and had lodgings at the house of Mrs. King, in Leicester-square, 'a gay, showy woman,' who is the instance of wounded vanity; Gardelle not having done justice to her charms in his attempts on her portrait. One morning, when these two were alone in the house, the servant being out on an errand, (which occupies several pages of the book to explain,) the following scene took place:—

'Immediately after the girl's departure, Mrs. King, hearing the sound of footsteps in the parlour, called out, "*Who is there?*" and at the same time opened her chamber door. Gardelle was at a table, very near the door, having just then taken up a book that lay upon it. He had some short time before been engaged on Mrs. King's portrait, which it was her wish should be highly flattered, and had teased him so much on this point that the effect was the direct contrary. The portrait was undeniably plain. It happened, unfortunately, that the very first thing she said to him when she saw it was he who was walking about the room, was some remark of a reproachful and angry nature touching the plainness, or inferior execution, or faulty likeness of her portrait;—something in disparagement of his efforts.

'Gardelle was provoked, and speaking English but imperfectly, told her, in lieu of some more guarded expression, that *she was an impertinent woman.*

'This threw her into a transport of rage, and she gave him a violent blow with her fist on the breast, so violent, that he said he "could not have thought such a blow could have been struck by a woman." As soon as the blow had fallen she drew back a little, and at the same instant he laid his hand on her shoulder, and pushed her from him, rather in contempt than in anger, or with a design to hurt her. At this juncture her foot happened to trip in the floor-cloth. She fell backwarks, and her head came with great force against the corner of the bedstead. The blood immediately gushed from her mouth, not in a continued stream, but as if by different strokes of a pump. He instantly ran to her and stooped to raise her, expressing his concern at the accident; but she pushed him away, and threatened, though in a feeble and faltering voice, to punish him for what he had done. He was, he said, terrified exceedingly at the thought of being condemned for a criminal act upon her accusation, and again attempted to raise her up, as the blood still gushed from her mouth in large quantities; but she exerted all her strengh to keep him off, and continued to cry out, mixing threats with her screams. He then seized an ivory comb with a sharp taper point, which she used for adjusting the curls of her hair, and which lay upon her toilet, and threatened, in his turn, to prevent her crying out; but she continuing to scream, though her voice became fainter and fainter, he struck her with the comb, probably in the throat, upon which the blood flowed from her mouth in yet greater quantities, and her voice was quite choked. He then drew the bed-clothes over her, to prevent her blood from spreading on the floor, and to hide her from his sight. He stood some time motionless before her, and then fell down by her side in a swoon. When he came to himself he perceived that the maid had returned, and therefore left the room without examining the body to see if the unhappy woman was quite dead; his confusion was then so great, that he staggered against the wainscot, and struck his head so violently as to raise a bump over his eye. As no person was in the house but the murdered and the murderer while the deed was committed, nothing can be known respecting it, except from Gardelle's own lips. These details contain the substance of what he related both in his defence, and in the account which he drew up in French to leave behind him.'—Pp. 11—14.

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The concealment of the murder is described with far more prolixity of detail than would warrant us in extracting the story, as the author himself has related it; of this, the following passage, which is continued from the last extract, will convince our readers:—

All was quiet when the servant-girl, Annie, returned, which, she says, was in a quarter of an hour. She went first into the parlour, where Gardelle had promised to wait till she came back, and saw nobody; she had paid three shillings and ninepence out of the guinea at the snuff-shop where she delivered one of the letters, to the other she had no answer, and she laid the change and the snuff-box, with the snuff she had fetched in it, upon the table; she then went up into Gardelle's room and found nobody, and by turns she went into every room in the house, except her mistress's chamber, *which she never entered unsummoned.* Visit what room she would she found nobody: she then heated some water in the kitchen, made some buttered toast, and sat down to breakfast.'—Pp. 14, 15.

The substance, however, of the case is, that Gardelle sent the servant out again, and on her return, stated that her mistress had unexpectedly left home for a short time, and that her services were no longer required. She then left him alone in the house, and in spite of another lodger who slept in the house, and of a char-woman, (called *a party,*) whom some friends of his own sent in consequence of the servant's absence, he maintained the secret for a whole week without any suspicion being raised. During all this time he never attempted to escape, but employed himself day and night in making away with the body, burning some parts and concealing others, and washing out all traces of blood. This last process led to suspicion, which was followed by conviction. The execution was thus conducted:—

'He was executed, amidst the shouts and hisses of an indignant populace, in the Haymarket, near Panton-street, to which he was brought by a route that conducted him past Mrs. King's house. Here the cart stopped, and the wretched man gave one hasty glance at it—no more. His body was hanged in chains on Hounslow Heath.'—P. 32.

The chapter headed 'The Penalty of Sin Delayed, but Certain,' contains a singular instance of a struggle between avarice and self-preservation. An elder brother, was all through life at the mercy of a younger, from the latter's knowledge of a crime committed by his brother. He has exposed his child under a hay-stack, in order to cause its death, and accordingly it was found dead early next morning. In spite, however, of the elder one being thus in his brother's power, he behaved most dishonestly to him in all pecuniary transactions, and, himself very wealthy, suffered his brother to remain in abject poverty, occupying a very humble cottage at his own gates, which he was in the habit of opening for the brother's carriage,

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without receiving any token of recognition. On several occasions the younger brother let out the secret casually, but the matter was hushed up, and spread no farther, as of too long standing to be dragged before the public. On one occasion, when the circumstance was hinted abroad, and legal proceedings were actually commenced, the younger brother, from apprehension of the serious consequences of his own evidence, offered to leave the country, if five pounds were given him for necessary expenses, but avarice refused even this sum; and at last, in old age, he suffered the penalty of death, for a crime committed in early youth.

The chapter somewhat pompously entitled, 'The Engineer hoist by his Petard: Isdwell the Jew Schemer,' is first made the occasion of some remarks on the general respectability of Jews, and also on the generous impulses of Lord John Russell, for wishing 'to remove every remaining relic of persecution from so peaceable, industrious, and compassionate a community.' The story itself is given as follows:—

'Isdwell, who was confined in the New Prison, Clerkenwell, had managed, by the aid of "enormous lying," to persuade two of the turnkeys that an aunt of his, who was very rich, then lay at the point of death, and that, could she see him before she died, she would give him a thousand pounds. For their aid in accomplishing this interview and securing the money, he promised a liberal remuneration: the terms to which he pledged himself, were these: that if they would let him out, and accompany him to his relative's residence, he would give them fifty guineas each for their trouble, and suggested that the interview might be effected without the knowledge of the keeper of the prison, or of any other person, they having the keys of it at night, and the time required being very short. To this proposal the turnkeys assented; the risk was deemed light; the visit practicable; and the promised douceur by no means contemptible. The preliminaries being arranged, and a thorough understanding existing among the parties, about one o'clock in the morning the gates were opened, and Isdwell, with his irons on, was conducted in a hackney-coach by one of the turnkeys, John Day, armed with a blunderbuss, to his aunt's house, which he stated to be in Artillery-lane, Bishopsgate-street. Here they gained immediate admittance on ringing a bell, and on making inquiry for the sick lady were ushered up stairs.

'Isdwell went into the room first, on which several fellows rushed forth and endeavoured to prevent the turnkey, John Day, from following him. Failing in that attempt they extinguished the lights, wrested the blunderbuss out of Day's hands, and discharged it at him. At this instant, it is supposed, Isdwell was endeavouring to make his escape out of the door, as he received the principal part of the contents of the blunderbuss in his back, *and fell dead!* Day also fell, one of the slugs having grazed the upper part of his head. The confederates, by some means detecting their mistake, though in the dark, beat the turnkey so severely with the butt end of the blunderbuss, while he lay upon the ground, as to break it in pieces, fracture his scull in two places, and inflict frightful bruises on his body. The noise which the affray occasioned brought the night patrol to the house, who secured ten persons therein—all, with scarcely an exception, *Jews*. The intention of the assailants was obvious. They would have murdered the turnkey, had not timely assistance been rendered.'—Pp. 92—94.

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The trial and concluding moral we spare our readers, with its solemn paragraphs, '*'Tis ever thus!*'

'A desperate Stratagem' is an interesting story, if the prefatory remarks on bankers' clerks in general be omitted, wherein bankers are exhorted to place that class above temptation, a phrase innocent enough, if meant only to say that men should be paid for their work, but unmeaning and incorrect if taken literally.

The case of the Stanfield-Hall murder is given at some length, under the head of 'The Criminal carefully cloaked in Religious Professions;' but as the account contains no improvement either in novelty or style on the newspaper reports so lately before the world, we pass it over. 'A Worcester Tragedy,' a case of matricide, and also the case of Richard Patch, for murdering the man to whom he was most indebted in life, are horrible in the annals of crime; but the manner of their relation is to the last degree mean and desultory. The last in the book is called 'Murder for One Word—Barbot, the irascible Attorney,' which on investigation turns out to be nothing but a very uninteresting duel, arising, as such things commonly do, out of hasty words.

Several cases of forgery are given at some length, with more than ordinary minuteness of detail. A sort of tender sentiment is made to hang over the memory of Dr. Dodd, as the victim of his love for popularity: as the law, however, then stood, he deserved his fate perhaps more than the majority of those who were offered up at the shrine of commercial probity. It may be a subject of congratulation that forgery is no longer a capital offence, but we should not forget that the intricate system of commercial credit, which so facilitates business, may, during its earlier stages of growth, have absolutely required the extreme penalty of death on all who so violated its principle. There must be an instinctive horror attached to the name of forgery, or all paper transactions must cease, and all the business of a civilized community must return to a simplicity of monetary affairs quite incompatible with the most ordinary mercantile transactions. If we can dispense with death as the punishment for a forged name, so much the better; but at a former age of legislation the question may have stood before the world in some such manner as the following:—Here is an immense advantage to be gained from simplifying the conveyance of money—a convenience so incalculable, that with it we may extend our commerce into a fresh stage of existence, but without it we must lay behind the world, and not be able to remain even stationary. But a certain condition is requisite before this can be done. The signature of a name must be sacred; the feeling of honour as connected with paper must be equivalent to the

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love of gold, for the one is to represent the other. Precautions, indeed, may be taken to render forgery as difficult as possible, but still there needs a powerful protection and safeguard beyond that. On this ground it may be explained why the protection necessary to establish confidence appeared to our forefathers to be nothing less than death to the offender.

Another ground of complaint we would bring against this book, arises from a comparison of its title with the particular instances of crime recorded in it. The reader is, undoubtedly, led to suppose, as we have said before, both by the title and the introduction, that the author is a 'Gaol Chaplain,' and, therefore, he not unreasonably expects that the book will contain histories that have come under his own experiences, and thus bring to light something new in the annals of crime. If an author travels, and comes home to write an account of those countries which he has visited, we certainly have reason to be disappointed if the book is a compilation from other sources, and has no reference to the author's own experience. Yet this 'Gaol Chaplain' writes a history of various criminals, which turn out to be cases about which he has no more information than other people, or even as much, in some instances. We are not benefited by the peculiar fitness of the author for undertaking such a work; therefore, he stands before us in a false position, when, having anticipated otherwise, we make this discovery.

Now, so far from the instances here brought forward being the experiences of one man, they are the most familiar *causes célébres* of more than a century, from Gardelle to Rush, and are all of most common-place notoriety, being, moreover, much better told in the 'Annual Register' of the dates. Gardelle, for instance, is familiar to all, not only from that most accessible source, but from Hogarth's awful portrait of him.

But not only has our author selected instances of common-place notoriety, but in doing this, he has displayed singular ignorance as to the history of those very cases, and also great carelessness as to the sources from which he gathers his facts. Take, for instance, the above-named case of Gardelle; he accepts, unhesitatingly, the murderer's own account of what passed, which made it appear an accidental occurrence. As well might we weave up a story out of Rush's fictitious accounts of the Stanfield Hall murder, or take any version of the facts of a crime which a prisoner may assert in self-defence. Now, Gardelle was pretty generally known not to have taken the innocent part in the affair which he would have had supposed. The real facts of the case, as believed at the time, had very little to do with 'wounded vanity' on the part of the woman King, but throw double guilt on the murderer.

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We now close the book before us, again repeating that it does not answer to the expectations raised by the title and the subjects discussed. It is an attempt to take advantage of a certain morbid appreciation for histories of crime, which exists in the minds of some, in order that a book utterly void of all the proper qualification of interest, may yet go down with the public. This is the principle, above all others, which it is the critic's work to detect and expose. The honour of the literary world, and the dignity of a book, it is his duty to defend and sustain against all the trashy, ill-digested publications of those who would write a book, yet have nothing to say, nor would even know how to write it if they had.

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ART. III.—1. *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs. By* ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

2. *A Collection of Hymns, for the Use of the People called Methodists. By the Rev.* JOHN WESLEY, A.M.

3. *Hymns, founded on various Texts of the Holy Scriptures. By* PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D.D.

4. *A Collection of Hymns for Social Worship; more particularly designed for the use of the Tabernacle and Chapel Congregations. By* GEORGE WHITEFIELD, M.A.

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6. *Hymns on various Passages of Scripture. By* THOMAS KELLY.

7. *Hymns. By* AUGUSTUS TOPLADY, M.A.

8. *Hymns. By* REGINALD HEBER, D.D. *Lord Bishop of Calcutta.*

9. *The Cottage Hymn-book.* Published by the Religious Tract Society.

10. *The Christian Psalmist: Hymns selected and original. By* JAMES MONTGOMERY.

11. *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns. By the Rev.* C. SIMEON, M.A.

12. *A Selection of Psalms and Hymns. Revised for the use of Percy Chapel. By the Rev.* JAMES H. STEWART, A.M.

13. *Psalms and Hymns, adapted to the Services of the Church of England. Selected by the Rev.* W. J. HALL, M.A.

14. *Hymni Ecclesiæ: e Breviario Parisiensi.*

15. *Hymni Ecclesiæ: e Breviariis Romano, Sarisburiensi, Eboracensi, et aliunde.*

16. *Thesaurus Hymnologicus. Confecit* H. A. DANIEL.

17. *Translations from the Roman, &c. Breviaries, by Bishop* MANT, COPELAND, CHANDLER, ISAAC WILLIAMS, J. WILLIAMS, CASWALL, WACKERBARTH, &c.

18. *A Selection of Hymns, for Public and Private Use.* London: J. Masters.

19. *Hymns for the Public Worship of the Church.* Leicester: J. S. Crossley.

20. *The S. Saviour's* [*Leeds*] *Collection of Hymns.*

21. *Divine Songs. By* ISAAC WATTS, D.D. Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

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22. *Nursery Rhymes. By* JANE TAYLOR.

23. *The Child's Christian Year.*

24. *Hymns for Children, in accordance with the Catechism. By the Rev.* J. M. NEALE, M.A.

25. *Hymns on the Catechism. By the Rev.* ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D.

26. *Hymns for Little Children. By the Author of 'The Lord of the Forest,' &c.*

AMONG the most pressing of the inconveniences consequent on the adoption of the vernacular language in the office-books of the Reformation, must be reckoned the immediate disuse of all the hymns of the Western Church. That treasury, into which the saints of every age and country had poured their contributions, delighting, each in his generation, to express their hopes and fears, their joys and sorrows, in language which should be the heritage of their Holy Mother to the end of time —those noble hymns, which had solaced anchorets on their mountains, monks in their cells, priests in bearing up against the burden and heat of the day, missionaries in girding themselves for martyrdom—henceforth they became as a sealed book and as a dead letter. The prayers and collects, the versicles and responses, of the earlier Church might, without any great loss of beauty, be preserved; but the hymns, whether of the sevenfold daily office, of the weekly commemoration of creation and redemption, of the yearly revolution of the Church's seasons, or of the birthdays to glory of martyrs and confessors — those hymns by which day unto day had uttered speech, and night unto night had taught knowledge—they could not, by the hands then employed in ecclesiastical matters, be rendered into another, and that a then comparatively barbarous, tongue. One attempt the Reformers made—the version of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* in the Ordinal; and that, so far perhaps fortunately, was the only one. Cranmer, indeed, expressed some casual hope that men fit for the office might be induced to come forward; but the very idea of a hymnology of the time of Henry VIII. may make us feel thankful that the primate's wish was not carried out.

The Church of England had, then, to wait. She had, as it has been well said, to begin over again. There might arise saints within herself, who, one by one, should enrich her with hymns in her own language; there might arise poets, who should be capable of supplying her office-books with versions of the hymns of earlier times. In the meantime the psalms were her own; and grievous as was the loss she had sustained, she

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might be content to suffice herself with those, and expect in patience the rest.

But the people, reduced in great measure to the prose of a read service, clamoured for metrical compositions of some kind, which would necessitate a portion of music; and Sternhold and Hopkins arose to supply the want. With their versions, or rather perversions, of the Psalms, of the Ten Commandments, of the Creed,[1] of the *Te Deum*, and of the other prose hymns of the Church, she was contented for nearly a century and a half. To Sternhold and Hopkins, however, we are indebted for one hymn of striking pathos; that which commences,—

'O LORD, turn not Thy face away!'

The Puritans were satisfied with the use of the Psalms and some few, but very few, compositions of their own teachers; and an English hymn-book was unknown.

Although between the accession of Queen Elizabeth and the Revolution several sacred lyrics of great beauty were added to our literature by Crashaw, and Herbert, and Wither, and Henry Vaughan, and others; and though the Countess of Pembroke, and Crashaw, undertook, and not altogether unsuccessfully, versions of the Psalms; it would be difficult to specify more than four hymns in any way suited to the service of the Church, which were composed during that period. Two of them are George Herbert's, and are therefore in every one's hands. We refer to those which commence,—

'Ye glorious spirits, who, after all your bands,'

and,—

'Teach me, my GOD and King.'

The other two will probably be new to our readers, and we shall quote a portion of each.

The first is by the dramatic poet Shirley, who, whatever might have been the excesses of his youth, died a true penitent; and it reads to our ears very much like a penitential 'prose' from some earlier Breviary:—

'Canst Thou, O LORD, forgive so soon
A soul hath sinn'd so long?
Canst Thou submit Thyself to one
That loads Thee still with wrong?

[1] One specimen of the theology of the *New* Version of the Apostles' Creed is worth quoting. 'The forgiveness of sins,' so clearly explained in the Nicene Creed to mean the 'One baptism for the remission of sins,' is thus paraphrased:—

'Forgiveness of repented sins
Through Christ our Sacrifice.'

In a similar spirit, the *Gloria in Excelsis* is called the 'Thanksgiving in the *Church* Communion Service;' and this in a Prayer-book!

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'Canst Thou invite me to repent,
And woo me to return?
And will Thine anger, LORD, relent,
And bid me cease to mourn?

'It is no merit of my own,
But blood of Him That died,
Our elder Brother, and Thy Son,
Whom my sins crucified.

'For every drop of crimson dye
Thus shed to make me live,
Oh wherefore, wherefore have not I
A thousand souls to give?'

Undoubtedly, there is much of the old spirit here; but there is also much of that individualizing tendency which makes modern hymns as carefully employ, as the ancient scrupulously avoided, the singular number.

The other to which we alluded is the following; we will not mention the author till the reader has concluded it:—

'CHRIST leads me through no darker rooms
Than He went through before:
He that into GOD'S kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

'Come, LORD, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see;
For if Thy work on earth be sweet,
What must Thy glory be?

'Then I shall end my sad complaints,
And weary, sinful days,
And join with those triumphant saints
That sing Jehovah's praise.

'My knowledge of that life is small;
The eye of faith is dim:
But 'tis enough that CHRIST knows all,
And I shall be with Him!'

Now let us clothe these verses in an ancient dress; and when we have made one or two slight alterations, the reader will, perhaps, not think them altogether unworthy of earlier times:—

'Per nulla nos Christus vocat
Nisi Ipse præcessit loca:
Qui gloriam quærit DEI
Hoc debet ire tramite.

'Veni, Redemptor, dum Tuo
Nos præpares adventui:
Tam suavi si pro Te labor
Quid gloria tecum frui?

'Nullus metus, nullus dolor,
Nullo gravantur crimine,
Quo mille mille cœlitum
Hymnis vacant perennibus:

'Si scire nondum Patriam
Terrena prævalet fides,

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At novit omne, Qui vocat
Et nos futuros hospites.'

And yet the author was Richard Baxter!

We are carried on perforce, then, from the era of Sternhold and Hopkins to that of Tate and Brady—a still lower abyss of wretchedness. Considering what the court and age was, the Poet Laureate of the end of the seventeenth century was hardly the man to versify a Psalm of penitence or praise.

About the time of the publication of the New Version, Bishop Ken composed those hymns, two of which form the whole recognised, though unaccredited, hymnology of the English Church. Addison published his two versions from the Psalms; and those three lyrics,

'How are Thy servants bless'd, O LORD!'
'When all Thy mercies, O my GOD!'

and,

'When rising from the bed of death;'

which, however sweet in themselves, could never by any possibility be suitable for the offices of the Church. Dryden versified the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and Roscommon the *Dies Iræ*, the two last lines of which he repeated with great fervour on his death-bed.

It is surprising, at that time, how strong the objection seems to have been against metrical compositions in public worship. Bishop Compton, of London, mentions in his commendatory notice of Tate and Brady, 'the unhappy objection which had lain against it;' as an antidote to which the warrior-prelate 'did heartily recommend unto his brethren' the New Version. To the New Version, then, William and his court betook themselves; but the villages of England clave to Sternhold and Hopkins; and, with Hannah More's Squire,—

'They thought 'twould show a falling state,
If Sternhold should give way to Tate.'

The objection among the Dissenters seems at that time (so thoroughly a popular religion will change!) to have been as strong, as we shall see presently, till Dr. Watts came out first with his Hymns, in three books, and then with his paraphrase of the Psalms. From his time, in or out of the English Church, a succession of hymn-writers, such as they are, have appeared; and it will be our duty to notice in turn Watts, the Wesleys, Doddridge, Newton, Cowper, Toplady, Beddome, Kelly, and Montgomery, before we turn to more modern writers, and to more practical points.[1]

[1] It will be understood that we do not profess to speak of versions of the Psalms, whether before Watts, as the Scotch and Patrick's, or after, as Merrick, Cottle, and many others. We confine ourselves strictly to hymns.

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Dr. Watts's Preface, which is now seldom reprinted, contains a great portion of curious matter. The following passage is worth quoting, as forcibly stating the very exact converse of the Church's theory :—

'I never could persuade myself that the best way to raise a devout frame in plain Christians was to bring a king or captain into their churches, and let him lead and dictate the worship in his own style of royalty, or in the language of a field of battle. Does every menial servant in the assembly know how to use these words devoutly—"When I receive the congregation, I will judge uprightly :" "A bow of steel is broken by mine arms :" "As soon as they hear of me, they shall obey me?" Would I encourage a parish clerk to stand up in the midst of a country church, and bid all the people join with his words, and say, "I will praise Thee upon a psaltery :" or, "I will open my dark saying upon the harp :" when even our cathedrals sing only to the sound of an organ, most of the meaner churches can have no music but the voice, and some will have none besides? Why, then, must all that will sing a Psalm at church use such words, as if they were to pray upon harp and psaltery, and know nothing of the art? You will tell me, perhaps, that when you take these expressions upon your lips, you mean only that you will worship God according to His appointment now, even as David worshipped him in his day, according to God's appointment then. But why will ye confine yourselves to speak one thing and mean another? Why must we be bound up to such words as can never be addressed to God in their own sense? And since the heart of a Christian cannot join herein with his lips, why may not his lips be led to speak his heart? Experience itself has often shown that it interrupts the holy melody, and spoils the devotion of many a sincere good man or woman, when in the midst of the song some speeches of David have been almost imposed upon their tongues; where he relates his own troubles, his banishment, or peculiar deliverances; where he speaks like a prince, a musician, or a prophet; or where the sense is so obscure that it cannot be understood without a learned commentator.'

On these principles, then, Dr. Watts set to work; and flattered himself that he was sensibly improving the words of inspiration.

'In all places I have kept my grand design in view, and that is, to teach my author to speak like a Christian. For why should I now address God my Saviour in a song with burnt sacrifices of fatlings, and with the incense of rams? Why should I pray to be sprinkled with hyssop, or recur to the blood of bullocks and goats? Why should I bind my sacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar, or sing the praises of God to high-sounding cymbals, when the Gospel has shown me a nobler atonement for sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual worship? Why must I join with David in his legal or prophetic language to curse my enemies, when my Saviour in His sermons has taught me to love and bless them? Why may not a Christian omit all those passages of the Jewish Psalmist that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming sorrows, despairing thoughts, or bitter personal resentments, none of which are well suited to the spirit of Christianity, which is a dispensation of hope, and joy, and love?'

And yet men like this are they who uphold the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible, against all interpretations of fallible men! At the end of his Preface we find that the then usual practice among Dissenters was to sing six stanzas,

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and that the clerk read line by line before the congregation sang it. This intolerable method of psalmody puts us in mind of an occurrence which once happened to ourselves. We were, in the days of our youth, fated to be present at a large evening evangelical party, to which one of the stars of that time happened to be invited. He, of course, was to expound the Scriptures, and to offer prayer; but his ideas were not thus to be limited. Family prayers began with a hymn; the lady of the house sat down to the piano; the tune was played over, and the hymn commenced. The first line was concluded, when Mr. ——— exclaimed, in a loud voice, 'What! is there to be no exposition?' The obliging hostess paused; the happy moment was seized; and to one line after another, to the horrible disjointing of sense and music, an exposition was affixed, through a hymn of four or five stanzas.

But to return to Dr. Watts. On the appearance of his Hymns,[1] Bishop Compton addressed a complimentary letter to him, rejoicing to be able to drop 'those lesser differences, on which bigots dote,' in sympathizing with his labours. With these we are now concerned.

The three books comprise three hundred and sixty-five hymns. Now, it might be well to say that we have no business to criticise, by the laws of the Church, the compositions of those who are out of her pale, were it not that, as matter of fact, Watts's Hymns are deeply studied, devotionally used, and enthusiastically admired, by many persons who profess to be Churchmen, and that many of them are to be found in every collection of hymns in every proprietary chapel in England. We once fell in with a church where Watts was used, and Watts alone. It is a miserable thing to find the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge republishing, and so many national schools using, the same author's 'Divine and Moral Songs.'

We do not think, therefore, that we shall be performing an useless task if we point out a few instances of downright heresy, and of the most striking (though unintentional) profanity and irreverence, which occur in these compositions. And we own that nothing more surprises us in Dr. Johnson's writings than that he should voluntarily have recommended the works of Watts for insertion among the British poets.

It is well known that throughout the writings of this voluminous author, he completely overlooks—nay, more, he absolutely denies—the part which the First Person of the ever-blessed TRINITY bore in the work of man's redemption. Here

[1] Or, rather, after seeing them in MS., for Bishop Compton died in extreme old age, in 1713.

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again we have another melancholy example, how scripturalists depart from Scripture; how the enemies of the traditions of the Church make the Word of GOD of none effect by the traditions of Calvin. Only let the mind dwell for one moment on such a text as, 'GOD so loved the world, that He gave his only-begotten SON;' and then compare it with such passages as the following:—

'But all was mercy, all was mild,
And wrath forsook the throne,
When CHRIST on the kind errand came,
And brought salvation down.'

Or the next, which, to say the least, is shocking:—

'Once 'twas a seat of dreadful wrath,
And shot devouring flame;
Our GOD appear'd consuming fire,
And vengeance was His name.
Rich were the drops of JESUS' blood,
That calm'd His frowning face,
That sprinkled o'er the burning throne,
And turn'd His wrath to grace.'

Or a hymn which thus begins:—

'Well! the Redeemer's gone
To appear before our GOD!
To sprinkle o'er the flaming throne
With His atoning blood.'

And this written by one who professed his belief in those words of our LORD, 'The FATHER himself loveth you;' or that declaration of S. John's, 'In this was manifested the love of GOD, because that GOD sent His only-begotten SON into the world, that we might live through Him.' And the same tenour of thought runs all through Dr. Watts's compositions. Till the sacrifice of GOD the SON, the FATHER is all wrath, all vengeance. He threatens damnation; He promises nothing; all the mercy is from the SON: the 'everlasting love' of the FATHER is tacitly or absolutely denied.

Most remarkable, too, in another point of view, is the contrast between this 'scriptural writer' and Scripture itself. According to him, our LORD'S death reconciled GOD to man. S. Paul teaches us that it reconciled man to GOD: 'GOD, who hath reconciled us to Himself.' 'We pray you, in CHRIST'S stead, be ye reconciled to GOD.'

This error has never, that we know, been condemned by the Church, simply because it never seems, in primitive or medieval times, to have existed. The nearest approach to it is perhaps to be found in the heresy of Soterichus Panteugenus, condemned in the Council of Constantinople, 1156.

On the subject of imputed righteousness Watts held, of

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course, the Lutheran idea; and sometimes brings it out in the most offensive manner possible.

'And, lest the shadow of a spot
Should on my soul be found,
He took the robe that JESUS wrought,
And cast it all around.
* * * *
'The SPIRIT wrought my faith, and love,
And hope, and every grace;
But JESUS spent His life to work
The robe of righteousness.'

Granting that the Lutheran heresy were the Catholic faith, could any reverent mind for a moment endure the comparison instituted in the last lines between the respective works of our LORD and of the HOLY GHOST?

But on these points we need not stop to quote such passages as,—

'When on Thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just,'—

because, knowing the writer, we might naturally expect them.

Again, on the Incarnation his views are lamentably defective. That our LORD took on Himself our flesh we constantly find in these Hymns; but there they stop: that He became man Watts never comprehended.

'Hosanna to the Prince of Light,
That clothed Himself in clay.'

And,—

'Aside the Prince of Glory threw
His most Divine array,
And wrapp'd His Godhead in a veil
Of our inferior clay.'

Most remarkably are the words of Nestorius akin to the last expression. 'On account of the employer, I venerate the vestment.' (Neale's Hist. Alex. i. 236.) Yet Watts was not a Nestorian; for the expression, 'a dying GOD,' is a favourite one of his; and in one place he ascribes honour

'To GOD the King, and GOD the Priest,'

an expression which, in the mouth of S. Proclus, Nestorius bitterly attacked. His views seem rather to have been Apollinarian; a heresy which naturally allies itself with Sabellianism. For, indeed, a pure Sabellian must of necessity be a Nestorian or Apollinarian, else he runs into Patripassianism; a heresy which, we believe, in modern times, the Swedenborgians alone maintain. But to Sabellianism Dr. Watts undoubtedly yielded in many of his controversial writings. Belsham, in his Memoirs

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of Lindsey, claims Watts as an Unitarian, at least in his later years.

In the Hymns we are considering, we shall hardly open a page without being shocked by some gross piece of irreverence. It is no pleasant task to collect such; but it may be useful to show what could be written by one whose works so many Churchmen admire, and whose Hymns for Children the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge reprint.

Under the head of, *The Son of* GOD *incarnate*, we find this shocking expression:—

> 'This Infant is the Mighty GOD,
> Come to be suckled and adored.'

A Vision of the Lamb thus speaks:—

> 'Glory His *fleecy robe adorns:*
> Mark'd with the bloody death He bore:
> Seven are His eyes, and seven His horns,
> To speak His wisdom and His power.'

The Description of CHRIST *the Beloved* is the title of another hymn:—

> 'The wondering world inquires to know
> Why I should love my JESUS so:
> * * * * *
> Yes! my Beloved to my sight
> Shows a sweet mixture, red and white.'

The 130th of Book I. begins,—

> 'Now, by the bowels of my GOD,'—

and the 98th of Book II.—

> 'My heart, how dreadful hard it is!'

In another place it is said of the delights of Paradise that,—

> 'Not the fair fields of heath'nish bliss
> Could raise such pleasures in the mind;
> Nor does the Turkish Paradise
> Pretend to joys so well refined,'—

which comparison reminds us of one in a writer who much resembles Watts, and is almost as popular—Abbot. The Young Christian is calmly told, what we almost tremble to write, that our LORD on the cross presented a more sublime spectacle than Regulus in his place of torture.

Of the Holy Eucharist we are told, in language as revolting as profane, that—

> 'Here every bowel of our GOD
> With soft compassion rolls.'

But enough, and too much, of this. We do not deny that Watts has left some few—some very few—pieces, which, with alterations, would grace a hymnology of the English

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Church. For example:—'Give me the wings of faith to rise;' 'How can I sink with such a prop;' 'There is a land of pure delight;' 'Why should the children of a King;' 'Bless'd be the everlasting God;' and, 'When I survey the wondrous cross.' Of the latter we will attempt a version, which will show some faint resemblance, we think, to the hymns of old time:—

In Exaltatione Crucis ad Vesperas.	Watts. Book III. Hymn 7.
'Crucem sequentes prævíam Qua Rex pependit gloriæ, Per lucra damnum quærimus, Et temnimus superbiam.	'When I survey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glory died, My richest gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
'O Crux, tuorum cordibus Tu sola sis jactatio: Pendentis ad Regis pedes Spretæ voluptates jacent.	'Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ my God: All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His blood.
'Quæ vana complexi sumus, Jam non placebunt amplius; Dum per pedes, manus, caput, Amore mixtus it cruor:	'See from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
'O cui nec antea cruor Talis se amori junxerat! O nulla Regis spineæ Corona comparabilis!	Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
'Quî debitas victoriæ Tantæ rependemus vices, Ni, Qui redemit nos, Deo Fiamus ipsi victimæ?	'Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small: Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.'
'Sit laus Patri, laus Filio Tristi levato stipite: Cum Spiritu Paraclito In sæculorum sæcula. Amen.'	

We next come to the hymns written by Dr. Doddridge. They were published after his death, which took place in 1750, and are three hundred and seventy-five in number. He evidently took Watts for his model; and while he never equalled that writer in his few really good compositions, he never fell into his vulgarities and profanities. He constantly avails himself of a licence which Watts endeavoured to avoid, and protested against: a 'common metre,' in which the first and third lines do not rhyme.

Doddridge is the author of the two hymns which are appended to Tate and Brady—by whose permission or connivance it were now vain to inquire—'Hark! the herald angels sing,' and 'My God, and is Thy table spread.' The last, utterly

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unworthy of the subject, is not bad, considering the time and the man. The second verse, in particular, is remarkable:—

'Ave, sacrum convivium,
Quod JESUS Ipse perficit:
Quo Corpus Ipse dat suum,
Suum dat Ipse Sanguinem,' &c.

'Hail! sacred feast, which JESUS makes:
Rich banquet of His flesh and blood,' &c.[1]

The most pleasing among Doddridge's poems is, undoubtedly, the 'Evening Meditation,' beginning,—

'Interval of grateful shade;'

but this does not profess to be a hymn. The following, which is little known, and in which we have made one or two alterations, strikes us as worthy of a better place:—

'Do not I love Thee, O my LORD!
Behold my heart, and see:
And "cast each idol from its throne"
That dares to rival Thee.

'Is not Thy Name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound,
My SAVIOUR'S name to hear?

'Hast Thou a lamb in all Thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe, before whose face
I fear Thy cause to plead?

'Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of Thy Name,
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp the immortal flame?

'Thou know'st I love Thee, blessed LORD:
But oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love Thee more!'

Again:—

'Thine earthly Sabbaths, LORD, we love:
But there's a nobler rest above:
Oh! that that rest we might attain,
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain.

'"The heirs of that blest land" shall be
From every mortal trouble free:
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
That echo from immortal tongues.

[1] It is remarkable, too, that this Christian phrase of a Dissenter should be thought too high for a Churchman. Mr. Hall's collection, dedicated to the Bishop of London, and so generally, and so unfortunately, used in many of the London churches, dilutes the second line into
'Memorial of His flesh and blood.' (Hymn 271.)

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'No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.'

The hymn, 'Jerusalem, my happy home,' the author of which was a Priest of the Scotch Church, is quite of Doddridge's school:—

'Jerusalem, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end
In peace, and love, and thee?

'When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

'When, oh! thou city of my GOD,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where the assembly ne'er breaks up,—
The Sabbath hath no end?

'There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow share:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I still press onward there.

'Apostles, martyrs, prophets, saints,
Around my SAVIOUR stand;
And all the elect of CHRIST below
Shall join the glorious band.

'Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee:
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see!'

Next we come to the hymns of the Wesleys. John Wesley entertained sufficiently high ideas of them. 'As but a small part,' says he, 'of these hymns is of my own composing, I do not think 'it inconsistent with modesty to declare, that I am persuaded no 'such hymn-book as this has hitherto been published in the 'English language. In what other publication of the kind have 'you so distinct and full an account of Scriptural Christianity? '—such a declaration of the heights and depths of religion, 'speculative and practical?—so strong cautions against the 'most plausible errors, particularly those that are now most 'prevalent?.... With regard to the poetry.... Here are '(allow me to say) both the purity, the strength, and the 'elegance of the English language, and, at the same time, the 'utmost simplicity and plainness, suited to every capacity. 'Lastly, I desire men of taste to judge (these are the only com-'petent judges) whether there be not in some of the following

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'hymns the true spirit of poetry, such as cannot be acquired by 'art and labour, but must be the gift of nature.'

One remarkable circumstance connected with these hymns, is the popularity they have acquired with the new sceptical school. In our last number we quoted a passage from one of these writers, which spoke of 'that glorious hymn-maker, Charles Wesley.' One reason of this preference is, no doubt, the intense subjectivity of these compositions; while the darkness, the struggles, the perpetual feeling after a strength and wisdom not belonging to man, too often dissevered from any connexion with, or acknowledgment of, the Man CHRIST JESUS, may add to their popularity with this class. Among the Wesleyans it is well known that the Hymn-book has almost usurped the place of the Bible; and translations from it, in the foreign missions, form about the first productions of the Missionary press.

The Hymn-book contains 560 hymns, the greater part the composition of Charles and John Wesley; but there are also a few from Dr. Watts, and one or two from the Olney collection. We must do Wesley the justice of acknowledging him the introducer of several new and very appropriate measures into English hymnology, or, at least, the first who employed them to any extent, and with any success. Of these, the most successful are *Trochaic dimeter catalectic* (Sevens), and *Trochaic tetrameter catalectic*:—

'Urbs Jerusalem beata,
Dicta Pacis Visio.'

But the offensive vulgarity of some of the Wesleyan anapæstic compositions almost exceeds anything of the kind in Watts. The very cadence of a verse like the following, borrowed as it is from the 'Sir Trusty shall be my Adonis,' of *Rosamond*, is as profane as was the Thalia of Arius:—

'We remember the word
Of our crucified LORD,
And the spirit of faith He imparts:
Then, then we conceive
How in heaven they live,
By the kingdom of GOD in our hearts.'

Again:—

'Come let us ascend,
My companion and friend,
To a taste of the banquet above:
If thy heart be as mine,
If for JESUS it pine,
Come up into the chariot of love.'

There is nothing, we may observe in passing, in which it is more difficult to preserve dignity than in rhymes, recurring at

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very short intervals; nor any trial of skill from which the hymnographers of the Church have come out with greater success. For example; nothing can be more reverent than the following stanzas of S. Casimir of Poland, where, actually, in the alternate verses, half the syllables rhyme:—

'O Beata, per quam data
Nova mundo gaudia;
Et aperta fide certa
Regna sunt cælestia!
Per te mundus lætabundus
Novo fulget lumine:
Antiquarum tenebrarum
Exutus caligine.
Nunc potentes sunt egentes,
Sicut olim dixeras:
Et egeni fiunt pleni,
Ut tu prophetaveras.'

To return to the Wesleys. It may be doubted whether any of the original hymns included in this book could possibly, and by any change, be included in an English hymnology. There are, it is true, some compositions among them which show no mean skill, ear, and taste; of these, the chief is the celebrated hymn, 'Come, O thou traveller unknown!' in which, to use the somewhat partial criticism of a popular hymn-writer of our own day, 'he has, with consummate art, carried on the action of a lyrical drama.' So again, the hymn, 'Thou GOD of glorious majesty!' composed by Charles Wesley at the very extremity of the Land's End, is remarkably striking, especially—to any one acquainted with the locality—the stanza—

'Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,' &c.

Yet nothing, it is clear, can be farther removed from the true idea of a Church hymn than these two compositions. If two, which might in some small degree approximate to that model, *must* be selected from the five hundred and sixty of the Wesleyan Hymn-book, they would be, 'JESU, lover of my soul,' and 'Happy soul, thy days are ended!'

As to the theology of these compositions, it is what might be expected. The mischievous Wesleyan idea of the necessity of faith only, for the forgiveness of sins,—in plain words, believe that you are pardoned, and you are pardoned,—is kept, perhaps, more in the background than one might have supposed likely; but the other—and, comparatively, innoxious—dogma, of the sinless state of perfection attainable by every Christian, is again and again repeated. Yet, against the worst errors of Calvinism Wesley takes an opportunity of protesting constantly, and occa-

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sionally alters an obnoxious verse, where he admits the hymn of another author. For instance, in the well-known Calvinian hymn, 'JESU, Thy blood and righteousness,' we read:—

'Bold shall I stand in that great day!
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Completely cloth'd in CHRIST alone,
And all my filthy garments gone.'

Wesley softens the last lines into—

'Fully absolv'd by these I am,
From guilt and fear, from sin and shame.'

It was the boast of Wesley, in the Preface from which we have before made an extract,—'Here are no cant expressions, no 'words without meaning; those who impute this to us, know 'not what they say.' Yet we will venture to assert, that no Hymn-book, except the Moravian, contains half so much. This alone, were there no other objections, would ruin some of those attempts which might otherwise be passable.

From Wesley it is natural to proceed to Whitefield. He, too, published a Hymn-book—the first which may fairly claim to be a collection of hymns; for he drew largely on Watts, Wesley, and other sources: and after his death, the Olney book was, in like manner, laid under contribution. Whitefield himself had no pretensions to be a writer of verse; and his book contains specimens of profane vulgarity—and that in a form till then new—of parody. Thus:—

'My time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me wherever I went;'

is improved into—

'My time, O ye daughters of Zion, did run
Most sweetly and softly, when CHRIST was my sun.'

In this series, however, we first meet with one of the best hymns of a certain class we possess,—'Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,'—the author of which was a Mr. Batty; and another, which is not without its beauty, but which is less known—

'Is there a thing that moves and breaks
A heart as hard as stone?
Or warms a heart as cold as ice?
'Tis JESU'S blood alone.

'One drop of this can truly cheer
And heal th' afflicted soul;
What multitudes of broken hearts
This living stream makes whole!

'Hark, O my soul! what sing the choirs
Around the glorious throne?
Hark! the slain Lamb for evermore
Sounds in the sweetest tone:

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'The elders there cast down their crowns,
And all, both night and day,
Sing praise to Him that shed His blood,
And wash'd their guilt away.

'But Thou, O LORD! make every day
Thy grace to us more sweet;
Till we behold Thy wounded side,
And worship at Thy feet."

At the same time with Whitefield and Wesley, flourished Cennick, a class-leader, if we remember right, in Somersetshire, and a man of great influence among the Methodists of the west. He eventually became a kind of leader in a sect, virtual or declared, among the Wesleyans; and seems to have been a low and violent person. His hymns were published at the end of a series of sermons. It is many years since we saw them; but we remember that they struck us as peculiarly offensive, both as to matter and manner. He has left one, however, which might certainly, when purged of one or two expressions of 'assurance,' enter into some future English hymnology. We mark them in italics:—

'Children of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your SAVIOUR'S worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.

'Ye are travelling home to GOD,
In the path the Fathers trod;
They are happy now—and ye
Soon their happiness *shall see.*

'Shout, ye ransom'd flock, and blest!
Ye on JESU'S throne *shall* rest:
There your seat *is now prepared*,
There your kingdom and reward.

'Fear not, brethren! joyful stand
On the borders of your land;
JESUS CHRIST, GOD'S only SON,
Bids you undismay'd go on.

'LORD! submissive may we go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.'

The offensive part of the third verse might easily be altered:—

'They, ye ransom'd flock and blest,
Now on Abraham's bosom rest;
Ye, if well ye run the race,
In their joys shall find a place.'

Next we come to the only name among English writers who seems fitted to have added greatly to the value of our hymns, had

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he been brought up in a more perfect knowledge of the truth—we mean Toplady. 'Rock of ages, cleft for me,' is undoubtedly the best original hymn in the English language, provided it be taken as a penitential devotion, and not as the ordinary and proper expression of a Christian's every-day prayers. The thrilling solemnity of the last stanza—

> 'While I draw this fleeting breath—
> When my eye-strings break in death—
> When I soar to worlds unknown—
> See Thee on Thy judgment-throne:
> Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee!'

is not quite unworthy to recall to the mind that wonderful apostrophe—

> 'Quid sum miser tunc facturus,'
> Quem Patronus rogaturus,
> Quum vix justus sit securus?'

And the two devotional odes, 'Deathless principle, arise!' and, 'When languor and disease invade,' show what Toplady might have done had he lived in better times. The concluding stanza of the last-named composition has just the turn of a Breviary Hymn—

> 'If such the sweetness of the streams,
> What must the fountain be,
> Where Saints and Angels draw their bliss
> Immediately from Thee!'

Probably, the worst original collection of hymns ever put forth is the Olney Book. In some of Cowper's there may be beauty: but Newton's are the very essence of doggerel. The prosaic structure of his verses is such that we wonder how any rhymester could write them—should be able, we mean, to make verse at all without getting some of the trick and knack of it. For example:—

> 'Twas He who taught me thus to pray,
> And He, I trust, has answer'd prayer:
> But it has been in such a way
> As almost drove me to despair.'

We may very safely affirm that Newton is quite out of the question for Church purposes; or, indeed, for any Hymn-book whatever, and in whatever sect.

The genius of Cowper, though it certainly never shone less than in his hymns, raises them far above his friend's. 'There is a fountain fill'd with blood,' might, perhaps, be admitted as a Lent Hymn; while, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' and 'God of my life, to Thee I call,' we might, without much hesitation, make our own. 'Oh for a closer walk with God,' though

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not without its beauty, is quite out of the question for our purpose.

It is wonderful, indeed, how the Olney Hymn-book acquired its popularity. The compositions of Cowper were far above the general run of its readers. The fact is partly to be accounted for by the immense influence which Newton possessed among his own party, and partly perhaps by the consideration that the work in question was the first book of original hymns published by a Priest of the Church of England.

We must not pass over the name of Beddome, a Baptist minister, because his hymns, bad as they are in all other respects, possess the rare merit of having a beginning, middle, and end. If we might venture to take any one of his compositions, it would be that which begins, 'And shall we sit alone?' But we forbear to extend our quotations.

At the beginning of this century, Thomas Kelly, an Irishman, brought out a great number of original hymns, and accompanied them with original tunes. Had he written three or four, instead of three or four hundred, there is a warmth about him which might have produced something not altogether contemptible. It was he who brought that Trochaic measure into fashion, for it had been attempted before, of which this verse may serve as a specimen:—

'Led by that, we brave the ocean,
Led by that, the storms defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our LORD is nigh:
Waves obey him,
And the storms before him fly.'

James Montgomery added a century of hymns to the 'Christian Psalmist;' his collection of the best compositions, in his judgment, of this kind. Notwithstanding some very neatly expressed *gnomæ* which occur in them: *e. g.*—

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die:'

we doubt if there be any that would suit the purposes of the Church, with the exception perhaps of one, beginning—

'LORD GOD, the HOLY GHOST.'

Bishop Heber deplored deeply the miserable estate of English hymnology, and set himself in earnest to raise it. But how? It was but in a slight degree that he turned to the old sources of Christian devotion; his chief conception was original compositions. He brought an elegant mind, but little else, to the task; and accordingly some elegant verses were the result; some also, we are bound to add, remarkably inelegant.

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We have now, we think, gone through all the authors of any note in this way, for we certainly shall not notice the raving profanity of the Countess of Huntingdon's Hymn-book, or of the Moravian collection. One or two single hymns will be added from other quarters: for example, that by Logan, 'O God of Bethel, by Whose hand.'

These were the resources of the English Church about thirty years ago. By that time people seem to have been convinced that hymns were not to be made to order; that so many yards of print could not be manufactured at the shortest notice; that no one man could hope to supply the acknowledged deficiency. Collections, therefore, originally brought forward by the old evangelical party, by Madan, Romaine, Walker of Truro, Simeon, Berridge, Riland, Adam of Winteringham, were multiplied ten-fold. Every one, as in the Apostles' time, had a Psalm. Preeminent among the rest stood the 'Percy' collection, the 'Simeon' collection, the 'Cottage Hymn-book,' and Mr. Hall's, usually called the Bishop of London's collection, because unhappily dedicated to him: this is one of the worst; and other collections were, generally speaking, nothing but compilations from these. More or less of heresy attached to all of them: happy he that, in a church where a collection was used, got off with irreverence or nonsense.

But the movement began in the English Church. Evangelicalism tottered. Rushing into an opposite extreme, the leaders of the movement eschewed the very name of a hymn. Tate and Brady, and Sternhold and Hopkins, again came in triumphantly: our churches were in danger once more of resounding with the—

> 'How long, ye stupid fools, how long?'

or that complaint, savouring of such thorough knowledge of polite society and the deep philosophy of morning calls,

> 'Suppose they formal visits make,
> 'Tis all but empty show;
> They gather mischief in their hearts,
> And vent it where they go,'

of the one; or the—

> 'Oh pluck it out, and be not slow
> To give Thy foes a rap,'

of the other. Mr. Keble was induced to publish a new version of Psalms; in hopelessness, on the one hand, that chanting would ever take a firm hold of English people; and, on the other, that a Hymnology could be formed for the use of the Church. In the former case we believe that he will as readily and gratefully admit his error, as at the time of pub-

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lication he expressed doubts about the practicability of his Psalter meeting the latter case.

At length, men began to turn their attention to the possibility of the English Church deriving, as her prayers, so her hymns, from ancient stores. The principal sources from which an English reader would derive a knowledge of the Hymns of the Latin Church are, the translations, chiefly from the *Roman* Breviary, of Mr. Copeland, Bishop Mant, J. Williams, (an American author,) Mr. Newman, (in a privately printed translation of part of the 'Pars Hyemalis,' of the Roman Breviary,) and Mr. Caswall—who alone has translated *all* the Hymns of the Roman Breviary and Missal; besides those which occur in Anglo-Roman Missals, and in different collections, such as those of Mr. Palmer, of Magdalene, and the selection for the use of Margaret-street chapel; while of translations from the *Paris* Breviary, we have Mr. Williams's, Mr. Chandler's, and the Leeds Hymn-book: the third little more than a transcript, however, of the second.

All these, however, together, and much more any of them separately, fall very short of what we want. We will point out some of the reasons of this.

1. It was a very natural mistake that, after the Breviary Hymns had experienced such long neglect, they should, on their revival, be thought in all cases absolutely perfect. It was also natural that at first the Paris Breviary should be preferred to the Roman. It is more like that to which English ears had been accustomed; it is prettier, more flowing, more classical, than even the Roman reform; it is far more subjective; and though the amazing strength, the awful solemnity, of the earlier hymns be gone, it was perhaps not the less popular on that account. Yet, if any one will remember that a great part of the Parisian hymns, so far as they were original, are merely the composition, *done to order*, of some very respectable French divines and scholars of the seventeenth century,—tainted, even now, in some places with heresy, more than tainted with it at first, (*e. g.* the alteration, 'Jesu, Redemptor *plurium*,' for the Church's 'Jesu, Redemptor OMNIUM,')—he will perhaps be disposed to smile at the great energy with which people went to work in versifying the most jejune, common-place compositions of the Gallican Church. It is noticeable, that Mr. Newman, in his selections from the Paris Breviary, filled two hundred pages, while in that from the Roman, York, and Salisbury, he could not find nearly so large a number of hymns which he thought fit to republish.

2. Another objection to the modern translations of the Breviary has been the extraordinary measures in which they have

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been composed. It is the peculiar beauty, indeed, of English, as compared with Latin, that any kind of strophe is allowable; but then it behoves English writers to be the more careful, lest this liberty of theirs become licence. Especially is this necessary in translating verse, so simple, so unchanging, as are the greater part of the hymns of the Church. But the translators have often offended in this particular. What a monstrous stanza, for instance, is this:—

'Lo! the Baptist's herald cry
Shakes the Jordan;
Let the waken'd eye and ear
Welcome the great Harbinger.'

Again: it may, we think, be laid down as a general rule, that in modern languages a translation will fail in conveying a true idea of the original unless it adopts the same species of verse. We remember but one instance of a version in any degree successful where this rule is neglected, and that is the 'Lusiad' of Mickle. And we will venture to say, that, on this very account, the translation is intolerable to any one at all acquainted with Camoens. But ecclesiastical Latin is, to all intents and purposes, a modern language. It not only employs the same measures that we use, but its whole structure of phrase, and sequence of thought, is the same. Then, further, it is desirable that we should be able to employ the same ancient tune to a translation of the same ancient hymn: how can this be, when the metre, perhaps even the rhythm, is changed? Besides this, there seems a natural concatenation of thought peculiarly attaching itself to certain rhythms; and this is sadly violated by the substitution of one for another. Take, for example, the version of the '*Deus Tuorum militum*,' as given in the 75th Number of the 'Tracts for the Times,' by setting the original and the translation side by side:—

'Deus Tuorum militum
Sors et corona, præmium,
Laudes canentes martyris,
Absolve noxam servulis.

'Hic vana Mundi gaudia,
Et blandimenta noxia,
Caduca rite deputans,
Pervenit ad cœlestia.

'Pœnas cucurrit fortiter,
Et sustinet viriliter;
Pro te effundens sanguinem,
Eterna dona possidet.

'Ob hæc precatu supplici
Te poscimus piissime,
In hoc triumpho Martyris
Dimitte noxam servulis.

'O God, of Thy soldiers
The Portion and Crown,
Spare sinners, who hymn
The praise of the blest;

'Earth's bitter joys,
Its lures and its frowns,
He weigh'd them, and scorn'd them,
And so is at rest.

'The Martyr he ran
All valiantly o'er
A highway of blood,
For the prize Thou hast given;

'We kneel at Thy feet,
And meekly implore
Our pardon may wait
On His triumph in Heaven.

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'Gloria Tibi, Domine,
Qui surrexisti a mortuis,
Cum Patre, et Sancto Spiritu,
In sempiterna sæcula.'

'Glory and praise,
To the Father and Son,
And Spirit be done,
Now and always.'

There is no one, we imagine, but must feel that the anapæstic rhythm of the English has utterly altered the calm majestic severity of the Iambic Latin. It is curious how, in the third verse, it has introduced the vulgarism of 'The Martyr *he* ran,' and has brought in 'the highway of blood,' which does not occur in the Latin.

We will now take an exactly opposite instance: one, namely, where an anapæstic rhythm becomes Iambic in the translation. It shall be the celebrated '*Adeste fideles:*'—

'Adeste, fideles,
Læti, triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem:
Natum videte
Regem Angelorum.
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus Dominum.

'Oh come, ye faithful, and your homage bring
To David's town, with one accord:
Behold the SON, behold the Angels' King,
Oh come ye and sing praises to the LORD!

'Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant Puellæ viscera:
Deum verum,
Genitum, non factum,
Venite adoremus, &c.

'For He, the GOD of GOD, the Light of Light,
The Virgin's womb hath not abhorr'd:
But GOD *is now reveal'd to mortal sight.*
Oh come ye, &c.

'Cantet, nunc, Io
Chorus Angelorum:
Cantet aula cœlestium:
Gloria in
Excelsis Deo;
Venite adoremus, &c.

'And *hark!* the Angels through the lofty sky
Their praises to His Name *afford,*
All glory *they ascribe* to GOD on High:
Oh come ye, &c.

'Ergo Qui natus,
Die hodierna,
Jesu, Tibi sit gloria,
Patris eterni
Verbum Caro factum:
Venite adoremus,' &c.

'O Jesu, Virgin-born! Thy name shall be
For aye on this Thy day adored:
Incarnate Word of God, *we worship Thee!*
Oh come ye,' &c.

It will easily be seen how this hymn—the wildest effusion (so to speak) of joy which the Church has permitted herself to use—is tamed down by the matter-of-fact statements and prosaic epithets of the translation, which also has the fault of being in a measure represented by no known tune, whereas that of the '*Adeste*' is famous over the world. We will now attempt a version of the same hymn, confining ourselves literally to the same measure:—

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'Be present, ye faithful,
Adoring, triumphant,
And hasten, and hasten, to Bethlehem;
He lies in a manger,
The Monarch of Angels:
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship the LORD with them!

'Very GOD of GOD,
Light of Light everlasting,
The Virgin's womb He hath not abhorr'd;
True GOD everlasting,
Not made, but begotten:
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship our GOD and LORD!

'Let them raise their Hosannas,
The chorus of Angels,
Let it echo, the hall by the blessed trod:
To GOD in the highest
Be glory, be glory;
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship our LORD and GOD!

'To-day Thou art born
For Thy people's salvation,
To Thee, O Jesu, all praise be poured;
Of the Father eternal
The Word incarnate;
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship,
O come and let us worship our GOD and LORD.'

We will give one more instance, and it shall be a striking one. S. Thomas thus writes:—

'Adoro Te devote, latens Deitas,
Quæ sub his figuris vere latitas:
Tibi se cor meum totum subdidit,
Quia Te contemplans totum deficit;
Visus, tactus, gustus, in Te fallitur,
Sed auditû soli tuto creditur.
Credo quicquid dixit Dei Filius,' &c.

The spirit of this is much lost in Mr. Williams's blank verse:—

'O *dreadful, unapproached* Deity,
Who 'neath these symbols *giv'st Thyself to me:*
The heart *of hearts* prostrate before Thee falls,
And cannot reach Thee: contemplation fails,
In dread amazement lost: I hear Thy words,
This is My Body,' &c.

That which is marked in italics is not in the original; while out of the seven lines quoted from the Latin two are omitted.

We foresee, however, two objections that will at once occur

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to the retaining the measure of the original in translations from the Breviary. The one is, that classical measures cannot be so rendered. We are not quite sure that they could not. Dr. Watts's attempt at a religious Sapphic is not altogether unsuccessful. Witness the verse—

'Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
If the eternal may be like the earthly,
Such the dread terror, when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation.'

But the truth is, that there is hardly a hymn in classical measure which we can look upon as absolutely necessary for our Hymnology, except the 'Gloria, Laus, et Honor.' We will, however, make an attempt—it will be for the reader to judge of its success; and will take the Paris hymn at Lauds for a Virgin Martyr:—

'Quid sacram, Virgo, generosa Martyr,
Ambiunt frontem duplices coronæ?
Nempe non uno geminum reportas
Hoste triumphum.

'Mollior fregit neque te voluptas;
Impotens flexit neque te tyrannus;
Tu graves pœnas, pariterque blandos
Vincis amores.

'Liliis Sponsus recubat, rosisque:
Tu, tuo semper bene fida Sponso,
Et rosas martyr, simul et dedisti
Lilia Virgo.

'Summa laus Patri, genitoque Verbo,
Et Tibi compar, utriusque Nexus:
Fac Tibi semper placeamus uni
Moribus æquis.'

'Wherefore, O Virgin, venerated Martyr,
Glitters the two-fold crown upon thy forehead?
Is it that two-fold was the face of battle,
Double the triumph?

'Neither did pleasures lure thee with their softness:
Neither did tyrants bend thee with their terrors:
Terrors on this side, and on that affection,
Vainly beset thee.

'Roses and lilies are the Bridegroom's portion;
Thou, to thy Bridegroom evermore found faithful,
Bringest Him roses as a Martyr, bringest
Lilies, a Virgin.

'Laud to the Father, to the Son be glory;
To the blest Spirit equal adoration:
Grant that Thy servants evermore may please Thee
Living or dying.'

Whatever may be the case with Sapphics, we have a remarkable proof that hexameters are not altogether foreign from the

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genius of our language, as applied to religious subjects, in the fact that the poetical parts of the Bible often throw themselves into that form. What a noble example, for instance, is this:—

'Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection!'

Or, again, (omitting a clause)—

'Unto the Lord our God.—And again they said, Alleluia!
And the smoke of her torment went up [ascended] for ever and ever.'

Or,

'There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body.'

Or,

'And they shall see His face: and His name shall be in their foreheads.'

Most remarkably in Isaiah:—

'How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning!
How art thou cut down to the ground, who dost weaken the nations!
For thou hast said in thy heart,—I will ascend into heaven!'

And by very slight alterations considerable passages fall into this measure:—

'Hear, O heavens! and give ear, O earth! for Jehovah hath spoken:
I have nourished children, and they have rebelled against me.
Lo, the ox knoweth his owner, the ass the crib of his master:
Israel doth not know,—My people doth not consider.
Ah, for the sinful nation, the people iniquity-laden!
They have forsaken the Lord, have provoked the Holy to anger.'

Not that we have any desire to see the adoption of hexametrical rhythm in an English hymn-book: the laws and mutual provinces of English accent and quantity must be much better understood than they are.

Another objection is, that on the system of similar metres, our usual fourteen-syllable Iambic measure, 'Common Metre,' must not be employed in translation. But this does not seem quite to follow. It was clearly contrary to the genius of the Latin language, that an uneven number of Iambi should form a line. All such attempts in modern Latin are most unsuccessful, from the time of Sir Thomas More with his

'Jam tempus id petit,
Monetque, Candide,
Vagis amoribus
Tandem renuncias,'—

down to the Neo-Latin translator of Schiller—

'A primo mane, vesperæ
Dum precem recitat,
Uni vivebat Dominæ,
Nil satis judicat.'

Both of which measures are, to our ear, truly horrible. Yet again, neither is the genius of the English language sufficiently

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suited to Long Metre with alternate rhymes; and it will generally be found that such a verse can, with great advantage, both of sound, sense, and flow, be cut down to a Common Metre. Tate and Brady—were they worth the improvement—would be greatly benefited by the compression: *e. g.*—

'Ye that His just commands obey,
And hear and do his *sacred* will,
Ye hosts of His, this tribute pay,
And still what He ordains fulfil:'
'*And what He bids, fulfil.*'

But now, as it is clearly competent to any one to translate an Iambic dimeter into this alternate Long Measure, so, we argue, is it, to turn it into Common Metre. There is no alteration of the rhythm; none, in effect, of the cadence. Now we will take an example:—the Long Metre translation is from one of the established versions; the other, an attempt of our own.

In Sabbato ante Septuagesimam.
Ad Vesperas.

'Te læta, mundi Conditor,
Unum manet semper quies,
Festiva cœlestes choros
Semper decent præconia.

'Nos, sanctitate perdita,
Pœnalis expectat labor:
Hymnosne dulces Patriæ
Mæsti canamus exules?

'Qui Te piis placabilem
Spondes futurum fletibus,
Lugere da longi, Pater,
Delicta, causas exili.

'Verum salubrem temperet
Spe nixa mœrorem Fides:
Tu mox quieti nos Tuæ
Lætisque reddes canticis.'

'Thou, great Creator, art possessed,
And Thou alone, of endless rest:
To angels only it belongs
To offer Thee their ceaseless songs.

'But we, mid earthly toils and pains,
Long penance bear for native stains;
How then can we, in exile drear,
Raise the glad song of glory here?

'O Thou, who wilt forgiving be
To all who truly turn to Thee;
Grant us to mourn the heavy cause
Of all our woe, Thy broken laws.

'Then to the sharp and wholesome grief
Let faith and hope bring due relief:
And we, too, soon shall be possess'd,
Of ceaseless songs, of endless rest.'

'Maker of earth, to Thee alone
Perpetual rest belongs;
And the bright choirs around Thy throne
May pour their endless songs.

'But we,—ah, holy now no more!
Are doomed to toil and pain;
Yet exiles on an alien shore
May sing their country's strain.

'Father, whose promise binds Thee still
To heal the suppliant throng,
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill
That banish us so long!

'And while we mourn, in faith to rest
Upon Thy love and care:
Till Thou restore us, with the blest,
The song of heaven to share.'

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We have now touched on some of the causes why translations from the Breviary have generally been unsuccessful. But the chief remains: the great carelessness, haste, and slovenliness with which they have been written. This remark applies to every translator, except to Mr. Wackerbarth. Mr. Caswall, too, is less obnoxious to it than the rest.

That which should now be done—on competent authority—seems clear. Let all the versions from the Breviary be collected: let some scholar, possessed of a good ear, and well read in our poets, select the best parts of each,—and, where they all fail, endeavour to supply the deficiency with something of his own. Let him be content with thirty or forty good translations; and let him spare no pains in rendering them the model versions: to these let the twelve or fifteen best English hymns we at present possess be added;—with such corrections as the Faith may require, or taste suggest. Then let the book be submitted to the correction of such members of the English Church as have a right to be consulted; and let then a second editor decide between their corrections, and the original of the first compiler. The forty hymns we so obtain might perhaps be sufficient till some future convocation shall authoritatively decide the great question of Hymnology.

As an example of what we have been saying, we will take four versions of the celebrated *Pange lingua.* The first is Mr. Wackerbarth's; the second, Mr. Williams's; the third, the improvement of it in the Leicester Collection; the fourth, that given in Dr. Pusey's Translation of the Paradisus Animæ. To enable the English reader to judge of the respective merits of the translations, as to closeness, we subjoin a literal version:—

'Pange, lingua, gloriosi
Corporis Mysterium,
Sanguinisque pretiosi
Quem in mundi pretium,
Fructus ventris generosi,
Rex effudit gentium.

'Nobis datus, nobis natus,
Ex intacta Virgine,
Et in mundo conversatus,
Sparso verbi semine,
Sui moras incolatus
Miro clausit ordine.

'In supremæ nocte Cœnæ,
Recumbens cum fratribus,
Observata lege plene
Cibis in legalibus,
Cibum turbæ duodenæ,
Se dat Suis manibus.

'Sing, *my* tongue, of the glorious
Body, the mystery:
And of the precious Blood,
Which, for the price of the world,
The fruit of a noble womb,
The King of Nations poured forth.

'To us given, for us born
Of a spotless Virgin;
And having had His conversation in the world,
The seed of the word having been scattered,
The delays of His dwelling therein
He closed after a wonderful order.

'In the night of the Last Supper,
Lying *at meat* with *His* brethren,
The law having been fully observed
In *the reception of* the legal meats,
As food to the twelve-fold company
He giveth Himself with His own hands.

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'Verbum Caro panem verum
Verbo carnem efficit,
Fitque Sanguis CHRISTI merum,
Et si sensus deficit
Ad firmandum cor sincerum
Sola Fides sufficit.

'The Word *made* Flesh maketh very bread
By a word to be flesh,
And wine becometh the Blood of Christ:
And if sense fails,
To confirm a sincere heart
Faith alone suffices.

'Tantum ergo Sacramentum
Veneremur cernui,
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui;
Præstet fides supplementum
Sensuum defectui.

'Such a Sacrament, therefore,
Let us, prostrate, adore;
And let the old ceremonial
Yield to the new rite;
Let faith afford the supplement
To the defect of the senses.

'Genitori, Genitoque,
Laus et jubilatio,
Salus, honor, virtus quoque,
Sit et benedictio,
Procedenti ab Utroque,
Compar sit laudatio.'

'To the Begetter and the Begotten
Laud and jubilation,
Salvation, honour, virtue also,
Be *there* and benediction;
To Him that proceedeth from Both
Be there equal praise.'

1. 'Of the glorious Body bleeding,
O my soul, the mystery sing,
And the Blood, all price exceeding,
Which for this world's ransoming,
From a noble womb proceeding,
Jesus shed, the Gentiles' King.

'Given for us, for us descended
Of a Maid from evil freed,
And His life for us expended,
Scattering the Word's blest seed,
His career at length He ended,
Wonderful in word and deed.

'At the last sad Supper seated,
Aided by His chosen band,
Moses' Law in full completed
In the food it doth command,
To the twelve as food He meted
Forth Himself with His own hand.

'At the Incarnate Word's high bidding,
Bread to very flesh doth turn;
Wine becometh CHRIST'S blood-shedding,
And, if sense cannot discern,
Guileless spirits never dreading,
May from Faith sufficient learn.

'To the sacred Host inclining,
In adoring awe we bend,
Ancient forms their place resigning
Unto rites of nobler end;
Faith the senses dark refining,
Mysteries to comprehend.

4. 'Of the Body bright and gracious,
Tongue, rehearse the mystery,
And the Blood, all pure and precious,
Which He shed, our world to buy;
King of all its realms so spacious,
Fruit of high-born Purity.

'Given to us, His birth and nursing
Taken of that holiest Maid,
Here and there His Word dispersing,
In the world a while he stayed;
Then, a wondrous Law rehearsing,
End of weary sojourn made.

'At His final Supper sitting,
With His own, that awful even,
All th' old Law for aye completing,
Paschal meat made Meat from Heaven,
To the Twelve for solemn eating,
By His own Hands see Him given.

'Word made Flesh! the bread of nature
Thou by word to Flesh dost turn,
Wine to Blood of our Creator:—
If no sense the work discern,
Yet the true heart proves no traitor;
Faith unaided all shall learn.

'Then in love and heart's prostration,
Own we this great Sacrament.
Gospel Rite, come, take thy station;
Ancient Law, be gone and spent!
Faith, thine earnest adoration,
Passing eye and touch, present!

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'Sire and Son, all power possessing,
Unto Thee all glory be,
Might, salvation, honour, blessing,
Unto all eternity;
Holy Ghost, from Both progressing,
Equal glory be to Thee.'

'Praise and glad notes, heavenward speeding,
To the Father and the Son,
Blessing, glory, power exceeding,
And salvation dearly won:
To the Spirit, of Both proceeding,
Equal, endless benison.'

2. 'Speak, O tongue, the Body broken,
Given to be the spirit's food;
And the Word Almighty spoken,
Which hath turn'd the wine to Blood,
Of the King the awful token,
And celestial brotherhood.

'Born for us, and for us given,
Of a Virgin undefiled,
Scattering wide the seeds of Heaven,
Sojourn'd He in this world's wild;
And on that remember'd even,
His appointed course fulfill'd.

'Meekly to the law complying,
He had finish'd its commands;
And to them at supper lying,
Gave Himself with His own hands,
A memorial of His dying
Hence to be unto all lands.

'Tis His word to our receiving,
Makes the bread His Flesh to be;
And the wine, our sins relieving,
Blood that flow'd upon the tree;
Though not seeing, yet believing,
Take we this great Mystery.

3. 'GOD the Word by one word maketh
Very Bread His Flesh to be;
And whoso that cup partaketh,
Tastes the Fruit of Calvary;
While the carnal mind forsaketh,
Faith receives, the Mystery.

'To our smitten rock thus fleeing,
Drink we the new covenant,
Which to ancient types agreeing,
To the latest time is sent;
Still believing, though not seeing,
Take we this dread Sacrament.

'Unto that His presence veiled,
Draw we nigh, with heads bow'd low:
All that Paschal rites entailed,
Yield to higher blessings now;
Earthly touch and sight have failed,
Faith adores, nor questions how.

'Now all might and adoration,
To the dreadful Trinity;
Honour, worship, and salvation,
And immortal glory be;
Co-eternal Three in station,
And in power co-equal Three.'

'Power ascribe we, praise and blessing,
Both to Father and to Son;
HOLY SPIRIT, Thee addressing,
One with them, as LORD alone;
This right faith we hold, confessing
Persons Three, in substance One.'

Now, of these versions, it is very clear that Mr. Wackerbarth's is by far the best, but yet by no means perfect. 'The glorious Body *bleeding*,' is an unjustifiable interpolation for the sake of a rhyme. We are not called to contemplate our LORD's Passion,

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but His gift of Himself to us as our food. The last five lines of the first stanza are nearly perfect, as a translation; in the second, the term *descended*, for *born*, is most awkward; and the rendering the *intacta* Virgine, clearly meant only by S. Thomas to express the maiden purity of the Mother of GOD, by an expression which hints at the Immaculate Conception, is hardly a fair licence. Neither is the 'Et in mundo conversatus' well given by 'And His life for us expended.' In the third stanza, the close contexture of the original is fully kept up, with the one exception of the word *fratribus*. The beauty of the idea, that it was to His brethren that our Lord gave Himself, is quite lost. The fourth stanza is not so successful. *The Word* (made) *Flesh, by a word maketh very bread to be flesh.* The repetition of the terms is quite lost by the substitution of *incarnate*, for *made flesh*, and *bidding*, for *word*; and the phrase *blood-shedding*, for *blood*, is extremely awkward. The Leicester book is better; but, by giving 'GOD the Word,' for *Verbum Caro*, misses one of the points. Dr. Pusey's seems the best, though the *Bread of nature*, instead of *very Bread*, is not so well; but the two antitheses are perfectly kept up. In the fifth stanza, S. Thomas's idea, that faith is the supplement, or rather complement, of sense, is quite lost by Mr. Wackerbarth, and by all the translators. The doxology gives a very awkward rhyme in the second line; and the similar commencement of that and the fourth, should have been avoided.

Mr. Caswall's translation of the above Hymn we have not given; and that for the reason that, by dropping the double rhymes, he has put himself out of the pale of comparison with the other translators. He had a very much easier task; but, notwithstanding this, and his having borrowed some lines from Dr. Pusey's translation, we doubt whether his version is so good as Mr. Wackerbarth's. This indeed is the great fault of his work,—the difficulty he seems to have experienced in finding rhymes, and their consequent paucity and poverty; *e.g.*

> 'Well fitting it was that a Son so *divine*
> Should preserve from all taint of original *sin*;
> Nor suffer by smallest defect to be stain'd
> That Mother, whom He for Himself had ordain'd.'

We will, however, to do Mr. Caswall justice, give in this place one beautiful hymn, beautifully translated. It is S. Francis Xavier's *O Deus, ego amo Te.*

> 'My GOD, I love Thee, not because
> I hope for heaven thereby;
> Nor because those who love Thee not
> Must burn eternally.

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'Thou, O my Jesus, Thou didst me
Upon the Cross embrace;
For me didst bear the nails and spear,
And manifold disgrace;

'And griefs and torments numberless,
And sweat of agony,
Yea, death itself; and all for one
That was Thine enemy.

'Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ,
Should I not love Thee well?
Not for the hope of winning heaven,
Nor of escaping hell:

'Not with the hope of gaining aught,
Not seeking a reward;
But as Thyself hast loved me,
O everloving LORD.

'Ev'n so I love Thee, and will love,
And in Thy praise will sing,
Solely because Thou art my God,
And my Eternal King.'

Mr. Caswall's unwillingness to take the trouble of rhyming is still more strongly shown in his translation of the prose, *Victimæ Paschali*. We will first give his blank-verse version, and then an attempt of our own in rhyme.

'Forth to the Paschal Victim, Christians, bring
Your sacrifice of praise:
The Lamb redeems the sheep:
And CHRIST, the sinless One,
Hath to the Father sinners reconciled.

'Together Death and Life
In a strange conflict strove:
The Prince of Life who died now lives and reigns.

'What thou sawest, Mary, say,
As thou wentest on the way.

'"I saw the tomb wherein the Living One had lain:
I saw His glory as He rose again:
Napkin, and linen clothes, and angels twain:
Yea, CHRIST is risen, my hope, and He
Will go before you into Galilee."

We know that Christ indeed has risen from the grave.
Hail, Thou King of Victory!
Have mercy, LORD, and save.'

'The Paschal work is wrought,
The Victim's praise be told:
The spotless Lamb hath brought
The sheep into the fold:
The just and innocent was slain
To reconcile to GOD again.

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'To wondrous strife came Death and Life;
Sharp was the conflict, but 'tis o'er:
Behold, He liveth That was dead,
And is alive for evermore!

'Mary, sad mourner, say,
What saw'st thou in the way?

'"I saw the Slain One's earthly prison;
I saw the glory of the Risen.

The angel guards that kept the cave,
The useless garments of the grave.

My hope hath risen from the dead,
And gone before you, as He said."

'CHRIST hath arisen: He is risen indeed:
Thou victor Monarch, for Thy suppliants plead.'

The only general attempt to provide a hymn-book for the English Church appeared in 1847, under the title which stands seventeenth at the head of this article. We noticed it at the time, and pronounced it to be—what emphatically it is—an utter failure. It contains 236 hymns, evidently raked together with the utmost speed, and reminding one of the Wise Man's declaration —'An inheritance may be gotten hastily at the beginning: but the end thereof shall not be blessed.' Perhaps of the local collections, that marked No. 18 in our list is the best. This contains a hundred hymns—about twice as many as it ought to embrace:—but there are none very bad, though we miss several of the best.

One difficulty still remains to be disposed of. How far is the Church justified in selecting for her Hymnology the compositions of those who were never within her fold? some of whom, moreover, were tainted with the most gross and glaring heresy.

To us, we confess, the question seems perfectly easy. In the same way as the Church has dared to inherit the earth physically, and intellectually, and æsthetically, so she may vindicate to herself its moral possession. It would be as reasonable to say that she should not reconcile the temples of heretics,—that she should not avail herself of the treasures of Pagans,—that she should not render subservient to her own purpose the art or the discoveries of Greece or Rome,—that she should not have stamped the Aristotelian philosophy with her own approval, and made it that of the schoolmen; as that she may not lay hands, whenever and wherever they may occur, on the writings of those that acknowledge her not, adopting them either wholly, or moulding them to her own creeds. A precisely similar case occurs in the fact that a part of the authentic version of the Scriptures, as employed by the Eastern Church, is, actually,

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the work of a heretic. If it be urged that this appropriation can only be made by a Synodal Act of a provincial Church, so far we agree: but the Hymnology, the composition of which we are contemplating, can only be viewed in the light of a tentative work, and subject, of course, to the final approval or rejection of her supreme authority. All we urge is, that the hymns of Dissenters will be accepted or rejected by Convocation on their own merit or demerit, and not on the bare simple ground that their authors did not hold the Catholic faith.

And we cannot help expressing our thankfulness that our Church has hitherto been kept from committing herself, as her American daughter has done, to a hastily compiled and trashy hymn-book. A judgment of extreme charity only can hinder us from branding some of the compositions of the latter as undoubtedly heretical.

We now, finally, have to speak of a class of hymns which completely belongs to modern times: we mean those for children. Till the late movement there were but two original works of this kind which attained any celebrity:—Dr. Watts's Divine and Moral Songs, and Jane Taylor's Nursery Rhymes. Now, with the views that Dissenters take of hymns—as compositions designed to teach some religious truth in verse,—we neither are surprised, nor at all disposed to blame them, if they have hit on this method of inculcating their own tenets, on their, and other people's children. Could they have done it more successfully? Has any one composition had more influence in forming the minds of English children,—we do not for a moment except the Catechism,—than Watts's Divine and Moral Songs? Is it not a fact, that where the parish priest himself has preached the doctrine of the Church, he has allowed the children committed to his charge to suck in the poison of this book,—to believe themselves reprobates from the cradle: he has forced them to say—

> 'If this rebellious heart of mine
> Despise the gracious calls of heaven,
> I may be *harden'd in my sin*,
> And never have repentance given.'

Instead of being taught that the work of salvation is already accomplished for them, and that all their part is to 'continue in the same unto their life's end,' they are called upon to begin it at once,—they are called upon to begin it themselves,—they are furiously threatened if they delay this beginning.

> 'I would not pass another day
> Without this work begun.'

How it is to be begun, is plentifully repeated:—

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'Then let me *read and pray*
While I have life and breath,
Lest I should be cut off to-day
And sent to Eternal Death.'

And again—

'What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to *read and pray*,
That He'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!'

To teach children this is 'grieving the HOLY SPIRIT of GOD,' Whose influences are so strong within them, by telling them that they are absolutely given up and sold under sin;—it is teaching them to trust in themselves for their salvation, and to despise the gift of God;—it is throwing away that one precious opportunity which can never be restored;—it is raising a vantage ground for all future assaults of their great enemy;—it is discouraging all future resistance to temptation; for why should he be resisted who is already in possession? And so the child argues,—I am bad now, and I may as well be bad a little longer.

We cannot resist uttering one word of warning, in respect to this very book, to those who call themselves the Evangelical party. Does it not show that there must be something totally and fundamentally wrong in their system, when in a work that to so great a degree forms the mind of their children, there is but one reference—and that of the most casual kind—to the Third Person of the ever-blessed Trinity? In the hymns on the Bible, and on the Sunday, where we should have thought that the writer could hardly fail of referring in the one case to the inspiration, in the other to the descent, of the Holy Ghost, there is not the slightest allusion to either. This ought to startle those who are in this error. One warning they have already had, of a similar kind,—the avidity with which they dispersed, (recommended in a preface written by one of their leaders,) a work composed by an Arian,—his Arian creed developed most strongly in the book itself, though not then acknowledged by public report as now.

So much for Watts's Hymns:—Jane Taylor's come less under our notice. If they were never possessed of so much influence, they are at all events less dangerous, and far less offensive. A few lines in that on Eternity are so excessively striking in themselves, and so admirably adapted to the capacities of those for whom they are written, that we will quote them here:—

'Days, months, and years will have an end,
Eternity hath none;
'Twill always have as long to spend
As when it first began.

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'Great GOD! an infant cannot tell
What such a thing may be:
I only pray that I may dwell
That long, long time with Thee!'

However, on the revival, the question immediately opened itself,—What is to be done with respect to hymns for children? Of modern hymn-books written to this end, we have placed four at the head of our article. The *Child's Christian Year* is good, both in style and thought, though perhaps too much in advance of the intellect of a common child.

The second is Mr. Williams's 'Hymns on the Church Catechism:' of which the following Hymn may stand as a specimen; the most beautiful, which is the last, is too long to quote:—

'To Sarah old a child was given,
And promised from on high;
It was the child, at call of Heaven,
His father gave to die.

'To Hannah, who had none before,
A child did GOD award;
She gave to God the son she bore,
And Samuel served the Lord.

'Elizabeth was grey and old,
When holy John was given;
These births were all of Heaven foretold,
All miracles of Heaven.

'But these all hasted fast away
Though marvellously born;
But Mary's Child is like the day
Of everlasting morn.

'Blessed above all women thou,
Thou mother of our God;
More blessed they His love who know,
And in His steps have trod.'

The third are the Three Series of Hymns for Children, in accordance with the Catechism, by Mr. J. M. Neale. Their recommendation is, that they teach no false doctrine, and that they are written in easy measures; their great fault, that many of them are intolerably prosaic. We will give one as a specimen:—

'SUNDAY EVENING.

'The Apostles were assembled,
Fearing all their hopes were vain;
For their Lord they wept, and trembled,
Lest he should not rise again:
And the doors were shut around them,
And they hardly dared to speak;
So it was their Saviour found them,
On the first day of the week.

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'He is sometimes just as nigh us
When we think Him far away;
And Almighty God was by us
When we knelt in church to-day;
There to mark whose thoughts might wander,
There who prayed indeed to see;
Watching us with love much fonder
Than our mothers' love can be.

'Saviour, if Thou hadst despised us,
Thou wouldst not have made us Thine,
When Thy faithful priest baptized us,
When he sign'd us with Thy sign;
And when all was finish'd duly,
We received another birth,
And became the members truly
Of Thy holy Church on earth.

'Yet the Devil will deceive us,
If he have us at his will;
We shall perish if Thou leave us;—
Having loved us, love us still:
Father, Son, and Spirit, take us
To Thy mercy and Thy love;
Lead us onward, till Thou make us
Members of Thy Church above!'

These hymns are principally designed for National Schools: those we are about to notice, on the contrary, are better adapted for those of the upper classes. And we must confess that it is deep matter of thankfulness, after having found children threatened by 'dwelling with devils,' 'in darkness, fire, and chains,' and 'young sinners being sent alive to hell,' and having their portion 'in the lake that burns with brimstone and with fire,'—and being brought to consider themselves, 'by nature and by practice too, a wretched slave to sin;' to have the following hymn proposed for their daily use. It is like coming into an atmosphere of health, light, and freedom, from a dark and pestilential prison:—

'We are little Christian children;
We can run, and laugh, and play:
The great God of earth and heaven
Made, and keeps us every day.

'We are little Christian children:
Christ, the Son of God Most High,
With His precious blood redeem'd us,
Dying that we might not die.

'We are little Christian children:
God the Holy Ghost is here,
Dwelling in our hearts, to make us
Kind and holy, good and dear.

'We are little Christian children,
Saved by Him who loved us most;
We believe in God Almighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'

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So again, instead of hearing that children who laugh or play in church are struck dead, and tormented by fiends, and turn all God's love into fury, we are taught—

'How to keep Christ's holiday
In the happiest fittest way;
With our fathers and our mothers,
With our sisters and our brothers,
To the holy church we go,
The dear church of high and low,
Where the poor man, meanly dress'd,
Is as welcome as the best;
And the rich and poor may gather
All around their common Father;
And our risen Lord is there,
Listening kindly to our prayer.'

One more contrast, and we have done. Hear Dr. Watts's warning '*Against cursing, and swearing, and taking God's Name in vain:*'—

'Angels, that high in glory dwell,
Adore Thy Name, Almighty God;
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of Thy rod.

'And yet, how wicked children dare
Abuse Thy dreadful, glorious Name!
And when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows and blaspheme!'

Having forthwith, after his custom, consigned these wicked children to perdition, Watts proceeds with a sort of savage exultation—

'There never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be given.'

Now, hear the writer of the Church:—

'Hush! little Christian child!
Not with a laughing lip,—
For the Great God of all
He will remember it

'Hush! for His hosts unseen
His angels spread their wings,
Wilt thou with words profane,
Scatter thine angel-guards,

'Honour God's Holy Name;
Sing to it holy hymns,
But not with sudden cry,
"God will hold guilty all

Speak not that Holy Name,
Not in thy playful game;
Heareth each word we say,
In the great judgment day.

Are watching over thee;
Thy keepers kind to be.
Rash and undutiful,
Glorious and beautiful?

Speak it with thought sincere,
Breathe it in earnest prayer;
In thy light joy or pain:
That take His Name in vain."'

We will add Mr. Williams's hymn on the same subject:—

'When men or children curse and swear,
We hear the words of hell;
The devil's mark their tongues declare,
And with him they must dwell.

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'And they who use religious speech,
Profane that awful word,
If all the while their actions teach
They do not fear the Lord.

'Angels which are in Heaven above,
All tremble at that Name;
And Saints, when they adore and love,
With thrilling awe proclaim.

'Have mercy, Lord, and teach us more
To love Thee and Thy will,
And, more than we have done before,
Thy holy law fulfil.'

We must now conclude these remarks. We make no apology for their length, because we feel that the importance of the subject cannot easily be overrated. If Sir Philip Sydney said truly, 'Give me the making of a nation's ballads, and I care not who makes its laws,'—so with at least equal truth it might be said, 'Give me the selection of a Church's Hymns, and I care not who makes,—or rather, in the present instance, who has made,—its Articles.' No doubt the Puritan depression of the Church of England in the first thirty years of the present century was, in great measure, brought to pass by the heresy of its hymns; may we not, under GOD, expect the happiest results from Catholic teaching in her future Hymnology? And does it not depend on all and each of us, by the hymns we now employ in our churches, or sanction in our schools, what the future Hymnology of the English Church shall be?

Since the above article was written, we have perused the 'Evangelical Melodies,' which many of our readers will have seen quoted in a late article of the Quarterly Review. GOD forbid that we should endeavour to raise a laugh at such a book. We have not so learnt the Apostle's words: 'For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the Cross of CHRIST.' Yet we shall certainly make some quotations from the book, that our readers may judge for themselves what that religion was, which, twenty years ago, so nearly engulfed the Church of England.

First, the writer shall tell his design:—

'Suppose, then, we took a leaf out of our worldling brother's book—suppose there were erected, at capable hands, a spiritual ballad literature, which, with professing circles, might become what the world's ballad literature has so long and so influentially been with its votaries. Suppose, when

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such circles are visited by some young worldly acquaintance, who requested Miss Matilda or Miss Caroline to favour him with a song, that the young lady, on reaching her instrument, in place of some mere worldly ditty, some *Did you ne'er hear of Kate Kearney*, or *As Cupid was one day near Julia's bower*, should be prepared with some graceful ballad, presenting, instead of the repulsive lineaments of the nauseated psalm and hymn, all the metrical and musical attractions of his own favourite ditties, but of which the burden should be, some one of those thousand lesser features of evangelical experience, of which strictly devotional compositions rarely, if ever, take cognisance.'

Next, he shall speak of his capabilities:—

'I was not constitutionally grave,
Nor of a morbid temperament the slave:
I've sung and written, and with some *éclat*,
More than one comic song in days of yore.'

And a good many more lately:—

'Ay, and been deem'd, if I may mention it,
A tolerable humorist and wit,' &c. &c.

Now for examples:—

("*Rich and rare were the gems she wore.*")

'Few indeed were the things he sought
That on earth by men are of moment thought:
But oh! his riches did far exceed
The riches of those who scorn'd his creed!'

'Ah! but your taunt about new brooms
Applieth not to me:
With me these ways have long since shed
The charm of novelty.
Eleven years—perhaps rather more—
Have fled since first I tried
To realise that great IT IS,
Christ and Him crucified!'

Again:—

'And though metres like these are not quite those in which
To treat of the sacred theme you adduce,
Yet when dènunciations and sneers you would pitch
At my scheme of adoption, it may be of use
Just to ponder the hint the above lines suggest,
And see whether awe of the *kind* which you mean,
Is not something akin to that briefly express'd
In S. James's Epistle, cap. two, verse nineteen!'

Once more:—

'My back must I turn upon men who rely
On the same source of hope whence my own is begot,
Because we perchance may not see eye to eye
Touching Prelacy, Liturgies, Tithes, and what not?
Must I count as no brother the man who I ken
Is of meet opportunity ever in search
To glorify GOD and evangelize men,
Because he goes to chapel and I go to church?'

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The writer—a merchant—thus addresses his partner:—

'For we adherents are, old friend,
Of that "licentious" creed,
Which makes salvation's wealth devolve
On an un-earning seed:
And unto those who urge that creed
To lawlessness dispones,
I simply say, behold the way
Of life of William Jones!'

The following, we suppose, must be intended for the 'Miss Matilda or Miss Caroline' to produce when Sir C. E. Smith 'drops in.'

'Brothers, nonconformist brothers,
Are ye wholly now
What ye were when ye could boast of
Doddridge, Watts, and Howe?
Are ye not a shade too bitter,
Too political:
With ye are "essentials" now as
Whilome "all in all?"'

This complaint of too great bitterness comes rather strangely in a book which speaks of 'these days of Satan-Rome-and-'Oxford-plotting against heart religion, spiritual worship, and 'Christ-salvation—these days of sad ecclesiolatry, sacrament-'debauchery, fast-and-festival perversion.'

And again:—

'Ah, but, some one will say, Tractarianism has had its day. Has it? Look at the accursed poetry, novels, tales, and other poisons of like stamp, constantly pouring from our presses. Three of these hideous compounds came in one dread batch under the writer's notice but a few days since. If Tractarianism be not a crowning effort of the great adversary under a consciousness that his time is short, verily the depths of his subtlety *are* unfathomable. Thorough-going Romanism is a fool to it.'

Here is another specimen:—

'To church let us go at eve, noontide, and morning;
But if thence to theâtre or ball we repair,
Our many church-goings let's not be suborning
To cover and cancel our worldliness there!
Fast we morning and night if by fasting we cherish
Devotion that lasteth when fasting is o'er;
But oh! let our fraudulent fasting go perish,
If to post-fasting license it open the door!
Empty-stomach devotion to-day, do not let it,
For the wine-bibbing banquet to-morrow at one;
Nor yet of our Lenten seclusion the merit
Give sin a *carte blanche* when Lent season is flown!'

And here is the commendation of the 'good City Mission:'—

'No "I am of Paul, sir, and thou of Apollos,"
Is heard in the ranks of that brother-like band;
One in faith, though in discipline each brother follows
What the dictates of conscience in each may command.

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No "touting" for churches (excuse the expression)
Or chapels you shall 'mong its members perceive;
To the Church of the First-born alone the accession
Of perishing sinners they seek to achieve!'

We must conclude. Our author seems to have had some idea of leaving the English Church, as being now somewhat in the condition that she occupied—

'When, Stuartised even to Popery's brink,
Her children began to forsake her in fight.'

But he fortunately remembered that—

'She's the Church of John Newton, of Cecil, of Goode,
And dozens and dozens of like saints beside.'

And so there we will leave him, with one quotation more:—

'Confound not with Baptism Regeneration,
That dogma which hath many souls undone;
For justification and sanctification
Sunder them not, yet never deem them one.
Ye shall find the Invisible then will award ye
A rest, a peace, a joy, an ecstasy,
Which Tractarianism can never afford ye,
That infant mystery of iniquity!'

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ART. IV.—*Sidonia, the Sorceress. By* WILLIAM MEINHOLD, *Author of The Amber Witch. Translated for the Parlour Library.*

IT is an interesting question, and one not easily settled, what amount of deception is lawful in authorship. Even the most avowed fiction has some pretence at reality, and is ushered in with as many circumstances of likelihood and probability as the writer can devise. The allegory carefully penned at the study table is announced as a dream, the fairy tale as a veritable legend; while white-haired domestics, maiden aunts, way-side travellers and venerable priests are the standard narrators of novels and histories, which nakedly set forth on their own account would want some link to connect them with the reader's imagination. It is only Snug the joiner, 'a very gentle beast, and of a good conscience,' who thinks it necessary, before he roars as lion, to announce his true nature and calling, and no illusion can stand against such odds. Fiction does not deserve the name till it has, in a certain sense,

> 'power
> To render things impossible believed,
> And win them with the credence of an hour
> To be for truths received.'

Such deception is of its very essence; and, whatever the Puritans may once have done, we apprehend that few quarrel with it now. The objection to plays and romances rests now rather upon their intrinsic demerits than on the simple ground that they are not true.

The historical novel is a step farther in artifice. The small admixture of truth claims a sort of credit for all the rest, and in this conjunction, fiction, woven by a skilful hand, keeps its hold on the reader's mind with more than the credence of an hour. For example, we all know how the mind of a nation may be permanently imbued with a mere fancy, as if it were the very truth itself, when a lofty genius undertakes to inform it on matters concerning the creation of this world, and the fall of man: till many do not know whether their impressions on these great events are derived from the Word of God, or only from the poet's imagination, received along with it, as its interpreter and development.

But quitting such high and hazardous themes, we still feel

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that we must know the author,—that he should come to us with some credentials,—when we are to take from him our more intimate acquaintance with past events, and see personages and scenes under the glare of his illumination, outshining the pale dim twilight of history. But all this is between the author and his own conscience. If he verily believes he is representing principles and parties as they really were, if to the best of his power he is truthful and impartial, we hold him justified in his attempt. The reader, in his turn, must use discretion, and not take imagination for more than it is worth. All people have their special gift. The poet cannot write a history. It was Sir Walter Scott's *best* way of giving us his ideas of the actions and motives of other times; and his researches into and opinions of those times were very well worth our knowing. There are wits so keen that they can conceive a just judgment of a character from one recorded trait, as Cuvier could draw the fossil animal true and complete, on being shown a single bone.

It is otherwise when the author, to gain a credence beyond what his imagination by its own inherent force can win, proceeds to assertions connected with his story as a whole, which are not true; when he says deliberately that it was written by another hand than his own, and when he surrounds this assertion with so many probable circumstances that the reader is ready to believe it; and here we apprehend that the deliberate intention to deceive must be the only test. No one quarrels with the great novelist already quoted, when the schoolmaster of Gandercleugh gives us his account of the discovered MS., from which his assistant, Peter Pattieson, weaves a beautiful romance, because the simplest and most credulous of his readers is able to exclaim with the unveiler of the great Mrs. Harris fiction—'There is no setch a person.'

It seems, then, to us, that the question is entirely one of degree, and almost admits of a typographical illustration and solution. The *text* of all fiction is its legitimate ground. There the author may represent himself as whatever and whoever he pleases. It is an additional step in artifice when we have an elaborate introduction, professing to account for the narrative. We come to *deceit* if the preface makes a false and at the same time probable statement; and when the title-page confirms and clenches all this evidence by additional circumstances intended to mislead, the subterfuge is complete. However much we may disapprove of such impostures, we are not going to launch out into very strong invectives against them: such warmth would endanger our own credit for discernment. The critic should never take such matters too much *en serieux*. A practised eye and correct taste can, in most cases, distinguish, in a moment, truth from

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its counterfeit; and the owner of these good gifts is too well pleased with the exercise of his own peculiar faculty, to be very indignant against those who call it into play. Nor, indeed, are readers very ready to believe that deceit is meant, till they are themselves its victims. It is those who are taken in whose moral sense is most shocked at the deception; and justly so, for in all men's eyes truth is sacred: and we realize a falsehood when we have been brought for a time to believe it. In most cases, however, the author has much to say in vindication. He intended a jest, and found himself taken in earnest; or, perhaps, pleased with his own conception, he surrounds it with every accessory, to give it external semblance of reality, and finds, to his surprise, that it is taken for reality itself. Such must have been the experience of the author of 'Lady Willoughby's Diary,' who, we imagine, could no more have expected the assumed quaintness of style necessary for his design to mislead his readers into supposing they were possessed of a genuine diary of the seventeeth century, than the printer supposed his mimicry of old type would persuade the purchaser he was buying a choice and perfect copy two hundred years old. Again, the scrupulous author of 'The Old Man's Home' was shocked by letters from the admirers of his pretty fiction, taking for granted it was all fact, and wanting further particulars; and had to set matters right as well as he could with a too credulous public in a second edition. It may be that where the character of the work is devotional, this deception is ill-timed. It may be akin to jesting on serious subjects. We do not like imaginary prayers, composed with all the fervour and unction of which the writer is capable, and skilfully adapted to the character and times they profess to belong to; for we can hardly understand or sympathize with the author's posture of mind, which must be an imitative and not a devotional one. Thus those who are most pleased with the performance, are least willing to think it a simple exercise of talent and ingenuity.

In the case of the author at the head of our article, who has distinguished himself by a most successful deception, there is no room for the excuse that he was taken too literally at his word. In his first work, 'The Amber Witch,' he practised upon the credulity of his countrymen as deliberately as Chatterton and Ireland did upon theirs. It was, in fact, a pious fraud. How it succeeded as it did with the critical German world, we are at a loss to imagine; but the intention to deceive is as certain as the success of the deception itself. 'The Amber Witch' is an illustration of our typographical scale; and as a crowning art, the title-page is made to commend the story—the author laying aside the modesty of his calling, and announcing

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the narrative as 'the most interesting trial for witchcraft ever known;' and in the preface he artfully apologises for leaving the MS. as he found it, except in the case of certain needful interpolations, which, for the sake of the general reader, he does not point out, concluding with an insidious compliment to the critics:—'for modern criticism, which has now attained to a 'degree of acuteness never before equalled, such a confession 'would be entirely superfluous, as critics will easily distinguish 'the passages where Pastor Schweidler [the alleged author] 'speaks, from those written by Pastor Meinhold.' The work, thus ushered forth, had all success. It was received as literal truth, no one, as it seems, doubting its genuineness—till after a time Meinhold published a confession, or rather a boast, of his deception in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, together with the motives which had influenced him; to the great indignation of the critics, who refused to believe themselves taken in, and some of whom maintain, to this day, the genuineness of the greater part of the book. The reason for this elaborate trick practised by a Doctor of Theology is to be found apart from his care or interest for the story, which he professed to hold as quite a secondary concern. He had long been persuaded of the fallacy of those rules of criticism by which his countrymen judged of the authenticity of Holy Scripture. He believed that the seal and test of its truth and divine origin lay within, and that all external rules by which it was tried were unsound and fallacious. He wrote his witch story to prove the worthlessness of such rules, and, by showing how easily critics and commentators may be misled into believing a fiction of the nineteenth century a true narrative of the seventeenth, convince the world how little their rules are to be trusted in deciding the date and authorship of writings of the most remote antiquity. The argument ought certainly to have great weight with his countrymen, who, to the surprise of more than one English reader, so readily swallowed the bait; and M. Meinhold has so much at heart the proving of this his main point, as to feel indignation rather than amusement and triumph at the obstinate credulity of some of his victims.

We have thus briefly given the history of a literary deception, undertaken for an end which, in the author's eyes, no doubt justifies the means. M. Meinhold's new work at the head of our article is an argument in proof, if any were wanting, of the danger of such practices, and of the influence for harm they must exert on the mind. The admirers of 'The Amber Witch' will think this second witch story a great falling off. Those who saw in the first much to blame and disapprove, will find these faults exaggerated ten-fold in 'Sidonia;' though here, too, the motive

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for its composition professes to be a religious one, as we are informed in the 'Preface:'—

'I trust that all just thinkers, of every party, will pardon me for having here and there introduced my supernatural views of Christianity. A man's principles, as put forward in his philosophical writings, are in general only read by his own party, and not by that of his adversaries. A Rationalist will fly from a book by a Supernaturalist as rapidly as this latter from one by a Friend of Light. But, by introducing my views in the manner I have adopted, in place of publishing them in a distinct volume, I trust that all parties will be induced to peruse them, and that many will find what is worthy their particular attention, and matter for deep and serious reflection.'

As people have refused to believe M. Meinhold in his assertion of his first story being an entire fiction, he declines to say what is true, and what invention in 'Sidonia;' but the style of the same period is affected throughout. There is something in the necessity of always wearing a mask and supporting a character which must interfere with the finer arts of composition. An author must feel hampered and constrained, in delineating scenes of real interest, by being forced to the invariable use of a quaint phraseology. He can never forget himself in his theme; and in the most exciting moments must be most on his guard, lest his own feelings, rather than those of the imaginary narrator, should transpire. This was felt in 'The Amber Witch,' where the characteristic peculiarities and weaknesses of the old pastor, amusing in themselves, grew importunate when our interest was really excited. It is not possible to write in an assumed character and age, without giving undue prominence to trifles and points of detail. Human nature is always the same, but the garb in which it shows itself varies with each succeeding age. It is all-important that this should be correctly given; and it is easier to keep up the illusion by truth of detail than by truth to our common nature: just as in modern historical pictures the costume of all the characters, down to the most insignificant, is accurately given, and every accessory true to the letter; but in anxiety to secure this servile exactness, all the passion and nature for which the scene was worth depicting at all, is lost sight of, and we have a gaudy array of well-dressed models in its place. Again, it is chiefly by giving prominence to the defects of a ruder age, that the image of it is most easily raised and kept alive. Every one can be made aware of the difference between uncouth and civilized usages, and is kept in good humour by the contrast; but it cannot be doubted that that dignity which, in all times, belongs equally to an honest and upright course, suffers considerably; and the actors in it fall in our respect, when the solecisms and roughnesses which accompany their best achievements are ostentatiously laid before us. We may see them exactly as they were; but, after all, we should

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have a correcter notion of them without these lowering details: for what Molière says of models to be followed and imitated applies, in some sort, to their simple delineation:—

> 'Quand sur une personne on prétend se regler,
> C'est par les beaux cotés qu'il lui faut ressembler;
> Et ce n'est point du tout la prendre pour modèle,
> Ma sœur, que de tousser et de cracher comme elle.'

Yet these points are of the very essence of a mere imitation. But if these and kindred defects were apparent in 'The Amber Witch,' they are flagrant in 'Sidonia.' M. Meinhold finds his assumed style, in spite of its inherent difficulties, a convenient excuse and blind for many faults in taste and feeling. Thus, it was a coarse age, and our author finds it a congenial soil for the indulgence of great natural coarseness; and we have scenes and jests which would not be tolerated in a writer representing our own times. Again, it was a prolix, prosy, and diffuse age; men had not learnt the art of expressing themselves with order or conciseness, and it falls in wonderfully well with M. Meinhold's natural turn of mind to be prolix and diffuse, while thereby he all the more correctly personates a Lutheran divine of two hundred years ago. It was a superstitious age, and by this means he can imply a larger belief, without deliberate assertion, in all the witcheries and conjurations he describes so fully, than it would be possible for a man now to do in a formal treatise or statement of opinion. No one can find out positively how much of it all he does believe; but that he puts faith in a great many absurdities is beyond question. Lastly; it was a cruel age, and that must needs be a cruel nature which delights to dwell on scenes of pain and torture with a minuteness of detail and gratuitous horrors that make the blood curdle but to think of. However, we ought possibly to abate somewhat of the charge of cruelty in regard to the former charge of superstition, which in a measure excuses it, inasmuch as superstition believes all such horrors well deserved, and a simple act of justice. So that the reader is actually made to witness tortures, to consent to them, and, by the author's good-will, even to take pleasure in them, on the ground that they were richly merited by the diabolical wickedness and extensive powers of mischief of the miserable victims. In many cases M. Meinhold protests against the cruelties practised in those times, and employs the strongest language in denouncing them; but there is a satisfaction evident in the thought of his genuine witches enduring the same, which comes from the heart, and is something beyond the assumption of a character.

But though we hold M. Meinhold deficient in the higher gifts of imagination, for which his voluntary trammels would be too

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severe a restraint, he is yet a remarkable writer, and possesses powers of entering into his subject, and realizing each scene with a fidelity and exactness, creeping and servile though they be, not often met with; as if he literally did see all that he described. This is, indeed, so striking a feature in his writing, as to make it at first sight a matter of surprise that his books are not more interesting. But vivid as many of his scenes are, and exciting, in a certain sense, we defy any one to read 'Sidonia' through without extreme weariness. It is matter of surprise at first sight only, and until we call to mind how necessary it is to the success of fiction that its general tone should be pleasing. Men are happily so constituted as not to endure, for any length of time, the contemplation of unalloyed wickedness. There must be some sort of contest between good and evil, or what the writer and the reader conceive to be such; but unmitigated baseness needs, happily, a most powerful pen and rare graces of style to chain the attention upon it for any long period. We get positively tired of it, and our nature rebels. Sidonia's low, sordid, detailed wickedness wearies us. It is like watching a toad for hours. Nor do the inferior actors in the piece do much to redeem the revolting features of the heroine. M. Meinhold has a taste for the mean and the nasty. He delights in abject scenes. At one time it is the peasants licking up the wine as it streams down the palace-steps; at another, a party of Jews, in their long beards, scrambling for spoil on the pavement. Or it is a rabble, accompanying, with jeers and laughter, some innocent victim, tricked out in dismal mockery, to the gibbet; or Sidonia and her base lover interchanging vile reproaches and blows; or a poor jester, frightened to death in jest.

Nor do his superior characters escape contamination; indeed, the profession of high aims tempts our author to administer this species of humiliation, which, with the fiend for his ally, is easily effected. The Priest of the Lutheran convent, a man of simple and blameless life, and who, for conscience sake, so bitterly offends the witch, that in the end he suffers a dreadful death through her malice, is first made ridiculous through the instrumentality of a love philtre, which causes him to fall into a paroxysm of admiration for a hideous witch, and, when in his coffin, his body is the subject of a revolting ghoul-like attack. And a nun, who has devoted herself to a virgin life—an act not necessary for a nun, under Lutheran changes—is represented as a prudish, weak-minded creature, who, under some of Sidonia's potent spells, disclaims all her former professions, and, by her words and thoughts, scandalizes the whole community.

M. Meinhold calls himself a supernaturalist; it is the ten-

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dency of this mode of thought to bring down mind to the level of matter, and the effect is not to refine matter, but to degrade spirit. All systems which believe that mind and spirit may be brought under involuntary evil sway—that make them subject to foreign control apart from the consent of the will—seem to have necessarily this consequence. Such notions are in their very nature impure, and break down the broad distinctions of right and wrong. They are the fruits of a depraved imagination, or they are temptations towards it. Magic, witchcraft, conjurations, the doctrine of sympathies, somnambulism, mesmerism in its mystical stages, have all this feature in common, and cannot long engage the thoughts or occupy the imagination without harm. They reduce the great enemy of mankind to a profane jest, and our contest with him to a simple war of wits; they break in upon the security and majesty of innocence, and strike at the root of our simple union with, and dependence on God.

Amidst all the atrocities to which the prosecution of witchcraft has given rise, it is a matter of congratulation, a testimony to the fair, humane, dispassionate character of our Church, that it has little share in these cruelties, and fewest sins to answer for. After the Reformation, when the crime was first prosecuted with vigour, its clergy, as a body, discouraged such proceedings; nor did the rage against witchcraft attain to any height till the ascendancy of the Presbyterian party. It was in Presbyterian Scotland that the longest and most systematic persecution of witches occurred, as is shown in the Records of the Kirk Session, especially those preserved in the recent publications of the Spalding Club. Under the rule of these rigid and bigoted dogmatists in England our Church was even persecuted under this charge; Baxter relates with satisfaction that an *old reading parson* was one of the victims hanged for this crime under the impartial superintendence of his friend Dr. Calamy. This unfortunate clergyman, Rector of Lewis, near Framlington, Suffolk, was brought under suspicion at the time of the notorious Michael Hopkins the witch-finder's reign of terror. He was then not far from his eightieth year, and, under the combined effects of torture and compulsory wakefulness, was brought to confess some raving matter of possessing two imps, having sunk a ship at sea, and other absurdities, of which we may well believe the poor old man unconscious while he uttered them. His spirit revived when the tortures were over; and that religious animosity may have been at the bottom of the persecution we must infer, not only from Baxter's epithet, but from the old man's resolution that the burial service should be read over his body, to secure which he actually read it himself on his way to the gibbet. Again, in the horrible witch perse-

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cutions in New England, under the rule of the same party, the fiend was represented as listening very patiently and contentedly to portions of our Prayer-book, while the very same passages read out of the Bible threw the possessed person into convulsions.

But the scene of our story carries us away from these reflections. It lies in Pomerania, where Luther had laboured, and his powerful name gave a sanction to the witch persecution which afterwards raged in that territory. In the present narrative, the widowed Duchess of Pomerania has a favourite story, which she brings in on all occasions, of the evil omen which occurred on her wedding day, when Dr. Martin Luther performed the marriage ceremony and let fall her wedding ring, 'at which he was evidently troubled, and, taking it up, he blew 'on it, then turning round, exclaimed, Away with thee, Satan— 'away with thee, Satan, and meddle not in this matter.' The supposed diabolical persecutions prefigured by this occurrence, of which Sidonia was the instrument, form the groundwork of the present work.

Sidonia is an historical personage who figures in the histories of Pomerania as the destroyer of the ducal family. The following MS. account, appended to an extant portrait of the sorceress, will put the reader in possession of the facts, or, we should say, historical assertions on which M. Meinhold has founded his fiction; only following them, however, so far as it suits his purpose:—

'This Sidonia Bork was in her youth the most beautiful and the richest maiden of Pomerania. She inherited many estates from her parents, and thus was in her own right a possessor almost of a country. So her pride increased, and many noble gentlemen, who sought her hand in marriage, were rejected with disdain, as she considered a count or prince alone could be worthy of her hand. For these reasons she attended the Duke's court frequently, in the hopes of winning over one of the seven young princes to her love. At length she was successful. Duke Ernest Louis von Wolgast, aged about twenty, and the handsomest youth in Pomerania, became her lover, and even promised her his hand in marriage. This promise he would faithfully have kept, if the Stettin princes, who were displeased at the prospect of this unequal alliance, had not induced him to abandon Sidonia, by means of the portrait of the Princess Hedwig of Brunswick, the most beautiful princess in all Germany. Sidonia thereupon fell into such despair, that she resolved to renounce marriage for ever, and bury the remainder of her life in the convent of Marienfliess; and thus she did. But the wrong done to her by the Stettin princes lay heavy upon her heart, and the desire for revenge increased with years; besides, in place of reading the Bible, her private hours were passed studying the "Amadis," wherein she found many examples of how forsaken maidens have avenged themselves upon their false lovers by means of magic. So she at last yielded to the temptations of Satan, and after some years learned the secrets of witchcraft from an old woman. By means of this unholy knowledge, along with several other evil deeds, she so bewitched the whole princely race, that the six young princes, who were each wedded to a young wife, remained child-

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less; but no public notice was taken till Duke Francis succeeded to the duchy, in 1618. He was a ruthless enemy to witches; all in the land were sought out with great diligence, and burned; and as they unanimously named the Abbess of Marienfliess[1] upon the rack, she was brought to Stettin by command of the Duke, where she freely confessed all the evil wrought by her sorceries upon the princely race.

'The Duke promised her life and pardon if she would free the other princes from the bann; but her answer was, that she had enclosed the spell in a padlock and flung it into the sea, and having asked the devil if he could restore the padlock again to her, he replied, "No; that was forbidden to him;" by it every one can perceive that the destiny of God was in the matter.

'And so it was, that, notwithstanding the intercession of all the neighbouring courts, Sidonia was brought to the scaffold at Stettin, there beheaded, and afterwards burned.

'Before her death, the Prince ordered her portrait to be painted, in her old age and prison garb, behind that which represented her in the prime of youth. After his death, Bogislaff XIV., the last duke, gave this picture to my grandmother, whose husband had also been killed by this sorceress. My father received it from her, and I from him, along with the story which is here written down.

'HENRY GUSTAVUS SCHWALENBERG.'

On this foundation M. Meinhold has raised his image of the witch character in its full development of malice and every evil passion. It has been objected that Sidonia is of too monstrous a wickedness, and that contemporary notices have allowed, indeed rather demand that she should be represented with some points of human interest. This modification would no doubt artistically have been a great gain to the work, which suffers for the monotony of unrelieved evil; but if we are to believe in the modern notions of witchcraft at all, we should prefer attributing it to such as had uniformly *chosen* evil, rather than that they should in any sort become the unconscious, unwilling slaves of Satan, like that unhappy old woman who, on being accused and frightened into a half belief in the charges brought against her, asked innocently if a person could be a witch without knowing it. Sidonia, according to M. Meinhold's view of her character, was fully conscious of, and instrumental to her own perdition.

Being a zealous upholder of the orthodox faith, he uses the somewhat disingenuous weapon, always in the power of the writers of fiction, of making the imaginary personages of the narrative give a sort of historical support to his views. Sidonia's father is represented as an Arian, as well as a bold blasphemer and a monster of pride and cruelty. While putting forward his heretical opinions at a feast in his own castle, one of his retainers withstands them with such zeal and courage, that Otto von Bork, not able to answer his arguments, and incensed

[1] Sidonia never attained this dignity, though *Micraelius* and others gave her this title.

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at his boldness, draws his dagger and slays his theological opponent in the face of all his guests. This incident leads to our first introduction to Sidonia as a child.

'As to Otto, (her father,) no one observed any sign of repentance in him. On the contrary, he seemed to glory in his crime. And the neighbouring nobles related, that he frequently brought in his little daughter Sidonia, whom he adored for her beauty, to the assembled guests, magnificently attired; and when she was bowing to the company, he would say, "Who art thou, my little daughter?" Then she would cease the salutations that her mother had taught her, and drawing herself up, proudly exclaim, "I am a noble maiden, dowered with towns and castles!" Then he would ask, if the conversation turned upon his enemies—and half the nobles were so—"Sidonia, how does thy father treat his enemies?" Upon which the child would straighten her finger, and running at her father, strike it into his heart, saying, "*Thus* he treats them." At which Otto would laugh loudly, and tell her to show him how the knave looked when he was dying. Then Sidonia would fall down, twist her face, and writhe her little hands and feet in horrible contortions. Upon which Otto would lift her up, and kiss her upon the mouth.'

This was her moral training; her religious education was of very much the same school: her father having introduced some curious blasphemies into the Catechism, and instructed her in them. Thus she grew up in pride and cruelty, but of a marvellous beauty, by which she was enabled to fascinate all men who approached her; though she had early determined, under her father's instructions, to marry none but one of the House of Pomerania, they alone being her equals in rank. This design is helped on by the visit of the reigning Duke Barnim, who comes to her father's castle, to be present at Clara von Bork's (her sister's) marriage. This old duke is well described, though with a coarse pencil, as an old, jesting, good-humoured profligate, with certain tastes for mechanism and the arts, which excites the contempt of his subjects. He constructed a musical snuff-box, which played psalm tunes for his puritanical widowed niece; and he employed his leisure hours in carving little wooden statuettes for churches, or as they called them, dolls. He carried one of these puppets always in his hand during his journeys, and rejoiced when a bad tract of road stuck the carriage fast, that he might be rid of the joltings that so hindered his work. Through this old Duke, Sidonia gets introduced to the court of the widowed duchess, his niece, the mother of five hopeful sons, heirs to the dukedom; one of whom she was determined to marry. This resolution, however, by no means stands in the way of her desire to engage all men in her toils; and her arts and fascinations soon threw the widow's correct court into strange confusion.

Her ignorance on all religious subjects had very early been discovered. She had not been able to say grace on the first

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occasion of sitting down at the royal table, and the handsome and amiable Prince Ernest had come to her rescue in the emergency. Next Sunday, the Duchess was scandalized at her ignorance of the Bible, so great as not to know the New Testament from the Old; 'whereupon the cunning wench began to 'weep, and say, her father had never allowed her to learn Chris-'tianity, and for this reason she had sought a refuge with her 'Grace.' The Duchess was softened, and promised that her chaplain, Dr. Dionysius Gerschovius, should examine her in the Catechism. Of this learned doctor and his Catechism, Sidonia had an extreme dread; however the Duchess persisted, and chose out from among her maids of honour a gentle and discreet damsel, to give her preliminary instruction. The modest Clara, however, found her lessons of theology sadly interrupted by Sidonia's folly and levity, 'for she chattered away on all sub-'jects: first, about Prince Ernest—was he affianced to any one? '—was he in love? Had Clara herself a lover? And if that 'old proser, meaning the Duchess, looked always as sour?—did 'she never allow a feast or a dance? And then she would toss 'the Catechism under the bed, or tear it, or trample on it.'

Her task in this spirit gets on slowly; and some days after, the following scene occurs: the suppliant girl, at the conclusion, is Sidonia's first introduction to supernatural wickedness, for which that in her own heart so well prepares her. This Anne Wolde in after years becomes her helper and humble companion in all her witcheries, and their familiars in conjunction make Sidonia all-powerful. At this time, in spite of adverse appearances, Clara had conceived hopes of Sidonia's reformation. Her uniform kindness ended ultimately, as all friendship or tenderness towards the sorceress did, in her own misfortune; but this is anticipating events.

'Although Sidonia had absented herself from the spinning, on the pretext of learning the Catechism in her own room, yet, when Clara entered, no one was there except the maid, who sat upon the floor at her work. She knew nothing about the young lady; but as she heard a great deal of laughter and merriment in the court beneath, it was likely Sidonia was not far off. On stepping to the window, Clara indeed beheld Sidonia.

'In the middle of the court was a large horse-pond, built round with stones, to which the water was conducted by metal pipes communicating with the river Peene. In the middle of the pond was a small island; upon this Sidonia was standing, feeding the bear with bread, which Appelmann, who stood beside her, first dipped into a can of syrup; and several of the young squires stood around them laughing and jesting.

'The young idle pages were wont to take great delight in shooting at the bear with blunt arrows, and when he growled or snarled, then they would calm it again by throwing over bits of bread steeped in honey or syrup. So Sidonia, waiting to see the fun, had got upon the plank ready to give the bread, just as the bear had got to the highest pitch of irritation, when he would suddenly change his growling into another sort of speech

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after his fashion. All this amused Sidonia mightily, and she laughed and clapped her hands with delight.

'When the modest Clara beheld all this, and how Sidonia danced up and down on the plank, while the water splashed over her robe, she called to her, "Dear Lady Sidonia, come hither; I have somewhat to tell thee." But she answered tartly, "Dear Lady Clara, keep it then; I am too young to be told every thing." And she danced up and down on the plank as before.

'After many vain entreaties, Clara had at length to descend and seize the wild bird by the wing—I mean thereby the arm—and carry her off to the castle. The young men would have followed, but they were engaged to attend his highness on a fishing excursion that afternoon, and were obliged to see after their nets and tackle. So the two maidens walked up and down the corridor undisturbed; and Clara asked if she had yet learnt the Catechism.

'*Illa.*—"No; I have no wish to learn it." *Hæc.*—"But if the priest has to reprimand you publicly from the pulpit?" *Illa.*—"I counsel him not to do it." *Hæc.*—"Why, what would you do to him?" *Illa.*—"He will find that out."'

Clara here goes on to remonstrate with the bold freedom of her manner, concluding with a warning on the evident designs she entertained upon the young duke, Ernest.

'"Can you think that our gracious prince, a son of Pomerania, will make thee his duchess? Thou who art only a common nobleman's daughter."

'*Illa.*—"A common nobleman's daughter!—that is good from the peasant girl. You are common enough, and low enough, I warrant; but my blood is as old as that of the Dukes of Pomerania; and besides, I am a castle and land-dowered maiden. But who are you? Who are you? Your forefathers were hunted out of Mecklenburg, and only got footing here in Pomerania out of charity."

'*Hæc.*—"Do not be angry, dear lady; you say true; yet I must add that my forefathers were once Counts of Mecklenburg, and from their loyalty to the Dukes of Pomerania, were given possessions here in Daber, where they have been lords of castles and lands for 250 years. Yet I will confess that your race is nobler than mine; but dear child, I make no boast of my ancestry, nor is it fitting for either of us to do so. The right royal Prince, who is given as an example and model to us all—who is Lord not over castle and land, but of the heavens and the earth—the Saviour Jesus Christ—he took no account of his arms or his ancestry, though the whole starry universe was his banner. He was as humble towards the little child as to the learned doctors in the temple—to the chiefs among the people as to the trembling sinner, and the blind beggar Bartimeus. Let us take, then, this Prince for an example, and mind our life long what he says,—'Come unto me, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly of heart.' Will you not learn of him, dear lady? I will, if God give me grace."

'And she extended her hand to Sidonia, who dashed it away crying, "Stuff!' nonsense! you have learned all this twaddle from the priest, who I know is nephew to the shoemaker in Daber, and therefore hates any one who is above him in rank."

'Clara was about to reply mildly, but they happened now to be standing close to the public flight of steps; and a peasant girl ran up when she saw them, and flung herself at Clara's feet, entreating the young lady to save her, for she had run away from Daber, where they were going to burn her as a witch. The pious Clara recoiled in horror, and desiring her to rise,

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said, "Art thou Anne Wolde, some time keeper of the swine for my father? How fares it with my dearest father and mother?"

'They were well when she ran away, but she had been wandering now for fourteen days on the road, living upon roots and wild berries, or what the herds gave her out of their knapsacks for charity.

'*Hæc.*—"What crime wast thou suspected of, girl, to be condemned to so terrible a death?"

'*Illa.*—"She had a lover named Albert, who followed her every where; but as she would not listen to him, he hated her, and pretended that she had given him a love-drink."

'There Sidonia laughed aloud, and asked if she knew how to brew the love-drink?

'*Illa.*—"Yes; she learned from her elder sister how to make it, but had never tried it upon any one, and was perfectly innocent of all they charged her with."

'Here Clara shook her head, and wished to get rid of the witch girl; for she thought truly, if Sidonia learns the brewing secret, she will poison and destroy the whole castle full, and we shall have the devil bodily with us in earnest. So she pushed away the girl, who still clung to her, weeping and lamenting. Thereupon Sidonia grew quite grave and pious all of a sudden, and said:

'"See the hypocrite she is! She first sets before me the example of Christ, and then treats this poor sinner with nothing but cross thorns! Has not Christ said, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy?' but only see how this bigot can have Christ on her tongue, but not in her heart!"

'The pious Clara grew quite ashamed of such talk, and raising up the wretch, who had again fallen upon her knees, said, "Well, thou mayest remain; so get thee to my maid, and she will give thee food. I shall also write to my father for thy pardon, and meanwhile, ask leave from her Grace, to allow thee to remain here until it arrives; but if thou art guilty, I cannot promise thee my protection any longer, and thou wilt be burned here in place of at Daber." So the witch-girl was content, and importuned them no further.'

Sidonia, it will be readily supposed, loses no time in obtaining the unlawful secret from the witch-girl, and trying its effects on the young Prince Ernest, who however scarcely needed any additional charm, so completely was he already fascinated by her natural arts and great beauty. However, under the influence of the potion, things came to a desperate pass. The Duchess having been persuaded, on the occasion of a visit from one of her sons, to give a great entertainment, resolves to punish Sidonia for her contumacy about the Catechism, by forbidding her attendance, and to secure conformity to her commands, locks her up in her own room. In vain Sidonia sends the most urgent and moving entreaties—in vain she dresses herself in all her splendour, and stands weeping at her window, in order to excite the compassion of the passers by—in vain the whole court pleads for her—the Duchess is inexorable; and finally, the Prince Ernest by force breaks open her door, and brings her into the hall just as his stately mother had concluded dancing a measure with the old chamberlain of her castle. A

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scene of uproar and bloodshed is the consequence; and Sidonia is that same night secretly hurried off from the castle, and before morning is miles away. But now the philtre begins to work; and the young Prince is pronounced dying. It is soon found that nothing can save his life but Sidonia's presence. And the poor Duchess, who had sent her away with contumely, is obliged now to entreat her return, and to endure all the airs she gives herself in consequence.

In the end, the young Prince concerts a private marriage with Sidonia, which is on the eve of its accomplishment, when a low intrigue is discovered, which opens the Prince's eyes, though he falls again into a dying state from the despair caused by the discovery, the love potion being still at work within him. He is recovered from this state by counter magic. A prisoner confined for sorcery offers to cure him for the reward of his life. The scene is given with naiveté.

'This was agreed to; and when he was brought to the chamber of the Prince, he laid his ear down upon his breast to listen if it were witchcraft that ailed him. Then he spoke.

'"Yes, the heart beats quite unnaturally—the sound was like the whimpering of a fly caught in a spider's web; their lordships might listen for themselves." Whereupon all present, one after the other, laid their ear upon the breast of the Prince, and heard really as he had described. * * * * * And the carl gave him a red syrup, which he had no sooner swallowed, than all care for Sidonia seemed to have vanished from his mind. Even before the goat's milk came, he exclaimed,

'"Now that I think over it, what a great blessing that we have got rid of Sidonia!"'

After this disgrace, Sidonia goes through many abject and degrading adventures, detailed with a very wearisome minuteness; becomes associated with gypsies and robbers; is disinherited by her father, who himself comes to great disgrace, and destroys himself in consequence, and out of grief for Sidonia's fall. At length she is taken pity on by her old friend Clara, who believes her penitent, and persuades her husband to admit her as a temporary guest in their castle. Thither she goes, with her familiar in the form of a cat, of whom she has lately become possessed; and to reward Clara's hospitality, she presently contrives a horrible death for her in revenge for Clara's having been the means of discovering her intrigue with Appelmann and exposing her real character to the Prince.

After this, for thirty years, we see nothing of Sidonia, her biographer not being able to trace her course during this long period. But revenge against the princely house which had rejected and disgraced her was still the foremost desire of her heart; and she now enters upon the indulgence of it.

The following is her first meeting with her quondam lover

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duke Ernest after his disenchantment. Such meetings there have sometimes been out of the regions of sorcery and magic.

'Summa.—On the 1st of May, 1592, when the witches gather in the bracken to hold their Walpurgis night, and the princely castle of Wolgast was well guarded from the evil one by white and black crosses placed on every door, an old wrinkled hag was seen about eight o'clock of the morning, (just the time she had returned from the Blocksberg, according to my thinking,) walking slowly up and down the corridor of the princely castle. And Providence so willed it, that at the moment the young and beautiful Princess Elizabeth Magdalena (who had been betrothed to the Duke Frederic of Courland), opened her chamber door and stepped forth to pay her morning greetings to her illustrious father Duke Ernest, and his spouse, the Lady Sophia Hedwig of Brunswick, who sat together drinking their warm beer, and had sent for her.

'So the hag advanced with much friendship, and cried out, "Hey, what a beautiful damsel! but her lord papa was called 'the handsome' in his time; and wasn't she as like him as one egg to another. Might she take her ladyship's little hand and kiss it?" Now as the hag was bold in her bearing and the young princess a timid thing, she feared to refuse, so she reached forth her hand, alas! to the witch, who first three times blew on it, murmuring some words before she kissed it; then as the young princess asked her who she was and what she wanted, the evil hag answered: "I would speak with your gracious father, for I have known him well. Ask his princely Grace to come to me, for I have somewhat to say to him." Now the princess in her simplicity omitted to ask the hag's name, whereby much evil came to pass; for had she told her gracious father that SIDONIA wished to speak to him, assuredly he never would have come forth, and that fatal and malignant glance of the witch would not have fallen upon him.

'However, his Serene Grace, having a mild Christian nature, stepped out into the corridor at the request of his dear daughter, and asked the hag who she was and what she wanted. Upon this she fixed her eyes on him in silence for a long while, so that he shuddered, and his blood seemed to turn to ice in his veins. At last she spake. "It is a strange thing, truly, that your Grace should no longer remember the maiden to whom you once promised marriage." At this His Grace recoiled in horror, and exclaimed, "Ha! Sidonia! but how you are changed!" "Ah!" she answered with a scornful laugh, "you may well triumph now that my cheek is hollow and my beauty gone; and that I have come to you for justice against my own brother in Stramahl, who denies me even the means of subsistence; you, who brought me to this pass."'

She proceeds to ask him to procure for her a prœbenda in the Convent of Marienfliess. After the Reformation, some of these institutions were retained for the daughters of the nobility, though of course without the old vows. The Prince promises her anything she asks, to get rid of her. But the mischief is done: the young princess is soon seized with convulsions, and her possession continues, till the Rev. Professor Dr. Joel, great in white magic, disenchants her; though in the contest he suffers a curious humiliation, for the sight of the poor princess so shocked him, that without taking much heed of his Latin, he exclaimed: '*Deus misereatur peccatoris,*' upon which the

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fiend, with a deep bass voice, corrected him, crying, '*Dic pec-catricis, dic peccatricis.*' At length, however, the demon was exorcised. The unhappy father had fallen, meanwhile, into a sickness, which not even the fine Falernian wine of Italy, to which he had always recourse, could cure, and died two months after his encounter with Sidonia. This was the first of the five brothers whom she had doomed to destruction.

After this the witch disappeared for a couple of years, when she arrived one day at the Convent of Marienfliess, and struck terror into the abbess, by announcing that she was come to take up her residence there. She comported herself with her usual pride and audacity, till the abbess, to her great relief, found she had no credentials, and dismissed her. The abbess then flew to the reigning Duke, brother to the last, and secured a promise from him, that Sidonia should never be admitted into her convent; he pledged himself that she never should in his lifetime; a promise which resulted in his death by the same means. But we cannot stop to recount all the deaths in the royal family, which follow one another in quick succession. She at length obtains the desired *præbenda*, and Sidonia once more drives into the court of the convent in her one-horse waggon and scanty equipments, but with her full measure of pride and insolence, accompanied by her maid, the old witch Anne Wolde, and her familiar Chim, and takes possession in grand style. What terror she spreads amongst its peaceful inhabitants may be easily imagined.

Nor is it, we think, against nature, that while the innocent were daily tortured and burned for witches, the *real witch*, supposing the existence of such, should escape. She had such ready means of avenging every insult and threatened attack, that for a long time she carried all before her: dispensing gout and rheumatism, possession and death, at her pleasure. There is a certain grotesqueness in the delineation of Sidonia at this stage, which answers more to our notions of the probable, than a more dignified impersonation would have done. The union of supernatural powers with a merely human nature, must disturb the balance of faculties which produce consistent and reasonable conduct; as we often see precocious children eccentric and unreasonable, from not having judgment to control their own powers. Sidonia is reckless, desperate, cruel, greedy, luxurious; she has a sense of the ludicrous, and appreciates what is absurd. Alternately hypocrite and blasphemer; now fawning, now storming with passion; sometimes acting the pious abbess, with an unction which almost forces belief in her sincerity; and then, when such display is most against her interest, singing wild rhymes and dancing in triumph with her cat and her maid,

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before the whole shuddering convent. Sometimes praying a prince to death, then fighting with the nuns for the best piece of salmon; alternately brewing philtres and good beer, and equally proud of both accomplishments.

We none of us know how much what is called reasonable conduct—that prudent line of action which guides the world at large—is really caused, not by reason, but by our inability to do otherwise. Our life runs in a groove; we are hedged in at every corner; we are powerless to do otherwise, or to throw aside these most useful trammels. But let any of us be endowed suddenly with unaccustomed powers, whether it be wealth, or newly-acquired rank, or release from restraint, and it will need more than the usual *retenue* and ballast to escape doing something absurd. A man's circumstances cannot alter, and himself remain precisely the same. If we have experience of this in mundane affairs, what must be the change in a human being becoming possessed of superhuman powers! And when these are of an evil nature, we can suppose any amount of whim and grotesqueness being the consequence; *i. e.* supposing these monstrous stories of witchcraft possible, we should expect, on natural grounds, a witch to be a wild unreasonable creature, using her powers capriciously and in a short-sighted manner, to her own injury as well as for the destruction of others; because the natural care we have for ourselves would be loosened by a sense of superior independence of action.

When Sidonia, who was as fond of good fare as if she had no other passion, is angry with the sheriff for having sent her a small share of honey, instead of a simple remonstrance, which would have done all she wished, she terrifies the poor man with a vision of bee-hives and swarming bees, and stands at her window amusing herself with his terror; and when a grand consistory assembles to collect charges of witchcraft against her, instead of denying the accusation, as was her wont, or using her powers for her own ultimate safety, she gives them one of the most flagrant specimens of her art, contenting herself with simply dispersing her enemies for the time. For just as the assemblage, with the aid of receipts from *Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, &c.*, are preparing to seize upon her, and encouraged by each other, are in a state of bold excitement, she, as it were, unable to resist the amusement of testing their courage, and witnessing the success of some of her own glamouries, presents herself before them. The state prosecutor valiantly exclaims:

'"Well, then, let them rush in, bind the dragon, clap the pitch-plaster upon her mouth, and she is ours in spite of all the fiends."

'"Right, all right," cried the doctor; "never fear, but I will pay her for

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her designs upon me." And he began to prepare the plaster with some pitch he had got from the cobbler; when, suddenly, the state prosecutor screamed out:

'"Merciful heaven! See there! Look at the shadow of a toad creeping over my paper, whereon I move my hand!"

'He springs up—wipes, wipes, wipes—but in vain. The unclean shadow is there still, and crawls over the paper, though never a toad is to be seen.

'What a commotion of horror this Satan's work caused among the bystanders, can be easily imagined. All stood up and looked at the toad shadow; when the abbess screamed out, "Merciful heaven! look there! look there! the whole floor is covered with toad shadows."

'Thereupon, all the woman-folk ran screaming from the room, but screamed yet louder when they reached the door, and met there Sidonia and her cat face to face. Round they all wheeled again—rushed to the back door—out into the yard—over the pond—and into the oak wood—without daring once to look behind them. But the men remained, for the doctor said bravely: "Wait now, good friends, patience, she can do us no harm;" and he murmured some words. But just as they all made the sign of the cross, and silently put up a prayer to God, and gathered up their legs on the benches, so that the unclean shadows might not crawl upon their boots, the horrible hag appeared at the window, and her cat in his little red hose clambered up on the sill, mewing and crying. * * * *Summa.*—She laid one hand upon the window, the better to look in, and clenching the other, shook it at them crying out, "Wait, ye peasant boors; I too will judge ye for your sins!" * * * And as she began to murmur some words, and spat out before them all, the state prosecutor jumped up after the women, and Sheriff Sparling rushed out after him, and they never stopped or stayed till both reached the oak wood.'

Always confident, always self-possessed and fearless, Sidonia continues more than a match for her accusers. Having 'prayed the abbess to death,' she gets the nuns to elect her in her stead; and on the then reigning Duke visiting the convent, impudently advances at the head of the whole body of nuns, to receive him in state.

'Now his Highness was a meek man and seldom angry, but his brow grew black with wrath, when Sidonia, stepping up to the coach, bowed low, and in her cat's tippet—herself a cat in cunning and deceit—threw up her eyes hypocritically to heaven. "How now!" cried his Grace; "who hath suffered you, Sidonia, to play the abbess over these virgins?" To which my hag replied, "Gracious Prince, ask these virgins here if they have not selected me to be their abbess of their own free will; and they are now come to entreat your Highness to confirm the choice of their hearts." "Marry," quoth the Duke, "I have heard enough of your doings from the neighbouring nobles and others. I know well how you have made the poor Abbess Magdalena bite the dust. Item, how you forced these poor virgins to elect you abbess through mortal and deadly fear. Speak, dear sisters, fear nothing; I your prince command you. Have you not elected this piece of sin and vanity to be your abbess, simply through fear of your lives?"

'But the virgins looked down upon the ground—were silent and trembled, while my sheriff [the head authority in the district] plunged his hand into his wide boots for the kerchief to wipe his face, for he saw well how it would end. A second time his Grace asked, "Was it from fear?" When at last one answered, named Agnest Kleist.

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'"In truth, gracious prince, it was from pure bodily fear alone that we elected Sidonia as our abbess."'

In reward for her courage in making this confession he elects Agnest abbess, and solemly warns and threatens Sidonia, giving the sheriff directions if she leaves the convent to use the harshest measures in punishment.

'So the new abbess answered—"Your Highness shall be obeyed:"—

'But my sheriff could not utter a word from horror, and seemed stifling with a thick husky cough in his throat. But when Sidonia crept up close to him, and menaced him privately with her dry clenched hand, he forgot himself entirely, and made a spring that brought him clean over the churchyard wall, while his sword clattered after him, and his plumed beaver dropt from his head to the ground. All the lacqueys laughed loud at the sight, even his Grace laughed. But my sheriff makes the best of it, and calls out—

'"Ah, see, my Lord Duke, how the little boys have stolen the flowers that I myself planted on the grave of the blessed abbess. I'll make them pay for it, the thieving brats!" Thereat his Grace asked why the abbess was not buried within the church, but in the graveyard. And they answered, she had so commanded. Whereupon, he answered mildly, "The good mother is worthy of a prayer; I shall go and say a paternoster upon her grave, and see if the youngsters have left me a flower to carry away for memory."

'So he alighted, made Eggert show him the grave, removed his hat and prayed, while all his suite in the six coaches uncovered their heads likewise. Lastly, he made the sign of the cross, and bent over the grave to pluck a flower. But just then a warm, heavy wind blew across the graves, and all the flowers drooped, faded, and turned yellow as it passed. Yea, even a yellow stripe seemed to mark its passage straight across all the graves over the court, and up to the spot where the thrice accursed witch stood upon the convent wall; and people afterwards remarked, that all plants, grass, flowers, and shrubs, within that same stripe, turned pale and faded; only some poison plants, as hemlock, nightshade, and the like, stood up green and stiff along that livid line. When the Duke observed this, he shook his head, but made no remark, stepped hastily, however, into his carriage, after again earnestly admonishing Sidonia.'

Not long after this scene, and when all were looking for some harm to come from it—

'Anna Apenborg went to the brewhouse which lay inside the convent walls, (it was one of Sidonia's praying days,) and there she saw a strange apparition of a three-legged hare. She runs and calls the other sisters; whereupon they all scamper out of their cells, and down the steps to see the miracle; and behold there sits the three-legged hare; but when Agnest Kleist took off her slipper and threw it at the devil's sprite, my hare is off, and never a trace of him could be found again in the whole brewhouse or the whole convent court. Thereat the nuns shuddered; and each virgin has her opinion in the matter, but speaks it not; for just then comes Sidonia forth, with old Wolde and the cat, and the three begin their devil's dance, while the cat squalls and wails, and the old witch-hag screams her hell psalm:—

"Also kleien und also kratzen,
Meine Hunde und meine Katzen."

'Next day, however, the poor virgins heard to their deep sorrow what

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the three-legged hare betokened, even as they had suspected; for the cry came to the convent, that his Grace good Duke Philip was dead, and the tidings ran like a signal fire through the people, that this kind, wise, just prince had been bewitched to death.'

It is no departure again from the truth of nature that this sorceress, even if the real Sidonia had been the wretch M. Meinbold chooses to represent her, was suffered to exist so long; there are instances enough in all ages, and especially where life is least regarded, of persons universally odious living on to a protracted old age, while each little private caprice or grudge revenges itself on the instant by the death of its victim. Murder, fearless for its own ends, seldom rouses itself to act for the community—to avenge the general wrong,—and the temptation to it arises most commonly from some creeping inadequate private end. In accordance with this view, Sidonia lives on the centre of all evil and misfortune, in the midst of enemies, and their feeble judicial efforts against her, till her 84th year: when history records her trial and death. The reigning prince is now the fourth brother, Duke Francis, who having been impatient of his brother's lenity, commences a furious crusade against witches, with a view it would seem to keep Sidonia in order; for no one dares to touch her in the ordinary course of law. Here we make more formal acquaintance with the same Dr. Joel whose latinity was called in question, and who is deeply learned in all the writers on magic, and so well able, as it proves, to contend with the sorceress, that the wonder is, he had not volunteered his interference before; however he waits till he is asked by Duke Francis if there were no spiritual agency to break the powers of this witch; for as to human, it was out of the question, since no one could be found to lay his hands on her. Whereupon we are enlightened by 'my magister' on many cabalistic secrets. He has ascertained that the only means of encountering Sidonia's familiar is, through one out of two forms of conjuration: either through the Sun-angel, who may by certain difficult ceremonies be invoked, or the *Schem Hamphorasch*, or seventy names of the Most High. M. Meinhold speaks with such unction, that it is difficult to believe his own disclaimer of Dr. Joel's exegesis in a note. We are tempted to quote the exegesis to our readers, as an example of the ingenuity with which any absurdity may be supported. We believe there is still in the world a great tendency to such speculations.

' "Wherefore is it that the great God does not appear to men now, as he did in times long past? I answer, because we no longer know his name. This name Adam knew in Paradise, and therefore spake with God as well as with all animals and plants. Noah, Abraham, Moses, Elias, Elijah, &c. all knew this name, and performed their wonders by it alone. But when the beastly and idolatrous Jews gave themselves over to covetousness and

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all uncleanliness, they forgot this holy name; so, as a punishment, they endured a year of slavery for each of the seventy names which they had forgotten; and we find them, therefore, serving seventy years in Babylonish bonds. After this, they never learnt it again, and all miracles and wonders ceased from among them, until the ever-blessed God sent his Son into the world to teach them once more the Schem Hamphorasch; and to all who believed on him he freely imparted this name, by which also they worked wonders; and that it might be fixed for ever in their hearts, he taught them the blessed Pater Noster, in which they were bid each day to repeat the words 'Hallowed be thy name.' Yea, even in that last glorious high-priestly prayer of his—in face of the bitter anguish and death that was awaiting him, he says, 'Father, keep them in thy name!' or, as Luther translates it, 'Keep them above thy name!' For how easily that name is lost, we learn from David, who says, that he spelt it over in the night, so that it might not pass from his mind. (Ps. cxix. 55.) Item, after the resurrection he gave command to go and baptize all nations—not *in* the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, as Luther has falsely rendered the passage, but *for*, or *by* the name—that such might always be kept before their eyes, and never more pass away from the knowledge of mankind. And the holy apostles faithfully kept it, and St. Paul made it known to the Heathen, as we learn Acts ix. 15. And all miracles that they performed were by this name. Now the knowledge remained also with the early Christians, and each person was baptized *by* this name; and he who knew it by heart could work miracles likewise, as we know by Justin Martyr and others, who have written of the power and miraculous gifts of the early church. But when the pure doctrine became corrupted, and the Christian church (like the Jewish of former times) gave itself up to idolatry, masses, image-worship, and the like, the knowledge of the mystic name was withdrawn, and all miracles have ceased in the church from that up to this day.'' '

However, the attempt to procure the last seventy leaves, which contain the name, fails, and they are driven to try the other, and more hazardous conjuration. And here we are introduced to a fair maiden, Diliana Bork, grandaughter to that Clara whom Sidonia bewitched in her youth, who is now informed by her ghost that she must avenge her. A virgin of entire purity of heart and thought is needful for the success of the conjuration: and after much difficulty, her father, Jobst Bork, cousin to the sorceress, is brought to consent to his daughter's being the instrument of communication with the angel. We give the scene, which is pictured with some force, and a touch of that grotesque truth to nature for which M. Meinhold is distinguished. The three—that is, the Duke Francis, the Magister Joel, and the virgin, Diliana, robe themselves in magic garments, over which Diliana drew a shift of her grandmother of blessed memory, which was thought needful to the conjuration.—Old Jobst, who was not permitted to enter the magic hall, indemnifies himself as well as he can by boring a gimlet-hole in the door, and seeing through that orifice what transpires. We pass over the preliminary ceremonies, the circles, and interlaced triangles, all necessary to invoke the Sun-angel, Och.

' Whereupon the wise Theurgist, the brave priest of the grand primitive

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old faith, rose up, made the sign of the cross at the north, and began the conjuration of the angel with a loud voice.

'They were harsh and barbarous words that he uttered, which no one understood, and they lasted a good paternoster long; after which the priest stopped and said—"Gracious Prince, lay the left hand upon the vinculum of the heavenly creature;—virgin, step with thy left foot upon the signet of the spirit, in the north of the circle. After the third *pausa* he must appear."

'With these words he began the conjuration again, but behold, as it was ended, a form appeared, not at the north, but at the south, and glided on in a white bloody shroud, until it reached the centre of the circle. At this signal the magister was transfixed with horror, and made the sign of the cross. "All good spirits praise God the Lord!" Upon which the spirit answered—"In eternity amen." Whilst Diliana exclaimed—"Grandmother! Grandmother! Art thou indeed her spirit?"

'So the spirit glided three times round the circle, with a plaintive wailing sound, then stepped before Diliana, and making the sign of the cross, said—"Daughter, take that shift of mine from off thee; it betokens misfortune. It is No. 7, and see, I have No. 6 for my bloody shroud."

'Whereupon it pointed to the throat, where, indeed, the red number 6 was plainly discernible.

'Diliana spake—"Grandmother, how did these things come to pass?" But the spirit laid the forefinger on its mouth in silence. Whereupon she asked again—"Grandmother, art thou happy?"

'The spirit said, "I hope to become so, but take off that shift; the angel must soon appear; it will be Sidonia's death shroud." As the spirit said these words it disappeared again towards the south, whereupon the knight at the gimlet-hole cried out—"There was some one here, was it the angel?"

'"No! no!" screamed Diliana, while she quickly stepped out of the circle, and drew off the shift. "No, it was my poor grandmother!"

'"Silence," cried the magister; "for heaven's sake no talking more, we have lost ten seconds already by that ghost. Now quick with the vinculum of the earthly creature! My Prince, strew the incense upon the burner. Virgin, dip the swallows' feathers in the blood of the white dove, and streak my two lips with them. Now, all be still if you value your life; eternity is listening to us, and the whole apartment is full of invisible spirits."

'Then he repeated the conjuration for the third time, and, behold, at the last word, a white cloud appeared at the north, that at every moment became brighter and brighter, until a red pillar of light, about an arm's thickness, shot forth from the centre of it, and the most exquisite fragrance, with soft tones of music, were diffused over the whole north end of the hall. Then the cloud seemed to rain down radiant flowers, hues, and beauties such as earth had never seen; after which a tremendous sound, as of a clap of thunder, shook not only the castle to its foundation, but seemed to shake heaven and earth itself, and the cloud parting in twain, disclosed the Sun-angel in the centre. Yet the knight outside never heard this sound, nor did Old Kruger, the Duke's boot-cleaner, who sat in the very next room reading the Bible; he merely thought that the clock had run down in the corridor, and sent his wife out to see; and this seems to me a very strange thing; but the knight through his gimlet-hole saw plainly that a chair, which they had forgotten to take out of the way of the angel at the north-side was utterly consumed by his presence, and when he had passed, lay there a heap of ashes.

'And the angel in truth appeared in the form of a beautiful boy of twelve years old, and from head to foot shone with dazzling light. A blue mantle sown with silver stars was flung around him, but so glittered

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to the eye, that it seemed a portion of the milky-way he had torn from heaven as he passed along, and wrapped round his angelic form. On his feet, rosy as the first clouds of morning, were bound golden sandals, and on his yellow hair a crown; and thus surrounded by radiant flowers, odours, and the soft tones of heavenly music, he swept down in grace and glorious beauty to earth. When the Theurgist beheld this, he fell on his knees along with the others, and prayed:—

'"We praise thee, we bless thee, we adore thee, O lofty Spirit of God?—thou throne angel of the Almighty!—that thou hast deigned by the word of our father Adæe, by the word of our father Henoch, and by the word of our father Noah, to enter the darkness of this our second world, to appear before our eyes. Help us, blessed angel! help us?"

'And the angel said, "What will ye?"

'Then the Duke took heart, and gave for answer: "Lord, an evil witch, a devil's sorceress, wickeder than anything yet known upon earth, Sidonia Bork by name—"

'But the angel let him continue no farther, and with a glance of terrible anger exclaimed: "Silence, thou drunken man of blood!"

'Then, looking upon Diliana, murmured softly: "Speak, thou pure and blessed maiden!"

'At this the virgin took courage, and answered: "Our gracious Prince would know how the evil spirit of my cousin Sidonia can be overcome?"

'"Seize Wolde first," replied the angel, "then the evil spirit of Sidonia will become powerless. What wouldst thou know further?"'

Diliana desires to know why Satan is permitted so much power upon the earth; on which the angel makes a long speech. It is impolitic in scenes of this nature to make heavenly visitants descend from the brief oracular style to ordinary human prolixity. No writer can make an angel speak better than he can himself. Thus, our curiosity, which by every art he has raised to a high pitch, suffers a sudden fall. We find that we are listening to the author all the while; we are duped like the poor madman who believed that each day he sat down to an exquisite dinner of three courses; but somehow, he could not tell why, each dish tasted of porridge, in fact his only fare:—so all these revelations, though dressed out with the utmost preparation and pomp, taste of the author, and share all his poverty of thought and expression. We are in the midst of the argument when—

'Behold, at this word of the angel, a blue ray, about the thickness of an arm, came up from the south into the middle of the circle, and blended itself, trembling and glittering, with the radiant cloud and flowers. When the angel beheld this, he said—"Lo! I am summoned to the ruins of Nineveh. Let me depart!"

'At this the Duke took heart again to speak, and began: "Lord, how is my ancient race—?"

'But the angel again interrupted him with, "Silence, thou man of blood!"

'And when the Magister repeated the form which broke the conjuration, the angel disappeared as he had come, with a terrible clap of thunder; and clouds, light, flowers, odours and music all passed away with him, and the hall became dark and silent as the grave.

'But in a couple of seconds, just as the magister had stepped out of the

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circle with the virgin, who trembled in every limb, even as he did himself, my Jobst comes rushing in at the door with a joyful mien, thanks God, sobs, embraces his little daughter twice, thrice—embraces her again, and at last asks—"What said the angel?"

'And they told him all—item, about the poor ghost of his poor mother, and what it desired. Then for the first time they observed that the Duke stood still within the circle, with folded arms and eyes bent upon the ground.

'"My Lord Duke, will you not step out of the circle?" exclaimed the Magister. Whereupon the Duke started, sprang from the circle where they stood, and, seizing the Magister by the throat, roared—"Dog of a sorcerer! this is some of thy black-art. Jobst, here, was right: thou hast raised no angel, but a devil!" At this the terrified Magister first tried to release himself from his Grace's hold, then began to explain; but the Duke would listen to nothing.'

The harsh reproof had indeed offended his highness mightily. What blood had he shed but that of witches? wherein he had Scripture to justify him: and he had not drunk that day: as for his ordinary habits in this respect, he considered it to be no affair of either angel or fiend. After some contention his anger abates, and he proposes to finish the discussion over some glorious Muscadel he has in his cellars; to which, however, the other will not consent; after which follows some further conjuration founded on the doctrine of sympathies, by which Diliana is made capable of communicating with a person at a distance by a mode of intercourse too obviously suggested by the machinery of the electric telegraph to do credit to the author's power of invention. Wolde is seized by Diliana's young lover, and is presently brought to trial, with all the horrors that usually accompanied these scenes. Sidonia was confronted with her, accused by her own accomplice, and defends herself with her usual effrontery. Her power, however, is gone, and we feel for her when she is forced to have recourse to a lawyer to plead her cause. His implied advice is discouraging,—even to make away with herself as soon as she can. But she clings to life, and after all the delays her counsel procures for her, is at length brought to trial, tortured, and finally beheaded through the intercession of powerful relations *before* she is burnt. This portion of the tale is hurried through; the narrator Dr. Theodore Plonnias, himself a witness of her tortures, recoiling, as he says, at the recollection of their horrors. We are at any rate glad that these abominations should for once be lightly dwelt upon. M. Meinhold does not commonly shrink from such scenes, which fill the reader with abhorrence for those who could act in them. And yet, after detailing with minuteness on one occasion the tortures of an innocent victim, M. Meinhold takes the opportunity to declaim against modern times, and to sigh for the superior faith of the age distinguished for these cruelties, wrong in them-

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selves, but not to compare to our delinquencies. All ages have their characteristic sins, yet we must protest against the purity of that faith which exhibits itself in reckless cruelty. It is at least the father and natural precursor of disbelief.

But our readers will think we have dwelt too long on an unpleasing subject. It has struck us, however, as a feature of the times, that in Rationalistic Germany, rejoicing in its new lights and discarding all received modes of thought and principles of faith, there should arise from the very spirit of reaction, a believer in exploded fancies and old wives' fables. But where religion gets a cold welcome, superstition will creep in. How far M. Meinhold believes his own wonders, perhaps he himself does not know; but that he does believe that they or something like them come within the reach of our mortal nature, is certain.

The whole tone of the book persuades the reader of this, more, perhaps, than any individual instance will give an adequate idea of; but there are not wanting definite passages of strength enough to prove our conclusions. For example, it is no injustice to a writer to suspect him of putting some faith in love philtres, when he can use the following language on the subject of those drinks through which diviners in all times have affected to obtain an insight into futurity. The text says, 'and Isaiah xxviii. 7 explains fully how this madness was pro-'duced; namely, by wine and the strong drink *Sekar*.' To which bold assumption he appends the following note:—

'It is doubtful of what this drink was composed. Hieronymus and Aben Ezra imagine that it was of the nature of strong beer. Probably it resembled the potion with which the mystery-men amongst the savages of the present day produce this divining frenzy. We find such in use throughout Tartary, Siberia, America, and Africa, as if the usage had descended to them from one common tradition. Witches, it is well known, made frequent use of potions; and as all somnambulists assert that the seat of the soul's greatest activity is in the stomach, it is not incredible what Van Helmont relates, that, having once tasted the root *napellus*, his intellect all at once, accompanied by an unusual feeling of ecstasy, seemed to remove from his brain to his stomach.'

The duchess at one time assembles her whole household, that they may learn from Doctor Gerschovius 'the difference between the prophets of God and those of the devil;' on which occasion we have the following mystic note on the [alleged] facts of mesmerism:—

'There are but two modes, I think, of explaining these extraordinary phenomena; either by supposing them effected by supernatural agency, as all seers and diviners from antiquity, through the middle ages down to our somnambulists, have pretended that they really stood in communication with spirit; or, by supposing that there is an innate latent divining element in our own natures, which only becomes evident and active under certain circumstances, and which is capable of revealing the *future* with more or

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less exactitude just as the mind can recall the *past*. For *past* and *future* are but different forms of our own subjective intuition of time; and because this internal intuition represents no figure, we seek to supply the defect by an analogy. For *time* exists *within* us, not *without* us; it is not something which subsists of itself, but it is the form only of our internal sense.'

And where one of Sidonia's victims is thrown by her incantations into a state of somnambulistic prophecy, the subject is followed up in another note, where the writer seems to attribute to satanic influence the reported wonders of animal magnetism:—

'The ancients were aware (as we are) that the magnetic and divining state can be produced only in young and somewhat simple (*simpliciores*) persons. Porphyry confirms this in his remarkable letter to the Egyptian priest of Anubis (to which I earnestly direct the attention of our physiologists), in which he asks, "Wherefore it happens that only simple and young persons were fitted for divination?" Yet there were many even then, as we learn from Jamblichus and the later Psellus, who maintained the modern rationalistic view that all these phenomena were produced only by a certain condition of our own spiritual and bodily nature; although somnambulists affirm the contrary, and declare they are the results of *external* spiritual influences working upon them.'

Sidonia, on one occasion, makes the 'Reverend David,' priest of the convent, dream that he married her; on which our author appends the following reflection in his own character:—

'The power of producing particular dreams by volition was recognised by the ancients and philosophers of the middle ages. *Ex.* Albertus Magnus relates (de Mirabilibus Mundi, 205) that horrible dreams can be produced by placing an ape's skin under the pillow. He also gives a receipt for making women tell their secrets in sleep (but this I shall keep to myself). Such phenomena are neither physiologically nor psychologically impossible; but our modern physiologists are content to take the mere form of nature, dissect it, anatomize it, and then bury it beneath the sand of their hypothesis. Thus, indeed, "the dead bury their dead," while all the strange, mysterious, inner powers of nature, which the philosophers of the middle ages, as Psellus, Albertus Magnus, Trithemius, Cardanus, Theophrastus, &c., did so much to elucidate, are at once flippantly and ignorantly placed in the category of "superstitions," "absurdities," and "artful deceptions.'"

We may believe after this that, in M. Meinhold's apprehension, not only the power of inspiring dreams which he attributes to Sidonia, but all her manikins, familiars, toad-shadows, three-legged hares, philtres, ominous 'prayers,' broomsticks laid across, &c. &c., come under his category of things neither physiologically nor psychologically impossible, however strangely these hard long words of modern science fit in with our old homely notions of witchcraft.

In another place he expresses his sympathy, upon occasion of a long peroration by the Magister Joel on sympathy and attraction, with the old cabalistic philosophy in the following strain:—

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'Almost with the last words of this sketch, the second part of Kosmos, by Alexander von Humboldt, came to my hand. Evidently the great author (who so well deserves immortality for his contributions to science) views the world also as a whole; and wherever, in ancient or modern times, even a glimpse of this doctrine can be found, he quotes it and brings it to light. But yet in a most incomprehensible manner he has passed over those very systems in which above all others this idea finds ample room; namely, the new Platonism of the ancients (the Theurgist Philosophy) and the later cabalistic, alchymical, mystic philosophy (white magic); from which systems the deductions of Magister Joel are borrowed. But, above all, we must name *Plotinus* as the father of the new Platonists, to whom nature is throughout one vast unity, one divine totality, one power united with one life. In later times, we find that Albertus Magnus, Cornelius Agrippa, and Theophrastus Paracelsus held the same view. The latter uses the word "attraction" in the sense of sympathy. And the systems of these philosophers, which are in many places full of profound truths, are based upon this idea.'

It would seem as if no theory could ever be fairly exploded, no names ever lose their *prestige*, when we find these masters of the magic wand brought down from their shadowy elevation in the regions of wonder and romance, to form the stay and groundwork of modern systems of philosophy in our own enlightened and practical age. But 'the thing that hath been it is that which shall be.'

To conclude; we have been so much struck with the resemblance to Sidonia in a recent work of fiction that we can hardly suppose it to be purely accidental. No one, we think, can follow our sorceress throughout her career without being constantly reminded of 'Vanity Fair.' M. Meinhold has supernaturalized Becky. We imagine these two heroines to possess the same style of beauty in youth; both, for example, have yellow hair, and the same expression is attributed to the lips and eyes of each. In their actions and adventures, too, there is throughout a common resemblance. Both injure to the utmost of their power the kind maidens who grant them their friendship and protection; both revenge themselves on innocent children with most unfeminine blows. After the success and triumph of each, there ensues a season of degradation,—Sidonia with her robbers, and Becky at the gaming table with the German students,—from which each is rescued by the friendship they requite so ill; and the last glimpse of Becky, as we see her looking behind the curtain plotting the destruction of her hapless dupe, Josh Sedley, answers to the climax of wicked power with which the sorceress in her old age was invested. The end in each case is, we confess, different. The Cheltenham Charitable Bazaar is no counterpart of the rack and headsman's axe. But the genius of the two authors leads to this variation. M. Meinhold has a simple child-like delight in revenging himself on his evil characters; he hates them, and seeks the sympathy of

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his readers in their downfal and destruction. Mr. Thackery has a certain regard for his Becky, as well as scorn for received modes of thought. He sees that in the course of this world the wicked are sometimes allowed to prosper, and he has no such thirst for poetical justice, as merely for the sake of a moral to make his heroine its victim. Or may we suppose that his motive lies deeper? That in establishing his heroine in outward comfort and respectability, his design is to show not only his disbelief in that common poetical justice, but that in reality and truth it is not half severe enough for such a fiend as Becky? Does he intend us to feel that the real Ate for her lies in her own conscience, and that she must actually suffer more, keeping her old mind and desires, by going to Church, respectably and systematically, Sunday after Sunday, with a servant carrying her Prayer-book behind her, than if she had been sent to Norfolk Island? There is something to support this view in the fact that she is actually represented as suffering more when forced into a dull and melancholy decency of demeanour, than at any other period of her career. But this may be attributing higher and deeper aims than the work as a whole warrants. For the rest, the palm must be granted to our countryman, who, investing his heroine with no supernatural powers, and influencing her by none but human motives, has succeeded in making her ten times more hateful, because more real and possible, than her more showy rival, for our detestation.

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ART. V.—1. *Proposals for the better Application of Cathedral Institutions to their intended uses; in a Letter to the Very Rev. the Dean of Salisbury. By the* RIGHT HON. SIDNEY HERBERT. 1849. (Not Published.)

2. *Cathedral Trusts and their Fulfilment. By the* REV. ROBERT WHISTON, M.A., *Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Head-Master of the Cathedral Grammar School, Rochester.* London: J. Ollivier. 1849.

3. *The British Mayazine,* No. CCXIV., *September,* 1849. London: Petheram.

4. *A few Words on Cathedral Music and the Musical System of the Church, with a Plan of Reform. By* SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY, *Mus. Doc.* London: Rivingtons. 1849.

5. *The Memorial and Case of the Clerici-Laici, or Lay-Clerks of Canterbury Cathedral. With an Introduction and Annotations. By* CHARLES SANDYS, F.S.A. London: J. R. Smith. 1848.

6. *Five Speeches on Ecclesiastical Affairs, delivered by* EDWARD HORSMAN, ESQ., M.P., *in the House of Commons in* 1847 *and* 1848. London: Seeleys. 1849.

7. *A Plan of Church Extension and Reform, submitted to the Rt. Hon. Lord John Russell, by a Deputation, in March,* 1848. *With Remarks. By* J. C. COLQUHOUN, ESQ. 2d Edition. London: Seeleys. 1849.

WERE the alternative proposed to us, that the Cathedral Corporations should continue to exist as they are and have been, or be at once and for ever abolished, we confess we should have some difficulty in deciding what choice to make; and we know of Churchmen both sensible and sound, who would not hesitate for a moment to choose the latter part of the alternative. Nor would they be without very strong reasons for a decision so painful.

First, then, let any person who has been conversant with the names and family connexions of the Bishops of our various Sees during the last thirty years, cast his eye over the present occupants of the prebendal stalls of the several cathedrals, and he will find strong grounds for suspicion, that respect has been had to claims of family and consanguinity rather than of merit in the disposal of Episcopal patronage. It is as far as possible from our wish to descend to personalities in these or the following remarks; but truth compels us to repeat this unquestionable

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fact, and to inquire whether it can be pretended that the nepotism of which we complain, can be justified on the ground of superior attainments or of eminent services to the Church, in the case of the favoured individuals.

Or again, to look to the decanal stalls, and to such canonries or prebends as are in the appointment of the Crown; must it not be confessed that such patronage is too often disposed of as the reward of political services, or at the best of mere secular learning, or of success in some branch of science, rather than in acknowledgment of remarkable piety or of devotion to spiritual duties or theological pursuits? We exempt no political party from the general censure implied in this charge; while we gladly acknowledge, that in particular cases, higher motives appear to have operated with the official leaders of all parties.

To mention another abuse. Let the names of the residentiary Canons or Prebendaries, incumbents of cathedral preferment, particularly of such as owe their elevation to episcopal relatives, be referred to in the Clergy List, and it will appear that the great majority of them are also possessed of other Church preferment of considerable amount, and amply sufficient for the maintenance of a family in such circumstances as are consistent with the clerical character. The consequences of this system of pluralities is obvious at once. The time and energies, where they exist, are divided between the parish and the cathedral, to the detriment of both; for the brief term of *residence*, taken from the parish, is insufficient to confer any important benefit on the cathedral city, even where the disposition exists, which unhappily it rarely does; and the mere compulsory attendance at the statutable number of services, and the delivery of the stated sermons, is of very questionable benefit to a community with whose religious circumstances and spiritual needs the stranger is necessarily unacquainted. The case is very fairly put by Mr. Sidney Herbert, who takes the most favourable type of a Residentiary.

'Half the inutility of our present chapters arises from . . . non-residence. Zealous and active parish priests, promoted to a canonry, come up to their residences only too anxious to devote their three months' leisure to some good work or another, and find all their offers rejected. . . . . At the end of three months' residence, they must withdraw from whatever they have undertaken. By the time they have learned their business, they must give it up; by the time some one else has forgotten his, he must recommence it.

'Their assistance, not being permanent or continuous, is valueless; and, with every disposition to work, the members of the chapter are forced into a state of unsettled idleness. They saunter about their cathedral closes, a spectacle which delights the eyes of every enemy of the Church, and affords a point and an epigram for every attack on her discipline. Their cure of souls, in the meanwhile, where they *have* duties, and important ones, is left to a curate, equally unsettled from the shortness of his residence.'—P. 36.

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Thus then, the plea chiefly insisted upon, some few years ago, and urged with great eloquence against the suppression of canonries, has not had the smallest justification in fact. It was represented that the cathedrals afforded a learned leisure to eminent divines, for literary pursuits most necessary for the defence of the faith, and of singular service to the Church: whereas the cathedral clergy, while they are not, for the most part, qualified by natural endowments or literary acquirements to subserve the cause of religious truth, are mostly resident at their cathedral town, for only a small portion of the year, during the remainder of which they are occupied with other duties, inconsistent with the learned leisure which that residence was pretended to secure; and the late so-called reforms, so far from remedying the abuses of non-residence or plurality, have legalised and done their best to perpetuate them.

If from the cathedral staff we proceed to examine the condition of cathedral cities, our sense of the benefit hitherto conferred upon the Church by these imposing institutions will certainly not be enhanced. It is proverbial that Dissent is nowhere more rife than in many of our cathedral cities, the Church nowhere in worse repute, nowhere in a lower and more debased condition. The statistics of Canterbury and Lincoln collected by Mr. Horsman, (pp. 60, 61, 67,) are, it is to be feared, only a sample of other cathedral cities; and the manifest preponderance of Dissent, particularly in Lincoln, is a significant fact surely, intimating that the salt has lost its savour, since it fails to season the ground most subject to its influence; suggesting, perhaps, a fear that the cathedral may after all be an evil leaven, exercising a baleful, rather than a beneficial influence, since the lump is so manifestly leavened.

And indeed, to come to the saddest truth of all, a nearer inspection of the Cathedral, the Close and its occupants, will too often serve but to confirm the fear and to awaken fresh suspicions. How often at the first entrance into some of those glorious fabrics, whose majestic spire, viewed from a distance, spoke a 'Sursum corda,' which thrilled through the whole man, or whose massive tower, rich in architectural decoration, symbolises the stability, beauty, and majestic dignity of 'the Church of the living God'—how often is the pleasing delusion at once dispelled, and Mammon stands revealed—Mammon visible and obtrusively prominent in the restless eye and twitching fingers and grasping hand of the verger; Mammon in the squalid wretchedness of the sacred furniture; Mammon in the perfunctory performance of the hireling Choir, careless and irreverent in gesture, tone, and dress, because uninstructed and underpaid; in no way attached to the Church, its doctrine

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or ritual, except by a paltry mercantile consideration, but rather repulsed from it by a sense of their wrongs, and by the undisguised meanness of its dignified Ecclesiastics. And is Mammon the only idol? Is the Close barred against the world? Have 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life' no place there? Are pomp and vanity, and luxury, and such like, carefully excluded from the sacred precincts? Is the hospitality which the statutes enjoin exercised according to the intention of the statutes and as becomes spiritual persons, or is it not rather made a pretext for an indulgent style of living? We greatly fear that the character and conduct of the cathedral clergy in general has not been such as to increase respect for the clerical office, or to exhibit even an average standard of strictness to those with whom they are brought in contact.

All these things considered, and added to all, the scandal of large ecclesiastical bodies, so powerful, yet so utterly inefficient for good; so amply endowed, yet producing so little fruit; so worldly rich, and yet so spiritually poor,—we repeat that we are not surprised at people beginning to think they had better cease to be than continue what they are or have been, —mere means of personal or family aggrandisement, or lucrative distinctions in return for secular services to the state, or rather to political factions; and most heartily can we sympathise with the language of one of our admirable Colonial prelates, (who has deeply studied the theory of cathedral institutions, and whose righteous indignation at their manifold corruptions must be in proportion to his understanding of their immense capabilities for good,) when he said—'It is to be hoped that the title of a "Dignitary" of the Church will never be heard in New Zealand.'

Indeed it is only by contrasting what our cathedrals are with what they *might be*, that we shall at all adequately comprehend the depth of the decay in which they are sunk; and we are sincerely obliged to Mr. Sidney Herbert for recalling the attention of the Church to the excellent pamphlet of Bishop Selwyn, published twelve years ago, in which he illustrated from the statutes of Ely Cathedral what were the uses which our cathedral institutions were designed to serve, and what provision was made by their respective founders for carrying out their designs. It is a subject of sincere gratification to all true-hearted Churchmen that, while that laborious and apostolic Bishop is exhibiting in his own person, at the antipodes, a pattern of the Episcopal office which may well provoke to emulation all of his own order, at home and abroad, and while in his heart-stirring Charge to the clergy of his own remote diocese

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he is instructing the Christian priesthood throughout the world in the nature and duties of their sacred office—he has left on record for the 'Dignitaries' of the Church at home, with whom he has now no more to do, a remembrancer of their solemn responsibility, a record which at the period of its publication attracted perhaps less notice than it deserved, but the genuine piety and practical reality of which has commended it to the attention of Mr. Sidney Herbert, and led him to reproduce it in another form, and to propose its suggestions as an ideal for Cathedral Reform.

Now it is because we are persuaded that nothing but a thorough and radical reform can save the cathedral institutions to the Church, and make them really serviceable, that we speak plainly of their present condition, and of the manifold abuses of their actual administration. It is a most mistaken policy that leads some sincere friends of the Church to palliate or ignore the blemishes and defects of our ecclesiastical system; and it is certain that the age will not be satisfied with such excuses as are apt to quiet some not over-scrupulous consciences; for the age is not tolerant of sinecures;—the age does not approve of pluralities;—the age cannot comprehend the distribution of cathedral revenues on a scale so disproportioned to the services performed by the various orders of the cathedral Clergy. And it is certain, that unless some speedy measures be taken to render these bodies really effective, the work of spoliation and suppression will be completed, and the revenues wholly absorbed by the all-devouring Church Commissioners. 'The Chapters 'cannot be maintained in a state so anomalous and so dis-'creditable,' says Mr. S. Herbert (p. 16); and again, 'The 'Church must decide whether or not her Cathedrals and Chap-'ters are worth retaining. If they are to be retained, they must 'be made defensible, that is, efficient.' (Pp. 43, 44.) Already the note of preparation for a fresh onslaught has been sounded; and new schemes of Cathedral Reform, as crude and ill-considered as the old one, have been proposed and entertained.[1] Meanwhile, 'the dignitaries' themselves, secure in the persuasion that 'vested rights will be respected,' and reckless of all consequences that do not affect their personal interests, look down with characteristic self-complacency, such as prosperity is almost sure to engender, upon the tide of popular dissatisfaction which is chafing around them, and think the world vastly unreasonable not to appreciate, and ungrateful not to acknowledge their eminent services, so very beneficial to—themselves.

To enter at all fully into these designs for the renovation of

[1] We may mention the plan of Mr. Colquhoun and his friends as a notable specimen, utterly subversive of every notion of a cathedral.

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our Cathedral Institutions, would be to transfer to our pages almost all that Bishop Selwyn has written on the subject, or to repeat the proposals of Mr. Sidney Herbert, in his Letter to the Dean of Salisbury. But this is beyond our province, and the necessity for it is in some measure superseded by the pamphlets referred to. We shall confine our remarks, therefore, to some points in which the cathedral authorities appear to have been most wanting in their duty, several of which are brought prominently forward in the publications noticed at the head of this article.

But, before we proceed to this, we have to offer a few remarks on a subject which appears to have been either entirely overlooked, or much misunderstood by those who have lately called public attention to the state of the cathedrals. The celebration of matins and vespers daily throughout the year, though too often interrupted on some frivolous pretext, or by the desecration of the sacred building to secular and profane purposes, is yet sufficiently regular to keep up the remembrance of the intercessory office of these institutions. And a great comfort it is to a devout mind to know that, notwithstanding the almost universal suspension of the daily offices in our parish churches during the past century, they have never been wholly abandoned nor suffered to become obsolete in any one diocese; for if, indeed,

> 'An hour without prayer, from some terrestrial mind,
> Were a curse in the calendar of time, a spot of the blackness of darkness,'

there is comfort in the thought that our cathedrals have done something to avert that curse, and that there has been no day 'unwhitened' by public prayer amid all the apathy and indifference of the last century. No doubt the Divine Service has too often degenerated into a mere form, an irreverent mockery of sacred things, and the feelings of the dignified functionary 'in residence' have been nearer akin to those of Doeg 'detained before the Lord' in Nob, than to the devout aspirations and longing desires of the Holy Psalmist. No doubt, amid

> 'The sounds of other years,
> Thoughts full of prayer and solemn harmonies'

of those 'blest abodes,' the question would sometimes suggest itself—'But where is now the kneeling multitude?' Yet the promise continually pleaded in the Prayer of S. Chrysostom, assured the worshipper that he was not alone on holy ground, opened his eyes to see 'the solemn dead which lie around,' and the courts 'crowned with spiritual hosts about,'—opened his ears to the voice which whispered—

> 'Be still, and lowly bend,
> While two or three remain, thy Lord is here,
> And where His presence is, His hosts attend.'

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Not that we have any sympathy with Mr. Horsman, who seems to take special delight in showing how very few are in the habit of availing themselves of the privilege of daily prayer offered to the inhabitants of cathedral cities, and thinks he has gained a triumph when he has demonstrated 'that in Canterbury Cathedral, as in other places, the attendance at service of the officials is very nearly equal to that of the persons attending as members of the congregation.' It is no doubt a reflection on the inhabitants of Canterbury, that they are so insensible to the great blessing that lies at their doors; and his synthetical table, exhibiting 'the proportion of week-day attendance to population and officials' (p. 59), may involve in the same condemnation other cathedral cities; but we must add infidelity to the most miserably low utilitarianism before we can argue from this fact, that the daily service is of little value. But the idea of public worship as an objective act, rather than a subjective duty, designed for the glory of God even more than for the edification of man, an imitation and rivalry on earth of the ceaseless harmonies of heaven, is a view not apparently dreamt of in the philosophy of Mr. Horsman and his school; a view, however, which must be revived before we can hope for any general restoration of the daily services.

A much more serious consideration than the scanty attendance at the cathedral offices, is the very inadequate and defective manner in which those offices are there performed.

It is a lamentable fact, that although the weekly celebration of the Holy Eucharist in all cathedrals is strictly enjoined by the Rubric, Westminster Abbey is the only exception to the universal disregard of this pious practice; the only cathedral church—if indeed it can be called so—where the Liturgy is performed in its integrity, and the highest and most distinctive act of Christian worship celebrated at least once a week. But to speak now of the mutilated services that are retained.

One argument constantly adduced for the preservation of the cathedral bodies in their integrity when threatened with reduction in 1840, was the importance of maintaining the public worship of God in becoming dignity, as a model to the diocese; and such was doubtless one design of these institutions. But those who have been in the habit of frequenting the daily offices in our cathedral churches, will have discovered that this plea, like so many others, has been, in effect, a sham; that decency, and propriety, and reverence, are the very last things thought of within their walls; that the cathedral is too often the very last church in the diocese to which one would look for a pure pattern of ritual observance. The disgraceful conduct of the members of the various Choirs, men and boys, unchecked by

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their official superiors, has become proverbial; and the public journals of the last few months would furnish distinct allegations against nearly half the cathedrals in the kingdom for the slovenly manner in which the service is performed, and the reckless disregard that is shown, by their very highest authorities, for the sanctity of the building, the efficiency of the ministering priests, or the common decencies of the Divine worship. Lincoln, Bristol, and Ripon, have gained a bad pre-eminence in the late discussions; but we are by no means sure that others have not deserved the same notoriety. It cannot be denied that an efficient Choir, orderly behaviour, and becoming reverence, are the exception, and not the rule.

What we mean by an efficient Choir we will explain in the words of Dr. Wesley, who has exposed the present miserable state of Church Music, and suggested reforms which he will endeavour, we apprehend, to carry out in Winchester Cathedral, in which he has been recently appointed organist.

'The least number of men which can constitute a Cathedral Choir capable of performing the service is twelve, because each Choir must have *three* for the solo, or verse parts, and an extra *three* (one to a part) to form the chorus, six on a side, that is.'—P. 7.

This is no individual opinion of Dr. Wesley; the same statement of the *minimum* of voices required for the proper performance of the Choral Service was published about ten years since in a Memorial of the principal Organists in England, and is obvious to any one moderately acquainted with music. But, as Dr. Wesley proceeds, 'So far from this, the least amount of neces-'sary strength, being what is found in anything like constant 'attendance at our cathedrals generally, there is *not one* where 'such is the case: not one which has the requisite number of 'singers in daily attendance.' Six or eight is the rule; even York has no more than six; Durham has ten; Canterbury, Westminster, and Windsor alone number twelve; so that there are but three Choirs in the kingdom which possess the least number of voices requisite for the due celebration of the service. Doubtless, if the Minor Canons are considered as constituting part of the choir, the apparent strength of the cathedral Choirs would be much augmented; but we have been painfully reminded of late, that the mere knowledge of music is not considered an indispensable qualification for that office; and it is to be feared that too many priest-vicars would consider it a degradation to bear part in the services with the lay-clerks; nor, indeed, is their attendance generally required except during their week of duty.

But in order to understand the extreme inefficiency of the cathedral Choirs, it is necessary to take into account sundry abatements that must be made from their numbers as they

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appear on paper. Thus, at Canterbury the organist is reckoned as one of the twelve lay-clerks. In nearly all Cathedrals some members of the Choirs are superannuated, and ought to be pensioned off. In many cases, again, the abuse of plurality is permitted, to the weakening of all the Choirs to which the pluralist-clerks belong—as we have known persons holding appointments at Westminster Abbey and the Chapel Royal, or S. Paul's, sometimes uniting to these S. George's Windsor, and Eton College! and having dispensation from their duties in each, three weeks in the month!

The fact is, these officials are, in most instances, so miserably underpaid that they are obliged to eke out their subsistence by such expedients; and it would be cruel in their superiors to prohibit it until they make a more adequate provision for their maintenance, as justice requires them to do. Forty pounds per annum—the average salary of the lay-clerks in our cathedrals—though considered a sufficient remuneration for attendance at 730 services, at such hours as must necessarily interfere with any other regular employment, cannot maintain them and their families. It is really difficult to write with becoming temper and moderation on the parsimonious provision made in the wealthiest of our cathedrals for the maintenance of the public worship. We have often heard great satisfaction expressed with the performance of the service in the magnificent Choir of Canterbury Cathedral; and it was a consolation to know that the sacred offices were celebrated with somewhat of dignity in the Metropolitical Church. It was, then, with a feeling of indignation that we learnt from the 'Memorial of the Lay-Clerks' that their very efficient services there are valued by the Chapter at an annual stipend of 40*l.*; while the poor choristers receive the paltry pittance of 2*l.* a quarter,—and that in a cathedral where the dividends of the non-resident pluralist Canons amount to upwards of a thousand a-year! Can such a service be acceptable to Him who hates robbery for burnt-offering?

But nothing is more lamentable in connexion with this subject than the utter disregard shown for the spiritual interests of these servants of the Church by those whose duty it is to watch over them. As for any especial Pastoral supervision, that is, of course, quite out of the question. It is not even expected that they should be communicants. But what we here complain of is, that the amount of professional duty required of them, in many cases precludes the possibility of their performing their duty with anything of devotional feeling. The Divine Worship is made a mere drudgery. It must be so when, as at York, the lay-clerks are obliged to hold the appointment of parish clerk besides, in order to procure a living, (for their salary is only 5*l.*

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a-year more than at Canterbury); or at Oxford, where their engagements scarcely allow them time to hurry from the cathedral to the college-chapel, or from one chapel to another; or at Cambridge, where five Sunday services are exacted of them. Under these circumstances it were vain to expect of them anything like a reasonable service, or a devotional spirit; they must learn to regard the sacred offices as a mere form—a solemn mockery of religion.

And yet, after all, it is a question whether this accumulation of sacred services is not more consistent with their clerical character than those secular employments, to which they are sometimes driven in order to secure themselves and their families from starvation. Thus, in the Choir at Chichester, (where the salaries of the seven lay-clerks range from 50*l.* to 20*l.* per annum,) we find two jobbing tailors, two journeyman carpenters, and the town-crier! at Canterbury, a carpenter, a shoemaker, and 'fiddlers at places of public amusement of the lowest description.' The only Choirs which allow anything like a competent maintenance to the lay-clerks are, Ely 80*l.*, Westminster 100*l.*, Durham, 114*l.*, Lichfield about 120*l.*, and S. Paul's 200*l.*

The Ecclesiastical Commissioners, while reducing the number of Minor Canons in many cathedrals, have done something to ameliorate the condition of those that remain, for they have raised the salaries to 150*l.* per annum, and given them a claim to the cathedral preferment; and it is well—if at least they can prevent 'the dignitaries' from evading the new regulations, which they are well disposed to do;—but it were much to be desired that they should also take into consideration the circumstances of the lay-clerks. For whatever suspicion we may feel of the powers vested in that irresponsible body, whatever jealousy of state-interference with the appropriation of ecclesiastical property, our sense of the injustice of the present mode of distribution, and our despair of seeing any effectual remedy applied by Chapters themselves, forces us to invoke their interference. The suggestion of the lay-clerks of Canterbury, in their Memorial to Lord John Russell, is hardly likely to be acted upon: we do not know that it ought to be. They there set forth as follows:—

'That, although the revenues of the Cathedral Church of Canterbury have prodigiously increased since its foundation by king Henry VIII., your Memorialists do not expect or desire that the insufficiency of their stipends should be supplied from the revenues of the Dean and Chapter; but your Memorialists humbly pray that the revenues of the Prebendal Stalls already suppressed, and of those hereafter to be suppressed in this Cathedral Church, may, in the first instance, be applied to the due maintenance, support, and remuneration of the "Clerici Laici" of this the Metropolitical Church of England.'—*The Memorial, &c.* p. 31.

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It were much more equitable, as well as more reasonable, at Canterbury and elsewhere, to make the augmentation from the general fund of the cathedrals, to the diminution of the dividend of all the canonries without distinction, and not of those only whose revenues are paid over to the Commissioners; for such would have been the effect if the salaries had been increased, as they should have been, by the Deans and Chapters years ago. And if the cathedral reformers in 1840 had been in the slightest degree qualified for their task, they would surely have provided first for the proper maintenance of that part of the cathedral body which they designed to spare, instead of perpetuating, and in some cases increasing the scandalous abuses that already existed, and rendering the efficient performance of the cathedral service a practical impossibility. But nothing, perhaps, can demonstrate their incapacity more clearly than the obstinate pertinacity with which they reduced the cathedral staff to their Procrustean standard, without the slightest reference to the efficient performance of the duties required of the several members. This is well put by Dr. Wesley:—

'Whether music be performed in the church, concert-room, theatre, or elsewhere, the requisite details of action are all one; and as they ever existed, so will they remain. A fact, which renders inexplicable the recent proceedings of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who certainly did not purpose what their acts were sure to bring about, namely, the extinction, or at least the farther deterioration of cathedral worship. By the musical system of the Church, the daily services are dependent on the Clergy, the Minor Canons being now, as in early times when choirs were first formed, as well as when subsequently reformed, responsible for a share of the musical duty; constituting, in fact, *the* choir; for without their attendance (the whole of them) at *every* service, the number prescribed is not made up.

'The Church Commissioners reduced the number of Minor Canons to six, or four, in all cases; and seem to have contemplated their abstaining from all participation in the choral duties, and this without substituting the requisite lay singers in their stead, or making any provision whatever for the due performance of the choral worship.'—P. 8.

The remark of Mr. Sidney Herbert, with respect to the Canonries, applies with equal force, at least, to the Minor Canonries:—

'The Act of 1840 was drawn by persons who either ignored the fact of there being special duties to be performed by the Cathedral bodies, or who were quite insensible to their value and importance if performed. They found these bodies in an inert state, and their duties in abeyance. They should either have insisted on the duty being performed, or they should have abolished the office. They did neither; they accepted the non-performance of the duties, recognised and established the neglect, and merely reduced the numbers.'—P. 16.

And it is a curious and significant fact, that among all the weak arguments urged in sundry Memorials against that reduction, the only really valid objection was not so much as once stated,

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viz. that the Choirs, which before were accidentally inefficient 'by lapse and neglect,' would thus be made 'necessarily inefficient by law.'

Thus much must here suffice on this large and most important subject, for we have yet to notice that department of their duty in which the Capitular bodies have been, perhaps, most culpably negligent: we mean, the education of the middle and lower orders.

It is not too much to say, that had the Cathedrals been mindful of their duty in this respect, and careful to discharge it, the whole aspect, not only of education, but of religion in this country, might have been different from what it is. The Church, instead of being engaged in interminable disputes with the Committee of Education, might have had the education of the entire community under her control; instead of being opposed, and in some places actually outnumbered by sectarians, and coldly regarded by her own ill-instructed and disaffected members, she might have commanded the willing allegiance of a loyal and intelligent nation. For the Cathedral city might have been, and ought to have been, the centre of education for every Diocese, provided with an efficient staff of teachers, training masters and mistresses for the Parochial Schools. The Choristers' School should have been made the nucleus of a really efficient Grammar School; offering a free education to the choristers, and the advantages of better instruction, on more economical terms than could elsewhere be met with, to the children not only of the poor, but of the tradesman, mechanics, and farmers. So far, however, is this from being the ordinary practice, that we know not a single instance in which such an attempt has been made, while we do know several instances where no provision whatever is made by the Cathedral authorities for the education even of the choristers: those at York receiving instruction in the National School, as is also the case at Chichester, Peterborough, and elsewhere. Sometimes, however, one of the lay-clerks is appointed schoolmaster, as an expedient for increasing his stipend, without proper regard being had to his qualifications for advancing the moral and intellectual improvement of the children. In some Cathedrals the boys of the Choir are not even instructed in music, but sing only by ear; in very few do they receive even an elementary training in the theory and science of music, but merely such practical teaching as will enable them to scramble through the routine chants and anthems. And here we must take occasion to express our entire dissent from a dictum of Dr. Wesley, which we are sure is neither philosophical nor religious: 'The organist, if a man of 'eminence in his art,' he says, 'should hardly be teased with the

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'tuition of the singing-boys. The rudiments of an art may be 'better taught by those from whom nothing is expected in the 'higher branches.' This general proposition is falsified by universal experience; and the particular application of it is utterly unworthy of a professional organist, and augurs ill for the future of the Winchester Choir; for an organist, however eminent, who can be 'teased' with such duties, must have a very inadequate conception of the sacred nature both of his own office, and of the Services in which the Choir is engaged. Besides, does he really think that the boys at Westminster, Norwich, and Durham, for example, could have attained their exquisite perfection and finish of taste and tone, from less able tuition than they have received from their respective organists, whose constant assiduous attention to their duties merits the gratitude of all lovers of Cathedral music; or would he himself rest satisfied with anything short of that perfection? But he seems, while differing from 'the dignitaries' in many points, to agree with them in their estimate of the poor choristers, who, as being the weakest and most defenceless, have consequently been the most oppressed of the Cathedral officials; receiving the most miserably inadequate remuneration for their services until their voices break, and then turned adrift on the wide world, often without any provision for their future life.

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of mentioning a contrast to the indifferent treatment of Choirs which we have had hitherto to record. Magdalen College, Oxford, has always made considerable provision for the children ministering in its chapel. Their School, which dates from the foundation, supplies them a thoroughly good classical education, under the superintendence of a Demy in Priests' orders, assisted by one of the Chaplains. A stipend, gradually augmented, almost covers the expenses of their maintenance in boarding-houses licensed by the President; while the salaries of ten out of the sixteen choristers are increased by Exhibitions. Bible clerkships of 60*l.* a-year, apprentice premiums of 20*l.*, and other Exhibitions in the College, varying in amount, are provided for the superannuated boys; many of whom are thus enabled to pass through the University, and to become useful to the Church even in its highest offices; and thirteen pupils of the School are now matriculated members of the foundation. Within the current year, however, a much more satisfactory arrangement has been made, at a considerable sacrifice on the part of the College. A commodious house, contiguous to the College, has been purchased, in which it is proposed that the boys should be boarded and lodged under the immediate supervision of their master; and the foundation of some exhibitions has since been announced.

In most of the Cathedrals—in all of the new foundation—

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the Grammar School is ever contemplated as a most important, and indeed essential element of the establishment; and a provision was made in their statutes for the maintenance of foundation-scholars, independent of, and in addition to, the boys of the Choir. Thus, Canterbury is bound to maintain 'two teachers of the boys in grammar, one of whom 'is to be the head-master, the other second master, and fifty 'boys to be instructed in grammar,' (Whiston, p. 3;) Worcester was to maintain forty boys, (p. 7;) Durham eighteen, (p. 4;) Ely twenty-four, (p. 12;) Rochester twenty; and other Cathedrals a proportionate number, with a Head-Master and Usher in every case, besides the Master of the Choristers. And some idea may be formed of the character of the instruction to be given at the School, and of the qualifications required in the Master, from the fact, that his statutable stipend was in most cases nearly equal to that of the Canons. If, then, these trusts had been faithfully administered, and the educational department properly developed, we might now have seen flourishing Diocesan Schools in connexion with all our Cathedrals, diffusing their blessings far and wide among the towns and villages subject to the See. For how often are there found in our Parochial Schools boys of great promise, and capable apparently of any amount of intellectual development—boys who, under proper training, might attain the highest eminence in natural or moral science, and become ornaments of the Bar or the Bench: the antecedents of some of the greatest men of the day have proved—

> '. . . . quid mens rite, quid indoles
> Nutrita faustis sub penetralibus
> Posset.'

And if the human intellect be indeed one of the noblest creations of God, it ought to be cultivated and developed to its full maturity wherever it is found—in a cottage equally as in a palace—for the glory of God, and for the good of mankind. But what opportunity does the Church now afford to the children of the poor for the acquirement of that *doctrina* which is necessary to promote and discipline the *insita vis*, which God has implanted in the human soul without respect of person or station? The parish Priest may have discovered under the rude exterior of a low-born peasant-boy qualities which, if properly turned to account, might have produced—not a Hampden or a Cromwell, as the poet suggests—but something much more exalted—a philosopher or a saint:—

> 'But Knowledge to his eyes her ample page,
> Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
> Chill penury repress'd his noble rage,
> And froze the genial current of the soul.'

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An University education was far beyond his reach, so his talents ran to waste, and his intellect was stinted in its growth: whereas, if the Cathedral bodies had maintained their schools in full efficiency, with their full complement of foundation-boys, having the gratuitous 'sustentation,' as well as the instruction provided by the statutes, there would have been no difficulty in procuring for him such an education as might have prepared him to fulfil the destiny which his natural endowments marked out for him.

In considering the capabilities of the Cathedral Grammar Schools for the purposes of Diocesan education, it ought not to be forgotten that our three most ancient and renowned public schools, Winchester, Eton and Westminster, owe their origin and stability to their respective foundations, which are in all essential points precisely what the Cathedral Grammar Schools were designed to be; only that the former now educate a higher class of boys than we would wish to see in the latter.

Again, according to the original scheme, the Cathedrals were to maintain at the Universities a certain number of students who had received their education in the Grammar School; and although it would appear that in some cases they were for a time released from this charge in consideration of surrender to the crown of certain manors, or in consequence of the insufficiency of their endowments (Whiston, pp, 7, 8), yet the obligation was subsequently reimposed (pp. 65—67).

But this requirement of their statutes is almost universally disregarded, and where it is fulfilled in form it is rendered nugatory in fact; for as no proportionate increase has been made in the Exhibitions to meet the decrease in the value of money, the sums paid are merely nominal; wholly inadequate to bear even the College charges. And, indeed, when we consider the present state of discipline in the Universities, and the opposition that has been offered to the introduction of a class of poor scholars, it is plain that while few *élèves* of the Cathedral Grammar Schools could afford an University education, they would derive but little moral benefit from it; and we have no wish to cultivate the intellect merely. What we desiderate then, is, Cathedral Colleges on an economical plan, in which the training commenced in the Grammar School should be carried on by competent masters. It would be the greatest boon possible to the Church and nation generally.

The Divinity Lecturer and Theological Students form part of the Cathedral staff in the Ely statutes and others; there is the shadow of a shade, called 'Divinity Lecturer' in the 'College of Minor Canons' of S. Paul's; the tradition of a School of Theology still clings to the Chapter Library

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at Salisbury; and these facts point to another most important function which the Cathedrals have long ceased to fulfil. It is known that Diocesan Colleges have been established within the last few years at Wells and Chichester. But the Principals of these Colleges, though scholars of great eminence, and occupying perhaps the most important office in the Diocese next to the Bishop, are in no way connected with the Cathedral establishment, as they unquestionably ought to be. And the students are wholly at their own charges, except that a few Exhibitions have been founded by private liberality. There is not at Chichester, and we believe not at Wells, any semblance of a College—the Principal lecturing in his own hired house, and the students lodging and boarding in the town. We are not aware that the respective Chapters contribute to the maintenance of these Colleges anything but the use of the stalls in the Choir, which the students are allowed to occupy!

The Theological College should be a College indeed, forming part of the Cathedral establishment, and in some measure supported by the Dean and Chapter, so as to place its advantages within the reach of men of very moderate income. It should be, too, the centre of a system of more general instruction; offering, in fact, the benefits of an University education at a far cheaper rate, together with a more religious rule and a more paternal discipline than the heads of the Universities think desirable. Bishop Hatfield's Hall, at Durham, is an example of the kind of Colleges that are required, and of the scale of expense that should be established in them. The necessity for such Colleges is demonstrated by the formation of such institutions as Queen's College, Birmingham; while the 'People's College,' at Norwich, consisting already of between 200 and 300 students, furnishes, we should imagine, a fair type of the education that empirics will substitute for that which the Cathedrals might, but will not, provide. There are some excellent remarks on this subject in Mr. Sidney Herbert's Letter, (pp. 25, 26,) for which we regret we cannot find room.

But when we turn from the consideration of what the Cathedral institutions might be, to inquire what they are, we feel infected with something of the spirit that breathes in every page of Mr. Whiston's pamphlet; and if we could desire that he had kept his feelings more under control, and endeavour ourselves to do so while reviewing his pages, it is not because we think that indignation directed against such flagrant wrong is other than virtuous, but because we fear lest its expression should wear the semblance of temper and personality, of private pique or mere violence, and so defeat its own object.

Mr. Whiston has attempted to establish by a careful analysis

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of Henry VIII.'s Scheme of the Foundations of the new Cathedrals—

'1st. That the Deans and Prebendaries of the new Cathedrals had originally their yearly stipends, or their "wages in bare money," fixed, limited, and determined, as strictly and closely as any other members of their respective foundations.

'2dly. That the original revenues of these Cathedrals were exhausted, or intended so to be, by the statutable charges, stipends and apportionments for which the founders made them liable.

'And, 3dly, That their statutes contain no provision, expressed or implied, that the Deans and Prebendaries should exclusively take a surplus, which, indeed, could hardly have arisen, had all the statutable stipends been from time to time augmented, so as to meet the changes in the value of money.'

And then by a comparison of the statutable stipends with those now actually paid, and with the divisible surplus shared by the Deans and Chapters, he has arrived at conclusions so startling that we are almost afraid to repeat them. It appears that so far from any equitable augmentation of the salaries having been made, in proportion to the statutable allowances, in order to meet the changes of the times, the redistribution has been made according to an arbitrary rule of the governing body, whereby the officials and inferior members of the Cathedral corporation have been most unjust losers; for that 'the dignitaries receive in 1849 *inordinately* more than they 'did in 1549, while other objects of the same bounty receive '(in consequence of such inordinate augmentation) considerably 'less,' (p. 35;) 'more' and 'less,' that is, in proportion to the decrease in the value of money in the course of the three centuries. It is only by an examination of his comparative table that the extent of this flagrant injustice can be at all adequately understood; but we may quote as samples the instances of Canterbury and Rochester. First for Canterbury:—

'The scheme for the endowment . . . and the . . . table . . . show that the founder or donor of the Church's lands intended them so to be disposed of, that a Minor Canon should have one quarter of the prebendal income. Instead of this relation being maintained, the Prebendaries take 900*l.* or 1000*l.*, and the Minor Canons, 80*l.* each. So again, the Lay-clerks were to receive 8*l.* a year each, while the Prebendaries had 40*l.*, or only five times as much. Now a Lay-clerk receives 40*l.* and the Prebendary 900*l.*, or more than twenty-two times as much. So the Organist had 10*l.* formerly, now he has 115*l*, with certain extras.

'Again, the ten Choristers had 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* each, or 33*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* altogether; they now receive 76*l.* 8*s.*, or about 7*l.* 13*s.* each on an average; while the five youngest have only 6*l.* a year, or 10*s.* a month, and they forfeit their first half-year's salary to the organist; a hard thing for poor boys, whose very helplessness should have been a shield against all unkindness and wrong. The result is, that the prebendal stipend, which was formerly only twelve times the Chorister's allowance, is now about one hundred and sixteen times as much. So the Schoolmaster . . . formerly received one half of their

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stipend, *i.e.* 20*l.*; at any rate, the donor intended him to have half as much: but the Prebendaries, forgetting Whitgift, and the donor's intentions, only give him about one-ninth of their own receipts. So the Second Master once had one-fourth of the prebendal income; now he gets 60*l.*, or less than one-fifteenth of it. But the poor Scholars, from whose places such men as Harvey and Lords Thurlow and Tenterden have sprung, fare the worst of all. Their yearly allowance was fixed at 4*l.* by the same royal donor who fixed the prebendal income at 40*l.*; in other words, the Prebendaries were to have only ten times as much as the poor boys. . . . the boys only get 1*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* each; so that instead of ten times, the Prebendaries have taken (in 1831) more than 710 times as much.'—Pp. 38, 39.

An explanation of this reduction in the nominal allowance of the Grammar-boys, is offered by a correspondent of the British Magazine of last month, and it is right that the Dean and Chapter should have the benefit of it, for the case, even in its fairest aspect, is so bad that no one should desire to exaggerate the statements or aggravate the scandal. The statutes given by Henry VIII. to Canterbury Cathedral, when confirmed by Charles I. underwent some alteration, and these are now in force at Canterbury, in which is an 'essential variation' from the earlier statutes in regard to stipends,[1] and the 1*l.* 8*s.* 4*d.* now paid to the Grammar-boys is 'in fact the sum named in the later statutes.'[2] So that the Prebendaries, being entitled to twenty-eight times the scholars' stipend, have taken 710 times as much. We really cannot see that Mr. Whiston's case is much damaged, or the case of the Dean and Chapter much improved, by the explanation of Presbyter.

Next of Rochester:—

'The Prebendaries at Rochester have had *their* stipend augmented from 20*l.* to more than 680*l.*, and may and do hold more than one valuable living, with the privilege of bestowing others upon relations, connexions and friends. The stipend of a Minor Canon is raised from 10*l.* to 30*l.*; but he cannot hold more than one living, which, in fact, partly pays for Cathedral services. The Prebendaries of Rochester attend the Cathedral once a day, and occasionally twice, during their residence of two months, and preach ten or twelve sermons; "the Minor Canons," says the Bishop of London,[3] "do the greater part of the duty in all Cathedrals." Again, the stipends of the choristers are raised at Rochester from 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* to 9*l.*, 10*l.*, and 14*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; and those of the singing-men from 6*l.* 11*s.* 10*d.* to 50*l.*, for which they do duty twice a day during the whole year. . . . . Lastly, I will speak of the grammar-boys. One way or other, every existing member of the foundation obtains an augmentation of his stipend. But boys can be found to receive gratuitous instruction in classics and mathematics, and other branches of learning, with 13*s.* 4*d.* a quarter for pocket money, and so nothing more is paid.'—Pp. 36, 47.

These, we repeat, are but samples of the principle, or rather of the want of principle, that guides the re-distribution of the Cathedral revenues, and secures the lion's portion to the Pre-

[1] Brit. Mag. pp. 280, 281. [2] Brit. Mag. p. 292.
[3] Mirror of Parliament, July 24, 1820.

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bendaries. Talk indeed of the spoliation of Cathedral property, and the diversion of their revenues from the purposes of the donors, and their application to objects never contemplated by the founders;—talk 'of taking from one what is his, and giving it to another whose it is not,' (as it runs in the Memorial of the Dean and Chapter of Rochester;) why, in so doing, the Commissioners are but following at a humble distance the example set them by the Chapters themselves; of whom Mr. Whiston most reasonably asks, 'Can they themselves wonder if their own language should be turned against them?' (p. 35.) This indeed he has done with most damaging effect; and their 'solemn adjurations,' (p. 37,) their earnest professions of regard for the 'solemnity of oaths,' and for the intentions of the founders, as declared in their statutes, (p. 35,) read strangely in connexion with the facts which Mr. Whiston's pages reveal; and we feel that such language might well excite the honest indignation of the plain-spoken Bishop of London, and provoke him to declare publicly in Parliament, 'that very many of such Cathedral statutes are notoriously disregarded.'

But again, it has been pleaded in behalf of the Chapters, that the statutable salaries were not intended to exhaust the revenues, as Mr. Whiston maintains, but that the system of fines and dividends has prevailed from the earliest times, and been sanctioned by the highest authority; and a passage is adduced from Strype, in which mention is made of 'dividends of certain fines then taken for leases, passed by the Dean and Prebendaries' of Canterbury, and allowed by Archbishop Parker, when appealed to in his visitorial capacity.[1]

We confess that, with our present knowledge of the subject, we should require further evidence than that furnished by this isolated passage, to convince us that the present system can boast such venerable authority. In the parallel case of the College revenues, we know that the system of dividends is comparatively recent, and not more equitable than in the Cathedrals. The most obvious method of reconciling the Archbishop's decision in 1570 with his Injunctions of 1573, is to suppose that, having inadvertently countenanced an abuse by tacitly consenting to the system of fines and dividends in 1570, he had informed himself more fully on the subject in 1573, when he declared that system to be contrary, not only to the commodity of the Church, but also to the mind and intention of the Statutes. That the statutable stipend was the main source of emolument is clear, from the careful and systematic calculations of yearly expenditure furnished to King Henry VIII. by his

[1] Brit. Mag. p. 287.

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commissioners, and concluding with the recommendation to his Majesty to assign to each particular Cathedral of the new foundation, such a yearly revenue as would cover the 'summe totall of all the charges,' increased by the 'tenthes' and 'fyrste fruites.' (Whiston, pp. 10—13, and the Scheme throughout, as edited by Mr. Cole.)

Indeed, it is admitted by the advocate himself, that, for some years, the amount of fines taken by the new refounded Cathedrals was probably small;[1] and what we maintain is, that as their revenues increased, the whole body should have shared the advantage, by an equitable distribution of the surplus, in the proportion of the statutable stipends—particularly when those stipends became inadequate through the value of money perpetually decreasing. For this is a case in which adherence to the letter of a statute is so manifest a departure from the spirit, that the more strictly the letter is observed the greater is the violation. If it would be unjust and unreasonable to limit the Canon's stipend (at Ely, for example,) to 40*l.* per annum, on the ground of the statute, it is equally unjust and unreasonable to limit the Head-Master's stipend to 16*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*, the Choristers' to 4*l.*, and the Grammar-boys' to 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*; for these sums as little represent the real value of the statutable allowance as in the case of the Canon's exhibition.

But although we think it cannot be denied that a distinct case of malversation has been made out against the Cathedral authorities, it were very unreasonable to hold the present generation alone responsible. This abuse, like so many others, has been the growth of ages, and has been insensibly increasing until it has reached its present portentous dimensions; and they who are now perpetuating them were probably for a long time ignorant of their existence. Nor ought it to be expected that those who have grown old in a system will be the first to see or the foremost to acknowledge its corruptions, particularly where a strong conservative feeling is further confirmed by considerations of self-interest. The summary expulsion of Mr. Whiston from the office which he had filled with so much credit to himself and so much advantage to the School, was precisely such an act as might have been expected from the Dean and Chapter of Rochester, in the first ebullition of their indignation at his uncompromising exposure of the abuses of a system to which they are pledged, and which they, for the time, administer. It was equally natural that they should wish their act undone; but it is something to their credit, that they had the moral courage to rescind their own act, and reinstate him in his office. These are not the times when grave charges, such as those advanced

[1] Brit. Mag. p. 289.

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by Mr. Whiston, are to be silenced by an act of arbitrary power, least of all by an ecclesiastical body. These charges must be fairly met, with the conviction that the answers will be thoroughly sifted, and every ingenious subterfuge swept clean away. Investigation may be called for in a tone that sounds harsh and uncourteous to polite ears, but it cannot be smothered. Neither let them suppose that such a reply as that addressed to their visitor by the Chapter-clerk will satisfy any but themselves and their own order.

When abuses have been detected and dragged to light, they may be dealt with in one of three ways, by those who are implicated in them. They may be reformed, or excused, or ignored. The first course is the one most likely to give general satisfaction; the second is that most commonly adopted, and where the excuse is valid it must be admitted as a justification; but the third, and worst line, is that followed by the Chapter of Rochester, which is sure to satisfy no one. They assume the tone of injured innocence; the imputation of 'selfish and sordid purposes' is particularly distressing to them—avarice and selfishness are most alien to their nature; the misdemeanours and abuses with which they are charged have no substantive existence, but are 'invidiously alleged;' and it is 'with some surprise as well as pain' that they have found their School selected as a ground of charge against them.

But, in truth, we can hardly believe that their defence was satisfactory to themselves. They are forced to admit that some questions concerning the more equitable distribution of the Cathedral revenues are 'worthy of consideration;' and they must expect that the public generally will feel that they imperatively demand consideration, and ought to have been considered long ago. The public will not endure to be told that the question—'whether they would do well, or not, to increase the Exhibitions with reference to the altered value of money'—is one 'into which it is not necessary to enter;' for, in fact, the very point at issue is, whether they are not bound in equity to do so. It is childish to suppose that because the complainant 'advocated changes upon principles which they would not admit, or in a tone which they considered unbecoming,' they were at liberty to disregard his remonstrances. If a grievance, affecting the interest of the Grammar School and its foundation-boys did exist, the Head-Master was the proper person to remonstrate and endeavour to obtain redress; and if the principle of the changes advocated by him was wrong, that was no sufficient reason for perpetuating the abuses; if the Chapter objected to the remedy proposed, they were bound to apply one of their own.

But, it seems, they have raised the salaries of the Masters of

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the Grammar-School, 'in a ratio exceeding that of the supposed increase [decrease] in the value of money,'—acknowledging thereby the principle for which Mr. Whiston contends. Why, then, have they not applied the same rule to the Grammar-boys and Exhibitioners in the University? It may be true that 'altogether the Dean and Chapter at present devote to the support and advantage of their School above 400*l.* a-year;' but this sum does not nearly represent the value of the various stipends and allowances fixed by the statutes three centuries ago; and the augmentation of the expense of the Grammar School bears no proportion at all to the augmentation of the Canons' income. The fact of their having expended upon the fabric of the Cathedral sums 'amounting to more than 28,000*l.* within the last twenty-eight years,' is no justification of the wrong done to the boys, unless it could be shown that all the members of the Cathedral body have been taxed in the same proportion; which cannot be pretended while the Canons annually receive, as we have seen, 680*l.* 19*s.* in lieu of 20*l.* Besides which, this annual expenditure on the Cathedral does not more than equal the sum assigned for that purpose in the calculations of the commissioners of Henry VIII.—(Whiston, p. 12.)

One word more before we dismiss Mr. Essell's Letter. It appears that some few years ago, 'the number of their foundation scholars gradually diminished, until at length there was no school at all.' This is admitted by the Chapter-clerk: but then 'it was not from their default, but from the superior popularity of schools in the vicinity;' as though it were no fault of theirs that other schools were more popular. The tables were soon turned when they appointed an efficient master, although the statutable maintenance which might have prevented the former catastrophe was still withheld from the scholars.

All the world knows that law and equity are not convertible terms, and something more is expected from religious men, and spiritual dignitaries, than the letter of the law can exact. Mr. Whiston is but the exponent of a general or almost universal feeling of dissatisfaction, arising from the conviction that the Cathedral bodies are not doing what they might and ought to do for the Church. Even their best friends, their very champions, admit it, and speak despondingly of any prospect of amendment from within. Thus Presbyter writes,—'Not that I, for one, 'would resign the hope'—(the case then is all but desperate)—'that if only the ancient foundations be left to us uninjured, 'they may yet in their latter days, amidst the awakening zeal 'for objects such as their founders had at heart, be enabled, 'through God's mercy, to realize more fully than they have yet 'done, all that those founders contemplated.'

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'It were a consummation devoutly to be wished,'—but we confess that past experience forbids us to cherish any sanguine hope of seeing it fulfilled. Indeed, we question both the practicability and desirableness of assigning direct educational functions to the Prebendaries, as is proposed by Mr. Sidney Herbert. It were simply mischievous to compel them to undertake duties for which they are in no way qualified, and with which they feel no sympathy. But if the *vis inertiæ* is still to reside in them, they should be compelled by law to delegate to competent persons the active and useful works of their institutions. Unquestionably, the preferable plan would be to appoint to the Residentiary Stalls men who would devote themselves to the service of the Church in those works which the Cathedrals ought to perform: and perhaps the only really effectual plan of Cathedral reform would be, to convert them into Colleges of unmarried Priests—as Queen Elizabeth desired to make them—with definite duties, and such limited salaries as would prevent them from being regarded as objects of ambition, except for the work's sake. But the value of the *patronage*, it is to be feared, would present a serious obstacle to this proposal; and the 'Mammonish view' of Church preferment as prizes in a lottery, so strenuously defended by Sidney Smith in his 'Cathedral Letters,' will perpetuate the existing abuses, so that the normal state of Cathedral bodies will continue as it is described by that same witty and profane writer, and was remarkably illustrated in his own person. 'We ought to have a 'steady confidence that the men of real merit will always bear a 'small proportion to the whole number, and that in proportion 'as the whole number is lessened, the number of men of merit 'provided for will be lessened also.' Thus far the anticipation has been fully verified; and amid all political and social changes the Chapters retain their old features, almost entirely unaltered; and these men of Laish continue to dwell careless, quiet, and secure, in a land which is large and very good—a place where there is no want of anything that is in the earth.

The conduct of the Rochester Chapter towards Mr. Whiston, and that of the Chapter of Bristol towards their Visitor, are among the latest specimens of the spirit in which any suggestions for reform are met by these dignified Ecclesiastics. To the former we have already referred; a few words will suffice for the latter. The agitation occasioned at Bristol by the appointment of a Minor Canon incapable of intoning the service, is fresh in the memory of all; and most persons would suppose that the visitorial decision of the Bishop had settled the question for ever. But the Bishop did not cancel the appointment of the incompetent official; he only required that for the

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future all Minor Canons should be properly qualified. Since this decision was promulgated, another vacancy has occurred; the office has been kept open for more than half a year, during which period its duties have been assigned to the incompetent functionary! The Dean and Chapter, we now learn, threatened with another memorial to the Bishop, earnestly entreating him again to interpose his visitorial authority, have made a virtue of necessity, and shelved their unfortunate favourite; but they must not suppose that their mean evasion of the Bishop's injunction, will be readily forgotten by a justly indignant public.

But it is a lamentable fact, that the warning of 1840 seems to have been wholly lost upon the Cathedrals. The increased activity of the Parochial Clergy, which affords such manifest proof of more vigorous and healthy vitality in the Church, and gives such hopeful promise for the future, has not extended to the dignified ecclesiastics, unless their increased care for the restoration and decoration of their cathedrals may be taken as an indication to the contrary. Let them have all the credit they deserve for this; it is a good work, and highly commendable. But to show so much regard for the material fabric, while the spiritual house is allowed to lie desolate, is a just subject of reproach; and that it is which has provoked the indignation of religious men. Let them look to the living stones of their foundations; to their Choral company, their Minor Canons, their Lay-clerks, their Choristers; to their educational body, the Masters, the Scholars, the Exhibitioners, the Theological Students. Let them apply their large resources to develope all parts of their system, with the largeness of heart becoming works in which the glory of God and the good of men are so closely concerned and so intimately blended. Let them regard Cathedral property as a sacred trust, to be administered for God and His Church, and not to be squandered on themselves and their families. Let them propose to themselves as a pattern that most exemplary member of their order who has been chiefly instrumental in bringing Westminster under the influence of the Church, and in introducing a Christian leaven into that mass of heathenism, —the infection of whose liberality has spread far and wide. Let them imitate the active and enlightened zeal of a Canon of Salisbury, alluded to by Mr. Herbert, whose abundant labours are a blessing, not to the city only, but to the whole Diocese. Let the overflowing charities of the Capitular body well forth abundantly to the remotest corners of the diocese, to regenerate the wastes, and to reclaim a people alienated from the Church, her ordinances, and her priesthood, by long neglect, and the established abuses of plurality and non-residence, with their long train of evils, for which the Cathedral Clergy are chiefly respon-

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sible. This let them do, and they will deserve the title of 'repairers of the breach, restorers of paths to dwell in,'—their names will live in the hearts of the good, and after generations shall call them blessed. But let them persist in their present course of selfishness, and their carnal security will one early day be disturbed, by a shaking such as they little anticipate, and are little prepared for. The frequent cheers that greet every exaggerated instance of Cathedral abuse quoted by such orators as Mr. Horsman (who has had the singularly bad taste to embody those noisy ebullitions of feeling in his own report of his speeches) —those cheers afford an unmistakeable evidence of the prevailing feeling in Parliament with reference to Cathedral institutions. They would look in vain to many of the Church's best sons to resist that feeling; and the noblest monuments of Christian piety and munificence that the world has ever seen would fall, upon some accounts, unpitied, and their ruin would be regarded as a signal instance of Divine retribution.

P.S. While these pages are passing through the press, it has been publicly announced that 'the Ecclesiastical Commissioners 'are about to make an inquiry into the present condition of all 'Cathedral Schools throughout the kingdom.' Mr. Whiston's pamphlet, then, has done some of its work; and our gratification at this announcement would be unlimited, could we feel satisfied that the Commissioners would prosecute this necessary inquiry with the intelligent and honest desire to restore those Schools to what they were designed to be. Unhappily, past experience does not justify any such expectations. The earlier acts of the Commissioners have, in some instances, presented an apparently insurmountable obstacle to the resuscitation of the Schools, by the alienation of the funds required for their support. This is the case at Westminster and S. Paul's.[1] The Chapters have lately manifested a more lively interest in the boys of these Choirs. They have provided them with efficient Masters, and have shown an earnest desire to rescue them from the demoralizing effects of the old system, under which they were hired out by the organists to public or private concerts of secular or sacred music, as the case might be, paraded in hand-bills, flattered by applause, and corrupted by such dissipation as is inseparable from scenes of worldly amusement. It is only by placing the boys under the constant superintendence of the Master, that they can be religiously trained: but the confiscation of their revenues prevents

[1] In our last number, pp. 255—257, we gave an outline of improvements that have taken place in this School through the self-devotion of one of the Minor Canons, Mr. Coward, whose conduct is deserving of the highest commendation.

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the Chapters from making any permanent provision for their maintenance, however much they may desire it. Something however has been done; and we sincerely hope that any future plan of Cathedral Reform will make it incumbent on Chapters to maintain, as well as educate, their choristers, and will also provide them the means of doing it. Thus might we hope that our Cathedral Choirs would again become so many nurseries of the divine art of music, sending forth, as in former times, a succession of eminent composers. Already we are happy to hear that the children of the Chapel Royal are thoroughly grounded in the grammar, and instructed in the science of music, besides being otherwise well taught and cared for. Is it because the Chapel Royal is exempt from the jurisdiction of the Commissioners, that it is able to take the lead in improvement?

One other hopeful symptom of the revival of Choral music, just announced, must be mentioned in conclusion. The Chapter of Hereford have just advertised for five Clergymen to fill the vacancies now existing in the College of Vicars Choral of that Cathedral. Each candidate must be well versed in Ecclesiastical Music, able to intone the Liturgy, and to sing the Services and Anthems. He must attend service regularly, must not hold any benefice or cure, nor engage in any occasional duties. And the Chapter consider it would be highly desirable that the common table and collegiate mode of life should be revived. This is a move in the right direction, and leads us to hope that the restoration of Hereford Cathedral may be accompanied by the restoration of the Choral Service to its full dignity and integrity.

The Memorial of the underwritten, respectfully addressed to the Very Reverend the Dean, and the Reverend the Chapters of the Cathedral and Collegiate Churches of England and Wales,

SHOWETH,

That your memorialists view with regret the imperfect manner in which the service is at present performed in our Cathedral Churches.

That the choirs are inadequate to the due and solemn performance of Cathedral music; and that such improvements as the Chapters may be pleased to make in their respective Choirs will be hailed by your memorialists with gratitude.

That they would respectfully offer the following suggestions to the consideration of the Chapters:—

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1. That for the proper performance of Cathedral music, four voices at least are required to a part, viz. four altos, four tenors, and four basses, with an appropriate number of boys.

2. That it would be desirable to have a practising-room established, in which the Choir might meet once a week, to rehearse the music for the following Sunday, and thus the sacredness of the church be more religiously regarded.

3. That the Organist, as master of the boys, should more completely direct their musical education—as, indeed, according to the spirit of the several statutes, he is bound to do; by which means they would be kept in an efficient state, and be taught not only to sing at church, but also to play upon instruments, and be well grounded in the theory of music. It is, however, self-evident that discharge of the duties which would fall upon us were this memorial fully carried out, would involve the abandonment of that large portion of our professional employment which is utterly unconnected with our proper duties as Cathedral Organists. These engagements are at present absolutely necessary for the decent support of ourselves and families. We would gladly devote a larger portion of our time to our Cathedral duties, and can only hope that, if more is required of us than when we were first appointed to our situations, we shall not be suffered to lose thereby.

Your memorialists trust that this statement of their views and wishes will be received in the same spirit in which it is submitted to your consideration. They hope they shall not seem to be stepping out of their proper sphere, if, in conclusion, they revert to the great benefit which would result to the cause of religion throughout the land, from the more decent and solemn performance of the daily service in every Cathedral; which could not fail, among other effects, to produce a deeper feeling of the beauty of church music, and increased congregations on week-days.

And your Memorialists, &c.

J. Amott, Organist of the Cathedral, Gloucester.
R. A. Atkins, Organist of the Cathedral, St. Asaph.
J. Barrett, Organist of the Cathedral, St. David's.
G. Bates, Organist of the Cathedral, Ripon.
J. Bennett, Organist of the Cathedral, Chichester.
Z. Buck, Organist of the Cathedral, Norwich.
A. T. Corfe, Organist of the Cathedral, Salisbury.
J. D. Corfe, Organist of the Cathedral, Bristol.
G. J. Elvey, Mus. Doc., Organist of St. George's, Windsor.
F. Gunton, Organist of the Collegiate Church, Southwell.
J. J. Harris, Organist of the Collegiate Church, Manchester.
Thomas Haylett, Organist of Chester Cathedral, formerly of the Choirs, Cambridge.
J. Hunt, Organist of the Cathedral, Hereford.
R. Janes, Organist of the Cathedral, Ely.
J. Mitchell, Organist of Eton College.
W. Perkins, Organist of the Cathedral, Wells.
J. Pring, Mus. Doc., Organist of Bangor Cathedral, late Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral.
J. B. Sale, Organist to Her Majesty of the Choirs of the Chapels Royal, and Westminster Abbey.
G. Skelton, Organist of the Cathedral, Lincoln.
G. Smart, Knight, Organist and Composer to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal.
J. Speechley, Organist of the Cathedral, Peterborough.
W. Sudlow, Organist of the Collegiate Church, Manchester.
J. Turle, Organist of Westminster Abbey.

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RECOMMENDATION OF THE MUSICAL PROFESSION.

We, the undersigned, Members of the Musical Profession, would view with great satisfaction the adoption of any measure similar to that recommended in the annexed memorial. We feel confident that any step which the Deans and Chapters may be pleased to take for the restoration of our noble Cathedral Service to its proper dignity and magnificence, would raise the musical taste of the people at large, and enable each Organist to devote himself wholly and solely (as it is desirable he should be able to do) to the duties of his church, to the general superintendence of the Choir, and to the composition and arrangement of the Cathedral music.

Anderson, G. W., Director of Her Majesty's Private Band.
Barnett, Robert, Royal Academy of Music.
Bellamy, Thomas Ludford.
Bennett, Wm. Sterndale, Professor of Music, Royal Academy.
Benson, George, Armagh Cathedral.
Bishop, H. R., Mus. Bac., Oxon.
Blackburn, J., Organist of Clapham Church, formerly Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral.
Calkin, Joseph, Conductor of Her Majesty's State Band.
Cherry, Richard, Organist of St. Mark's, Armagh.
Cramer, François.
Cramer, William.
Cooke, T. London.
Elliott, James, Organist of Curzon Chapel, Mayfair.
Hackett, Chas. D., Organist of the Parish Church, Rotherham.
Harris, George F., Organist of St. Lawrence, Jewry, Guildhall, and St. Mary Magdalene, Milk-street, London.
Hawes, William, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and the Chapel Royal.
Horsley, William, Mus. Bac., Oxon.
Knyvett, Charles.
Loder, J. D., Director and Leader of the Philharmonic Society.
Lucas, Charles, Professor of Music, Royal Academy.
Morgan, J., Organist of Christ Church, Cheltenham.
Moxley, A. J. S., Organist of Covent Garden Church, formerly Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral.
Oliphant, Thomas.
Potter, C., Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, London.
Severn, J. H., Organist of the German Lutheran Church, Trinity-lane, City of London.
Smith, G. Townsend, Organist of St. Margaret's, Lynn, Norfolk.
Sturgess, Edward, Organist of the Foundling Hospital, late Chorister of St. Paul's Cathedral.
Spencer, Charles Child, London.
Taylor, Edward, Gresham Professor of Music.
Walmisley, Thomas Attwood, B.A., Trinity College, and Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge.
Westrop, Henry, London.

RECOMMENDATION BY THE CLERGY.

We, the undersigned, Clergymen of the Church of England, would view with heartfelt satisfaction the adoption of any measure similar to that recommended in the annexed memorial. We feel confident that any steps which the Deans and Chapters may be pleased to take for the restoration of our noble Cathedral Service to its proper dignity and magnificence, would gain for them the affections of the people at large, would advance in no

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small degree the cause of religion throughout the land, and would promote the glory of Almighty God, by fully carrying out the intentions of the founders of our Cathedrals; whose main object, it is evident, was to secure the due and solemn performance of Divine service in every Cathedral daily for ever.

[To this Document are appended the names of 115 beneficed Clergymen.]

Dr. Wesley's independent witness to the value of the above suggestions, is contained in the following extract from the Plan which he proposes for remedying the evils which he deplores:—

'The number of lay Choir-men in daily attendance should never be less than *twelve*, this being the *least* number by which the choral service can be properly performed.

'To ensure the constant attendance of *twelve* it would be necessary to retain at least three *additional* voices (one of each kind) to meet the frequent deficiencies arising from illness or other unavoidable causes. The stipend of the former might be £85 per annum; of the latter £52.

'These lay singers should be required to give the degree of attention to *rehearsals* and every other musical duty exacted of all such persons at ordinary performances of music, and, like others, they should be subject to an early removal in cases of wilful inattention.

'Should it not be deemed desirable for them to occupy themselves in trade, or other pursuits, (and that it is *not* desirable cannot be a question, their Cathedral duty, if properly followed, being the work of a life,) the salaries should be higher, and not less than from £100 to £150 per annum.

'The election to the office of lay Choir-men should rest with the organists or musical conductors of three Cathedrals; namely, the one in which the vacancy occurs, and the two nearest to it; the Dean and Chapter of the former exercising their judgment as to the religious fitness of the candidate.'

The following Table, exhibiting the actual condition of many of the Choirs, will show how much is required to raise them to the lowest standard of efficiency:—

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CATHEDRALS AND COLLEGES.	LAY CLERKS.			CHORISTERS.			
	No.	Salary.	Observations.	No.	Education.	Maintenance in the Choir.	Provision on leaving.
Bristol	6	31*l.* 10*s.* increased in time to 41*l.* 10*s.*	Chiefly Musical Prof. Only 3 attend daily	8	Middle School	6 at 4*l.* per ann.; 2 nothing..	10*l.*
Chichester	7	4 at 50*l.*; 1 at 40*l.*; 1 at 30*l.*; 1 at 20*l.*	2 Tailors, 1 Carpenter, Town Crier, Schoolmaster.	8	6 at National School. 2 at Grammar School	2 at 12*l.*; 2 at 8*l.*; 2 at 6*l.*; 2 at 4*l.* per annum	Generally 10*l.*
Canterbury	12	40*l.*	Carpenter, Shoemaker, Fiddlers, & Professors of Music.	10	Allowed 2*l.* per annum for Education	8*l.* per annum	None.
Chester	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Carlisle	8	40*l.*; 30*l.*; 25*l.*; 20*l.*	Artizans	6	Cathedral Grammar School..	2 at 7*l.* 7*s.*; 4 at 6*l.* 6*s.*	None.
Cambridge—King's College	8	45*l.*	Artizans and Teachers of Music; six sing at other Chapels	16	Master's salary 40*l.* School in College	Dinner in College daily, and about 3*l.* 10*s.* per annum	About 28*l.*
S. John's College	8	15*l.*	Choral Service only twice a week	10	Commercial School in the Town: for 4*l.* per ann. each	—	—
Trinity College	8	35*l.*	Choral Service only on Festivals, & Eves during Term.				
Cashel	5	92*l.* 6*s.* 2*d.*; 2 at 80*l.*; 70*l.*; 60*l.*	Teachers of Music	4	Classical. Provided by the Chapter	Boarded and lodged for 16*l.* per annum	—
Durham	10	114*l.* 12*s.*	All but one of Musical Prof.	10	Schoolmaster provided by Chapter. One of the Lay Clerks	21*l.* above 13 years of age; 11*l.* under ,, and 2 suits of clothes	20*l.*
Ely	8	80*l.*, of which 23*l.* 8*s.* from Chapter	Artizans	8	Grammar School	4*l.* per ann. with additions to the senior boys	20*l.*
Exeter	12	8 at 74*l.* 10*s.*; 4 at 38*l.* 8*s.*	Clerks and Artizans, or Musical Profession	10	Commercial	10*l.* per ann. & suit of clothes	None.
Eton	11	From 25*l.* to 30*l.*	Choral Serv. only on Sunday & Saints' days in afternoon. Mus. Prof. The same Choir as S. George's, Windsor	10	10*l.* towards their Education at Windsor	Commons only	*See* Windsor.
Gloucester	6	35*l.* to 40*l.*	Tradesmen & Musical Prof.	10	Cathedral Grammar School..	9*l.* per annum	None.
Hereford	8	150*l.*	Vicars Choral, with livings for all. (A distinct foundation)	8	Classical, at the Cathedral School	6*l.* 5*s.* per ann. and clothes	10*l.*
Lichfield	6	120*l.* average.	—	12	Lay Vicar	—	—
Lincoln	6	60*l.*	Teachers of Music and Artisans	10	A Master for English Education	5*l.* per annum; 4 seniors boarded in Master's house..	15*l.*

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London—S. Paul's	6	200*l.* from separate estates	Musical Profession; 3 sing at the Chapel Royal	12	Classical, under a Minor Canon	4 seniors .....15*l.* per ann. 4 juniors .....12*l.* ,, 4 probationers 5*l.* 4*s.* ,, and a penny per day.	30*l.*
Chapel Royal	16	About 60*l.*	Choral Serv. twice on Sund., once on Saints' days. Only 8 attend on ordinary occasions. 7 sing at Westminster; 3 at S. Paul's	10	Educated in Grammar and Music	Board & lodging, and some clothing	40*l.*
Oxford—Christ Church	8	25*l.* average	Artizans and Shopmen. Attendance required six times a week. They sing at other Colleges	8	Classical School in Christ Church	Dinner daily, except Sunday, and about 5*l.* in money	Sometimes Servitorships: otherwise none.
S. John's College	6	15*l.*	[Only Evening Prayers during Term.]	10	None provided	About 7*l.* 10*s.* or 8*l.* per ann.	None.
Magdalen College	8	—	Yeomen Bedels, Library Keeper, Artizans	16	Classical, in the Coll. School	About 30*l.* a year, with 8 Exhibitions of 5*l.* 12*s.*, 1 of 5*l.*, 1 of 30*l.*	Bible-clerkships 60*l.* Apprentice prems. 20*l.*; and other Exhibitions.
New College	3	About 35*l.* per ann.	Bible Clerks. There are besides 10 Chaplains	16	Schoolmaster provided by College. Salary 160*l.* per ann.	Boarded and lodged for 320*l.* per annum	Unknown.
Peterborough	6	40*l.*	Artizans	8	2 Charity and 6 National Schools	2 seniors 7*l.* per annum. 2 next 5*l.* ,, 4 ,, 4*l.* ,,	None.
Rochester	6	50*l.*	2 Lawyer's Clerks, 2 Musical Profession	12	Commercial, by a Lay Clerk, for 20*l.* a year	2 seniors .....14*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* 2 next .....10*l.* 4 juniors ..... 9*l.* 4 probationers... 5*l.*	5*l.*
Southwell	4	50*l.*	Artizans	6	Lowest kind of Schools	2 seniors 5*l.* per annum. 4 juniors 3*l.* 15*s.* ,,	5*l.*
Salisbury	6	50*l.* and house	Artizans	8	Grammar Master and Clergyman	Boarded with the Master, and partly clothed	35*l.*
Westminster	12	About 100*l.*	Organists & Public Singers. Several serve at the Chapel Royal	16	Schoolmaster founded by Chapter. Commercial Education	4 seniors 13*l.* 13*s.* per ann. 4 next 9*l.* 2*s.* ,, 4 ,, 8*l.* ,, 4 probationers.	If senior boy 10*l.*
Windsor	11	28*l.* per ann., 3*s.* daily for attendance, and a house	Sing also at Eton	10	A Day Clerk, with salary of 20*l.*	6 seniors 18*s.* a month. 4 juniors 10*s.* ,,	25*l.*
Worcester	—	41*l.* 10*s.*	—	—	—	8*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*	—
York	6	45*l.*	Mechanics, mostly. Also Parish Clerks	10	National School	—	None.

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ART. VI.—1. *Alfieri, Raccolta di Musica Sacra.* Vols. I.—V. *Opera di Palestrina.* Roma: 1841.

2. *Alfieri, Considerazioni sul Ristabilmento del Canto e della Musica Ecclesiastica.* Roma: 1843.

3. *Discorso per l'Inaugurazione del Busto di Gio. Pierluigi da Palestrina.* Milano: 1845.

4. *Collection des Pièces de Musique Religieuse, qui s'exécutent tous les Ans à Rome, durant la Semaine Sainte, dans la Chapelle du Souverain Pontife. Par* M. ALEXANDRE CHORON.

THERE are few in the present day, especially among those gifted with musical knowledge or taste, who have not heard the name of Palestrina; few, perhaps, who are not in some degree familiar with his works. But while we doubt whether even the musical world are fully aware of the vast debt they owe him for the wondrous reformation which, single-handed, he effected in their science, we are not without hope that to the general reader, also, the details of his chequered life may not be unacceptable; that, as an instructive biography, it may at least repay the trouble of a short notice.

The age of Palestrina was that wherein the human mind achieved its first decided step in the march of modern civilization, that which witnessed the outburst of the great reform movement throughout Europe. And we must premise that, among the abuses then so universally prevalent, the state of music was by no means the least. Not to mention the strange effect which must have been produced by the compositions of masters, who enveloped themselves in a maze of theoretical difficulties, while they avowedly and on principle scorned to consult the ear—an effect which one of the cardinals of the day honestly compared to the noise of a sack of young swine—the themes themselves of the sacred compositions were not unfrequently of the most objectionable character. What else can we say of a mass composed upon the subject, and bearing the title of, *L'Homme armé*, or, as we should phrase it in our own vernacular, 'The British Grenadier?' The most loyal admirer of 'the glorious land we live in,' would hardly choose this for the subject of an anthem. Or, again, what else can be said of the fact, that not loyal only, but loose and dissolute songs were employed for the same purpose; and that, too, with such audacity, as not to discard even the words, which, whether gross or amorous, were sung in the very chapel of the Pope, along with those of prayer and adoration?

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Such was the state of things, when, in the summer or autumn of the year 1524, the infant Giovanni Pierluigi, the subject of our memoir, first saw light in the ancient town of Præneste or Palestrina.

His parents were of humble condition, deriving their chief support from the sale of the produce of their little garden in the Roman market. We have no record left of his early years; but all that we know of his after life leads us to the conclusion, that he was trained from the first in habits of simple unpretending piety. If it were not too fanciful, we should be inclined to argue, from the name he received at his baptism—the name Pier (or Peter) inserted between the other two of Giovanni and Luigi—that his parents were persons of religious feelings and habits. It would seem to indicate, that in the home of his childhood was reverently cherished the ancient tradition, that on the hill of Præneste S. Peter first preached in Italy the tidings of the Gospel. And this supposition is rendered more probable, by their early dedication of their son to the Church, in the capacity of a chorister. No doubt he had given, while yet a child, undeniable tokens of the genius which afterwards displayed itself; yet we are loth to suppose, with some editors of his works, that the motives which influenced such a decision were merely mercenary; that the parents of the young Pierluigi were prevailed upon to place him within the walls of the sanctuary, by a side glance at the princely fortunes that were being realized by many of the musical professors of Italy. If such *were* the case, never did man imbibe less of the spirit of his parents. We shall have occasion to see him hereafter, clinging to the Church with all the love of a devoted servant and son, at a time when such an attachment might have seemed but to impede his rising fortunes; we shall see him, even when in the zenith of his fame, and at the head of the most renowned musical school in Italy, devoting still his chief energies and the chief portion of his time to the service of the Church, while he appeared but occasionally to direct in person the studies of his disciples. Why should we not, in the absence of all proof to the contrary, and with much indirect evidence to confirm our view, suppose him to be one of those young Samuels, such as we wish our choir-boys ever to be, dedicated to the Church from the first in a spirit of devotion and reverence, and perfecting for himself what was thus begun for him by others?

Another circumstance which may have tended to form the character of the young Palestrina was this; that his studies as a youth were pursued under the direction of one who played a conspicuous part in the religious movement of the day. Sent

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to Rome at the age of sixteen, he was placed under the tuition (as Baini, his biographer, has fully proved from documents,) of Claude Goudimel, a Burgundian, whom we afterwards find associated with Clement Marot and Beza, in the arrangement and setting of the psalmody of the Reformers, and who finally suffered for his faith at Lyons, in the massacre of S. Bartholomew. Of a master like this, with so strong a religious bias and character, so sincere and real in his convictions, we cannot help supposing that, in addition to the musical skill which he imparted to his scholars, (and he had many who afterwards became famous,) he would impart also, to all who were capable of receiving the impression, a thoughtful and religious tone of mind; that the young Pierluigi would at least lose nothing of his early piety in the school of Claude Goudimel. The traces of his hand may yet be recognised in the works of his scholar. There are yet to be seen among the writings of Palestrina, not themes merely with similar treatment, but whole passages transferred note for note from the pages of Goudimel.

We do not, then, mean to claim for our composer originality in the strict sense of the term. We do not mean to assert that he was the *founder*, but rather the *perfector* of a school. Like our own Shakspere, he found his materials for the most part ready to hand; but made them his own by his way of treating them. In their passage through his mind they became invested with the beauty and richness of his genius and fancy. Taking for his foundation the old Church scales, which S. Ambrose was the first to weed out of the impracticable intricacies of the Greek theory of music, and which S. Gregory afterwards reduced to a definite system; and, together with them, studying the old Church tunes, which for centuries had been consecrated to the uses of devotion, he developed out of these materials, by the aid of great genius, great science, and a truly devotional spirit, a style of Church music calculated alike, from its grave dignity, to grace the public worship of the sanctuary, and from its noble vigour to express the feelings of each hearty and genuine worshipper.

To those who may be curious to see the process by which Palestrina gradually formed himself, the way in which he was wont to plunge a fine old hymn into the furnace of his mind, and setting it, as it were, red-hot on the anvil, beat out on all sides glorious sparks of harmony, we would recommend the study of such a composition as the 'Beatus Laurentius,' to be found among the twenty motetts of this author, recently published in Paris. The ancient plain chant, or choral song in commemoration of the martyr S. Laurence, is there not only taken as a theme for the melody, but preserved entire amidst

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the surrounding harmony; the tenors singing it straight through, while the other voices comment upon and illustrate it, by an appropriate and expressive counterpoint. It is to this style of composition that we must refer the origin of the word MOTETT, practically synonymous with our English word ANTHEM. The term was meant to describe that 'movement,' that *setting in motion* of the plain song of which we have been speaking. It denotes the work of one who, starting with a theme as simple, yet bold and solemn, as may be,—continues that theme,—and gradually unfolds it, arranging and combining its several details according to certain established laws of harmony, and with a strict regard to unity, so as in no part of the composition to lose sight of the original idea. From such a source, and by such a process, it was that Palestrina imbued his mind with the elevated and severe grandeur which has been remarked as characterising his style, together with the beautiful and substantial melody which even modern critics admit that he has united to his harmony. A noble thought, grandly developed, and simply yet beautifully clothed;—such may stand for a general description of the works of this composer.

It could hardly be that one whose mind contained the germs of such music as this should fail at an early age to attract notice. Accordingly we find him, in his twenty-seventh year, established as choir-master, and soon after as chapel-master, of the Julian Chapel in the Basilica of the Vatican. Up to this time he had no doubt remained under the tuition of Goudimel; for of his first book of masses, published three years afterwards (in 1554), we are told, that they bore marks rather of the pupil than of the master. One remarkable feature in them confirms the account before given of the model on which Palestrina formed his style; namely, that the plain chant is continuously sung by one or other of the parts, accompanied by the rest with an incessantly varied counterpoint. As yet the author had not diverged from the beaten track of his predecessors, in paying the slightest attention to the sense or connexion of the words. There is, however, a circumstance connected with the publication of this book, both interesting in itself, and important as giving evidence of the spirit in which it was undertaken, and showing that time only was wanting to enable its author entirely to throw off the trammels with which a bad system had shackled him. In a little frontispiece placed at the foot of this his first production, and of which Hawkins has preserved a facsimile, we find the young composer represented in his ecclesiastical garb, offering upon his knees the book which he had just written to Pope Julius III., his patron; and we conclude from this early token, that the aim and employment of Palestrina's

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life is already settled, that he regards his calling as a sacred one, and has devoted himself once for all to the service of the Church; and we feel that, if the devotional music of his day and country is to be reformed, to him, of all others, we may look for its reformation.

The work, notwithstanding its imperfections, met with great success, so evidently did it surpass all others of the age; and the Pope, by way of recompense, removed the author from his post at the Basilica to the choir of his own chapel. This we may date as the happiest period of Palestrina's life. For one so full of high aspirations to be placed, at the opening of manhood, in a position so eminent; welcomed, encouraged, and promoted by the patron whose approbation he was most anxious to secure; at a time, too, when that patron had leisure as well as inclination to watch over and foster the dawnings of his genius—for Pope Julius, it must be remembered, had now withdrawn from politics, and, in the retirement of his villa, devoted himself to less turbulent and more congenial pursuits,—for a young and hitherto unknown composer to be placed on a sudden in circumstances so promising, must naturally have shed a gleam of joy over the present, and of hope over the future. While, to add a further element to this pleasant period of his existence, we find that he changed the single for the married state; and a book of madrigals produced during the same year, may be considered as the expression and utterance, in his own sweet language, of his earthly felicity.

Hardly had he held his post at the Pontifical Chapel for six months when his patron died. Pope Marcellus, who succeeded him, and whose worth, wisdom, and avowed intention of 'restoring to Divine worship its genuine solemnity,' might have rekindled all his hopes, died also on the twenty-second day of his pontificate, and was succeeded, in May 1555, by the austere and stern Paul IV., the same Carrafa, who, as cardinal, had re-established the Inquisition. We read of him, that he 'seemed to know no other duty, no other occupation, than the 'restoration of the old faith to its former dominion.' His avowed object on commencing his pontificate was the noble one of making the reform of the Universal Church and the Roman court his chief care; and it used to be his boast, towards the conclusion of his pontificate, that he had not suffered a day to pass without issuing some order towards the restoration of the Church to her original purity. Unfortunately for Palestrina, there was brought to light, in the course of these reforms, an ancient enactment which prohibited any one not in holy orders from singing in the Pope's choir. The consequence was, that our artist, together with two other married men, were

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deprived of their appointments. Palestrina, who till then had thought his position in life secure, found this sudden blow almost heavier than he could bear. The faith that could support him beneath such a shock must have been of no ordinary character. What a temptation was it for him to abandon the ecclesiastical, and take up with the secular side of his calling! The way had been opened for him already. With such a reputation as he possessed, he might have established a school at Rome, which would hardly have lacked pupils. But nothing could alter the bent of his mind, or shake his attachment to the Church, to whose service he had once for all devoted himself. Retiring to a sorry cottage on the Monte Celio, he calmly awaited the return of better days.

When his health, which had at first suffered severely from this sharp and unlooked-for visitation, was sufficiently restored, his friends, to whose assistance he had meanwhile been indebted for his support, procured for him the place of chapel-master at S. John Lateran, which then happened to be vacant. This was still in the year 1555. He held the post for six years, and during that time produced a great number of works; among others, the celebrated *Improperia*, or Reproaches, which to this day ennoble the solemnities of Good Friday in the Sistine Chapel at Rome.

To understand this composition, it will be necessary to take a momentary glance at the ceremonial observed in the Pope's chapel during the three last days of Holy Week. The offices of these three days, so arranged that the first, or Thursday office, shall begin at four on the Wednesday afternoon, are called *Tenebræ*. One by one, as each of the appointed psalms is concluded, the lights, placed upon a triangular stand, are extinguished. On Good Friday, amidst the darkness so produced, is made visible the image of the Saviour. The Clergy approach to do reverence on their knees; and while they are thus engaged, the *Improperia* of which we are speaking are chanted by the choir. They consist of mild expostulations and rebukes, such as were addressed of old by the Redeemer to His people through the Prophets; supposed to be addressed now by Himself personally to His Church:—'O my people, how have I wearied thee, or in what have I offended thee,' &c. Mingled with these reproaches, there rises at intervals from the assembled people the hymn of the Trisagion (thrice holy), being an ascription of praise and adoration, offered in response to the reproaches of the Saviour by His conscience-stricken and penitent people.

Of course the full effect of this simple but sublime composition can be realised only on the occasion for which it was

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written, and amidst the accessories by which it is then surrounded. But to hear it so sung, we are told by one in every respect qualified to pass an opinion, 'slow yet bold, full yet soft, 'with the melting modulation which that choir alone can give, 'produces a feeling of sweet devotional melancholy, a mildened 'emotion, which not even the more artificial and far-famed '*Miserere* can excite.' The *Improperia* were first produced in the year 1560, when such was the impression made by them that, in the following year, Pius IV., who then filled the papal chair, requested the composer to allow a copy to be taken for his chapel, where it has since been performed every year as a regular stated part of the Good Friday offices.

Those of our readers who would desire further examples of the spirit and manner in which this great composer strove to give musical expression to the services of the Christian year, may find them in the Advent anthem, 'Canite Tuba,' which is given in the collection of Motetts above noticed, and is considered by some of his editors to be the finest composition of the kind he ever wrote; or in the equally celebrated 'Fratres Ego,' which have been published separately by Novello. This latter composition, narrating the institution of the Lord's Supper, forms another feature in the musical services of the Sistine Chapel during the Holy Week, being sung on Maunday Thursday. Like everything else in that chapel, it is performed without instrumental accompaniment. The choir, or rather choirs, (for it is written in eight parts,) draw near to the steps of the altar, and ranging themselves on opposite sides, give a most simple and melodious rendering of the sacred narrative, such as aids us most powerfully in the realization of the affecting event which it describes.

In these and the like instances did Palestrina labour with undoubted success in the reformation of Church music. But he has yet to appear before us in a more eminent position even than this. We have hitherto spoken of him as the reformer; now, in the year 1565, during the eventful sittings of the Council of Trent, we have to speak of him as the very saviour, (if we may be permitted the expression,) of Church music to his brethren. It will be borne in mind here what has previously been said of the general state of music in Rome and elsewhere at the era of which we are speaking. The influence of Palestrina himself, considering the proverbial jealousy of the profession, we can hardly expect to have extended beyond the immediate sphere of the churches where he held his appointments: in the rest, the abuses and profanations to which we then alluded, continued to prevail. 'It is no wonder, then,' to quote the words of the historian Ranké, 'that the Council of

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'Trent took offence at the introduction of such music into the 'churches. In the course of the proceedings, Pius IV. insti- 'tuted a commission, for the express purpose of inquiring 'whether music should be tolerated in the churches or not. 'The question was very doubtful. The Church required that 'the words sung should be intelligible,'—a reasonable request surely; the ordinary plan being to render the holy text quite incomprehensible through the contrapuntic maze of canon and fugue by which it was enveloped;—'and that there should be an 'accordance between them (the words) and the music. This 'the musicians asserted was unattainable by the laws of their 'art.' The essence of harmonic music, they said, consisted in imitations and fugues, the withdrawal of which would be tantamount to its annihilation. 'Cardinal Borromeo was one of the 'commissioners, and his austerity might easily have led to the 'adoption of a harsh resolution.' Fortunately, however, the cardinal, who, with all this austerity, as the historian terms it, was one of the best and wisest men of his Church and day, was at that time arch-priest of S^ta^ Maria Maggiore, where Palestrina had held the office of chapel-master since March 1561. The compositions which he had heard in this church, no doubt convinced Borromeo that he might safely trust the cause of Church music to his hands. Through his influence, therefore, the composer was commissioned, on the 10th of January 1565, to write a mass such as the council required; and he was at the same time warned that on his individual efforts the whole cause rested; 'the life or death,' as the historian expresses it, 'of the grand music of the mass,' which if he failed was to be thenceforth for ever banished from the house of God. We can easily picture to ourselves, and we must certainly sympathise with the feelings of one so eminent, and yet so modest as Palestrina, when he thus found the very existence of the science which he loved with such intense ardour, made to depend on his own individual efforts. An affecting record remains to prove alike his anxiety, and the source whence he sought help; a record which indicates the abiding presence of that religious spirit which we have observed on so many previous occasions, and which, in fact, never failed, in whatever difficulties, to sustain and animate this thoroughly Christian man. On the first page of his MS. the historian has recorded that there were found written the words, 'Lord, enlighten mine eyes.'

The result of his labours appeared in the course of a few months, viz.—three masses, of which one in particular, the third, was hailed with universal admiration and delight; the Pope himself comparing it with the heavenly melodies, such as the Apostle John might have heard in his ecstasy. This is the

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composition which goes by the name of Pope Marcellus's Mass; not, however, as the common story goes, because written at *his* behest, and receiving his approbation. Pope Marcellus, as we have seen, had died ten years previously. Still under that title Palestrina did actually dedicate the work to Philip II. of Spain; no doubt from a feeling of gratitude to the memory of one who *would have been* his great benefactor had he survived; no doubt in the full consciousness that the Mass itself was precisely such an one as Pope Marcellus would have delighted to hear.

We cannot better illustrate the universal admiration which this effort of genius continues to this day to command, than by placing in juxtaposition the remarks of two eminent living writers, of very opposite views in most other respects,—the Protestant historian, Ranké, and the Roman Catholic Bishop of Melipotamus. 'The Mass known by the name of Pope Marcellus's,' (says Ranké,) 'surpassed all expectation. It is full of simple melody, 'yet will bear comparison, in point of richness and variety, with 'any that preceded it; its choruses separate and meet again; the 'meaning of the text is incomparably expressed; the *Kyrie* is all 'prostration, the *Agnus* is very lowliness, the *Credo* majesty. . . . 'By this one great example the question was set at rest for ever, 'and a course opened in which have been produced the most 'beautiful works, and the most touching too, even to those who 'do not profess the Romish faith.' And then he continues with a truly German enthusiasm: 'Who can listen to them, and not 'feel his spirit stir within him? It is as though nature became 'endowed with tone and voice; as though the elements spoke, 'and the sounds of universal life mingled in spontaneous har-'mony to hallow and adore; now undulating like the sea, now 'soaring heavenward in exulting bursts of jubilee. The soul is 'borne aloft to the regions of religious ecstasy, on the wings of 'universal sympathy.'

Dr. Wiseman's remarks on the Mass in question are as follows:—'It is in six voices, having two basses and two tenors. 'As Palestrina intended to avoid all airs, and to give to each 'part an ever-varying movement; and as it was consequently 'necessary that each, from time to time, should repose; he took 'this expedient, and secured a firm substructure for his har-'mony, by the stability of his middle and lower parts, as the 'treble and contralto could well sustain the shriller harmonies. 'The effect of this arrangement is wonderful. In most modern 'choruses one or two parts, at most, have a movement, while the 'others are either kept on *sostenuto* notes, or else, if more than 'four, in unisons. But in this Mass, as in all his music, there 'is no *riempitura*, or filling up; every part, as Dr. Burney

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'terms it, is a real part, as important as the other; all full of 'vigour, life, and movement. The consequence is, that when 'performed it has a power beyond most compositions in twelve 'or sixteen voices.'

Such was the Mass, so famous in the history of music, recommended by the Council, for whose decision it was written, as a model for all future composers, and still performed in the Pope's chapel on the Saturday in the Holy Week.

Palestrina was now at the zenith of his fame, in the full vigour and maturity of his intellect; and the ten years' period during which he remained at S. Mary's, (from 1561 to 1571,) was fruitful in great works. But we grieve to find that, notwithstanding all he had done for the Church, he was left to struggle with poverty, nay, absolute want. This, in a man of his high principle, and strict laborious life, could not possibly have been owing to any extravagance or irregularity on his own part. No; the true explanation is afforded us by the account of the stipend he received as composer to the Apostolical chapel, an appointment bestowed upon him on the production of the Mass just mentioned, and which he was permitted to retain together with his post at S. Mary's. The beggarly sum attached to this high-sounding office amounted to about *twelve shillings a month;* and this for the 'Prince of Music,' as he was now called; the man whom all confessed to have rescued from utter ruin, to have revived and perfected, the decaying and degraded music of the Church. He was a man who from principle would not devote himself to the pursuit of secular music, although most people would think he had a motive sufficiently strong in the necessity of providing for his now numerous family; but he confined himself strictly to his own peculiar vocation, and this was his reward. So dazzled and bewildered apparently were his countrymen with the splendour of his genius, that they forgot to provide for him the necessaries of life. Palestrina was admired, lauded, and left to starve; and this has been the case with many, we have reason to fear, whose talents have been devoted to the same cause: at the present moment we know that in our own cathedrals there is no adequate income offered to organists or choir-masters; no income sufficient to induce a Church musician, even of the least self-interested views, to devote his days and nights to his own peculiar line of art. He must needs allow secular pursuits and engagements to encroach, more or less, upon his ecclesiastical duty; the Church comes to be regarded but as one engagement among many; and thus a secular tone is imparted to his opinions, his views, his compositions, his performance. Few there are whose devotion, like that of Palestrina, will enable them to suffer cheerfully, as he

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did, in the cause of their art. Shall we congratulate ourselves on the discovery that we do not, as a nation, stand alone in our neglect and contempt of those who deserve better at our hands; or shall the discovery cause us, as is more befitting, to blush deeply, both on their account and our own?

Nor was the poverty of Palestrina, albeit great and distressing—distressing more especially on this account, that it prevented him, as he more than once pathetically laments, from publishing his compositions—the only way in which the faith of this great and good man had to be tried. His circumstances were no doubt bettered when, in 1571, he succeeded his deceased friend Giovanni Animuccia (also a pupil of Goudimel), at the church of S. Peter in the Vatican. At this time he also became music-master of the Oratory of S. Philip Neri, and undertook the superintendence of the school of music which had been founded at Rome by his friend Nanino. But while applying himself with undiminished ardour to the duties of his calling, he was visited with severe domestic calamities. Three sons, who had given early promise of excellence, were taken from him by death; and his only surviving child, far from emulating the example of his father, did but give him cause to lament his continued undutifulness and rebellion. In addition to all these sources of sorrow, he had to sustain, in 1580, the loss of his wife,—the darkest cloud, perhaps, of all that overshadowed the concluding years of his long and anxious life. The composition which he wrote on this occasion to the words of the 42d Psalm, is nevertheless the expression of a calm and tranquil spirit, such as we may conceive to have lain far beyond the reach of outward troubles. This is the Motett, 'Sicut cervus,' given by Hawkins, in his 'History of Music.' So full are its subdued strains of faith and heavenly resignation, as to prove at once to us that the mature age of the composer has not belied the promise of his youth, but that he is in every respect the same; the same in principles, and the same in practice, as when he offered the first-fruits of his genius and devotion to the chief Bishop of his Church, or implored the Divine aid upon his efforts to save the services of that Church from impending destruction.

Our composer retained his post at the Vatican until his death in 1594. Of the last fourteen years of his life there are few records remaining. Indeed, they would afford but scanty materials for the chronicler, varied, as is most probable, only by the alternation of public duties and private studies. We read of his attending, in the year 1586, with a body of singers, to assist in celebrating the erection of the Obelisk, set up in the Vatican by Sixtus V.; while of his private circumstances we have a more touching memorial, in the dedication of a book of

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Lamentations inscribed to the same Pontiff (and of which it has been said that the very preface is itself a lamentation), wherein he records, with his own hand, the want of means which so fatally interfered with his long-cherished design of committing all his various works to the press.

Neither the want of resources, however, nor the indifference of those who ought to have been his most firm and zealous patrons, could make him waver in the course he had marked out for himself, or damp his accustomed ardour for composition. Poor as he was, he seems to have resigned to his friend Nanino the active direction, together with the emoluments, of the school in which they were jointly concerned, rather than divert to any secular occupation the time which he wished to devote exclusively to the choir. If he interfered, it was but occasionally, for the purpose of inspection, or to settle disputes.

To this period belong his Sacred or 'Spiritual Madrigals,' a style of composition new hitherto to Palestrina, being devotional music for the chamber rather than the church,—a sign, we may suppose, of the gradual progress and increasing cultivation of vocal music. In point of pathetic tenderness and sweetness of expression they have never been surpassed.

But we are now being hurried rapidly to the close of the composer's life. The dedication before alluded to had been, in some degree, effectual. Persons of distinction, both among clergy and laity, had at last come forward with the means of presenting to the world those masterpieces which, on this account only, had been delayed. Their author was about to devote himself, with his accustomed ardour, to their production, when he was seized with sudden sickness, which soon gave symptoms of being fatal. In the month of January, 1594, being sensible that he could not recover, he received the sacrament from the hands of his confessor and friend, S. Philip Neri. The last words he ever spake had reference to the Church which he loved, and for which he had laboured with such unremitting diligence and zeal. Calling to his bedside his only surviving son, he pointed out the means which had been supplied, and by whose bounty, of printing his hitherto unpublished works; and laid upon him a solemn charge to see it done as soon as possible, 'for the glory of the Most High'—such were his words—'and for the worship of His holy temples.'

It is painful to think that these solemn words were utterly disregarded by his unworthy son, who squandered the money entrusted to the purpose, and sold besides whatever MSS. he could to the publishers of Venice. This final degradation, however, Palestrina himself did not live to witness. The fever terminated fatally on the 2d of February, and the funeral train of

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the composer was swelled by the attendance of the most eminent musicians of Rome, whether writers, singers, or instrumentalists, together with immense crowds from the surrounding city and neighbourhood, who assembled with one accord to do honour to his memory. A 'Libera me, Domine,' of his own composition, was sung by three choirs over his grave; and on his tomb was placed the inscription—

JOANNES—PETRUS—ALOYSIUS,

MUSICÆ PRINCEPS.

We have little further to add. Indeed we fear lest, as it is, we may have trespassed too far on the patience of our readers. But our object has been twofold: first, the information of the ordinary reader, whose curiosity may have been raised by the frequent and conspicuous mention of a name he can hardly have failed to notice; and, secondly, a desire to induce the musical student to turn his attention to a school of writing which, for skilful construction, solemn expressiveness, and graceful sweetness, is equal to any purely vocal school that has since existed. Should we have, in any degree, succeeded in either of these two objects, we shall be content. Thus much, however, in regard to the latter. We must require, as a preliminary condition, that our author be not judged by the modern system, by the modern rules and conventionalisms of music; that the student be not induced to throw up his score at once on finding, what he assuredly will find, and what may at first jar upon his nerves; such things, we mean, as pure chord successions, without any, or with but little, preparation, and rarely tempered by chromatic tones; a sparing use of such combinations as to us of the modern school are most familiar; together with a frequent use of other things (such as rapid progressions to distant keys, &c.), which to us are inadmissible. We must stipulate that Palestrina's music be judged by a given standard; that it be borne in mind, that he had both the disadvantage of writing three hundred years ago, and also the advantage of writing, not in two modes only, as is the case with the moderns, but in twelve.

We subjoin a list of Palestrina's complete works (from Baini), together with the names of one or two modern publications above referred to, as being both ready of access, and containing some choice specimens of the master:—

Twelve books of Masses, for four, five, and six voices.
Two others, in MS.
One ditto, for eight voices.

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Two volumes of Motetts, for four voices.
Five volumes of Motetts, for five voices.
One volume of Offertories (68 pieces).
Two volumes of Litanies.
One volume of Litanies, in MS.
Three volumes of Motetts, in MS.
One volume of Hymns for all holidays of the year.
One volume of Magnificats, for five and six voices.
One volume of Magnificats, for eight voices.
One volume of Lamentations.
Two or three volumes of Lamentations, published by Alfieri.
Two volumes of Madrigals, for four voices.
Two volumes of Sacred Madrigals, for five voices.

Selections from the above will be found in the 'Cinq Messes' and 'Vingt Motets', Paris, Launer; 'Anthems and Services for Church Choirs,' Burns; the first number of the Motett Society's publications, Chappel, Bond-street; a selection recently published by Novello; and also several detached pieces.

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ART. VII.—*The Holy City. Historical, Topographical, and Antiquarian Notices of Jerusalem. By* GEORGE WILLIAMS, B.D. *Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. With an Architectural History of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. By* ROBERT WILLIS, M.A. London: J. W. Parker, West Strand. 1849.

MAN is by nature, Aristotle tells us, a political or social being. He might have added that he is by nature, and distinctively, a travelling being also. His capacity for travel is as true a note of his superiority over the other animals as his capacity for society. The beasts of the field herd together; but they do not form a polity: they move from place to place, but they do not travel. By travel we mean something more than locomotion. Mere civilization, as having more wants than barbarism, does of course cause an increased amount of journeying to and fro: but journeying to supply the wants which civilization has created does not attain to the dignity of travel. It is an action scarcely raised above that of cattle which acquire new tastes by domestication, and seek to supply them; or at best it is but an enlargement of the sphere of *πολιτεία*. The same instinct, or the same natural necessity, which makes society a condition of man's development, also sends him further afield in quest of much which the narrow range of neighbourhood cannot supply. But the true end of travel is not convenience, nor gain, nor amusement, nor health; not any of these: but knowledge, enlargement, experience—in a word, education. Travel is that which made Siracides 'witty,' and Ulysses astute, and Pythagoras sage. It is motion and discursiveness not so much of body as of mind. It is mind taking knowledge of mind and manners, of places and things, not in the abstract, but in the concrete, the individual, and the instance. Travel is knowledge got without books; history read in monuments and localities; ethics, science, and art, studied in phenomena. To travel is to map out the world by one's own motions; to fill in the sketches of imagination with realities; and to correct fancy by the contemplation of fact. As ministering to these important purposes it was that travel used to be considered—we know not why it should not be considered still—indispensable to a liberal and complete education.

By far the largest and most important branch of that contemplative inquiry which is the proper business of travel, is

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that which respects the great and universal interests of man. All that concerns his history as a race; the great lines of his destiny hitherto, and the probable future direction of them; his triumphs or his failures in the various fields of struggle allotted to his complex nature; these things, even more than natural and scientific phenomena, challenge the best and most thoughtful attention of the traveller. They may conveniently be brought under three heads; the operations and the triumphs, namely, of the three elements which Holy Scripture has assigned to man's nature—body, soul (or mind), and spirit. The doings of man as physical, intellectual, and spiritual, are the whole of his doings. And the workings of these three elements, though manifested of course on every soil, yet find their highest expression and possess their proper symbol in the history and present condition of those three wonderful cities, Rome, Athens, and Jerusalem. Rome, named of physical strength (ῥώμη), the scene and symbol of rule and mastery in their highest perfection, whether of man over man, or over the subject creatures: Athens, the peculiar haunt of that human wisdom, after the Greek personification of which (Ἀθήνη) she is so aptly called: Jerusalem, to whom it was given to express in her name, and in due time to bring forth, that 'Peace' which was the one only 'provision'[1] for all the need of man's spirit:—these are the types respectively of the Power, the Knowledge, the Holiness, which are placed within the range of man's achievement. Rome sets forth the triumphs attainable by effort; her history is the history of victorious aggression, or successful resistance and consolidation. Strength in contention, or strength as the result of it, is written alike on the monuments of her conquests, on the colossal hugeness of her public works, and in the decrees of her jurisprudence. Athens speaks of another kind of rule; the effortless rule of mind; of the homage commanded by the exhibition of faultless and universally acknowledged models of the beautiful and the true. Hers is the unapproachable dignity, or the inimitable grace, of statuary; the temple, completetly satisfying both the eye and the mind by its perfect proportions and calm repose; the poetry, philosophy, and oratory never to be surpassed. Athens, and not Rome, has ever been the real mistress of the world. There remained but one triumph still for man to achieve. In Rome he had manifested himself as asserting, if not extending, the dominion originally assigned him over the outward world; in Athens he had won back for himself those perfect models and laws to which sense and thought should ever after hold themselves amenable;

[1] *Vide* Holy City, vol. i. p. 4, note.

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and thus had so far forth repaired the ruins of his mental faculties entailed by the Fall. But even genius had its limits; there was a region into which unassisted human thought could not penetrate. The *sapientum templa serena* rose high in air, but they could not pierce the blue vault above it. Yet man felt that, if he might trust certain indefinable aspirations he was conscious of, his destiny pointed even thither; and the great question, *Quid sumus, aut quidnam victuri gignimur?* was still for him unanswered.

And in that mysterious rock, which amidst a thousand desolating changes men have still called Jerusalem, was he to find his answer. Out of it was to come forth a new principle, which should endue him with a worthier might than he had yet exercised; the might, not of conquest, or of self-complacent wisdom, but of holiness, meekness and love; the mastery, not over matter, nor over mind, but over the spiritual wickedness of the heart; the rule whose secret was subjection—subjection to Him, '*cui servire regnare est.*' And the outward aspect of the Holy City symbolized its great destiny. It was for the most part, like its future antitype, a city 'not made with hands,' for the living rock on which it rested was all that its later had in common with its earlier self. Its monuments were few, but they were written with the finger of God, or raised by man in his worthiest aspirations after Him. They were in part mementoes of events and realities reaching in their effects out of this world far into the invisible; the rest spoke of faith, endurance and eternity. They were found in places made glorious by the Feet of God manifest in the Flesh; in the olive trees which witnessed His agony, and the awful Couch on which He rested from His labours: or, again, in the Basilicas and Churches which enshrined those precious memories; or in those hugest monoliths ever raised by the hand of man, which from the profound abyss of the surrounding valleys upbore the walls of a worthier aspirant than Rome to the proud title of 'the Eternal City.'

It was a quaint belief of antiquity, that Jerusalem was the very centre of the whole habitable earth; and in medieval maps it is very carefully so represented. This notion was founded on a literal interpretation of Psalm lxxiv. 12: 'For God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth.' And, however fanciful, it certainly was a religious view which represented the particular spot chosen by the Almighty for manifestation of Himself upon earth as possessing this kind of pre-eminence above all other sites or places, that they were referred to it, and measured from it. The same material though pious imagination which led the Israelite to hold the dust of Sion more precious than the gold of Ophir, taught him also to look

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upon the other nations as arranged in a graduated scale of felicity at various distances from the blissful centre of 'the round,' *i.e.* orbicular, 'world.' Their happiness was in the direct ratio of their nearness to Jerusalem. But independently of the religiosity of the notion, it so happens—call it curious or providential—that geographically or ethnologically speaking, it is not so very far from a literal truth. This selfsame claim of being the γῆς ὀμφαλὸς was set up, as is well known, for Delphi. But Delphi cannot for a moment compete with the Holy City in this respect. Look at a map of the world, as far as it was known to the ancients; a map, therefore, including 'every nation under heaven,' according to the latitude which that expression would bear in the time of the Apostles. If you would draw the line which should come nearest to marking off at a stroke the boundaries of the three great portions of the then known world, Asia, Africa and Europe, that line will be the parallel of longitude which passes through Jerusalem. It will coincide very nearly with the line of the Syrian coast northwards, entering the southern coast of Asia Minor at Tarsus, and its northern at Sinope, and passing just through the middle of the Cimmerian Bosphorus; while to the southward it will touch the sources of 'the river of Egypt' (only one degree from Rhinocorura), and cut the Egyptian coast of the Red Sea at about the middle of its length. This line, therefore, will have the whole continent of Asia to the right or eastward of it, with the exception of the small peninsula of Asia Minor, and a minute fragment of Arabia Petræa; while to its left, or westward of it, will be the whole continent of Europe, save a part of the *terra incognita* of Sarmatia; and also the whole continent of Africa, except the equally small and obscure territory west of Æthiopia. This line forms, in fact, a longitudinal axis to the Old World as it is exhibited in a map, the vast continent of Asia on the one side of it balancing very equally the two continents of Europe and Africa on the other. From Jerusalem to the Golden Chersonesus, the furthest bound of Asia eastward, are seven degrees of longitude; from Jerusalem to the Fortunate Isles westward, five degrees; but the apparent difference in the extent of the two portions is fully made up by the higher latitude to which Europe reaches northward, taking it to extend to Thule and Scandinavia; and the actual expanse in the two cases is as nearly as possible the same. Again, Jerusalem was about equidistant from the northern and southern extremities of the anciently discovered world; for the southern limit was the equinoctial line; the northern, the latitude of Thule. Now the latitude of Thule, supposing it to be Shetland, is 60°; of Jerusalem, 32°, *i.e.* about half-way.

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We know not in what light the matter may appear to others, but for ourselves we cannot look upon the very peculiar ethnographical position thus assigned to Jerusalem as unimportant. Surely we may trace a providential ordaining in it. No position could have been more wonderfully adapted to the great purposes which that mysterious city was destined to carry out, or more favourable to the exercise of that undying influence which was to be hers over the history of mankind. View her, in the first place, as standing upon, and marking out the confines of those two mighty divisions of East and West into which the world has for so many ages, both geographically and historically, been cast. With the trifling exceptions above noticed, that which is east relatively to Jerusalem *is* East, and that which is west of Jerusalem *is* West, all the world over; or, at least, in the conception and common parlance of the civilized world. Jerusalem has been for thousands of years, and probably will continue to be till the end of time, the great watershed of all the earth, the zero of the world's longitude. It is 'a place where two seas meet;' the confluence of the two mighty oceans of space, on which the children of men go to and fro. Behind it, diversified by many a heaving mountain-ridge, but little intersected, comparatively, by inland waters, is stretched out 'Asia's sea-like plain.' Before it lie the comparatively sea-girt or sea-penetrated regions, to which Scripture has accordingly given the poetic title of 'the islands of the sea;' the continents, namely, of Europe and Africa. And these, of East and West, are the two largest divisions under which mankind have ever been ranged. They have never been able to penetrate far into each other's territory, or each other's habits of thought and action. Alexander failed effectually to fuse them at Alexandria. Christianity, while leavening both of them, left them still distinct from each other. Diocletian recognised them in his partition of the empire between two Emperors and two Cæsars. Constantine did nothing towards a real assimilation of them by fixing the seat of the reunited empire at Byzantium. It was not long ere there arose again, as if by a sort of necessity, two Emperors, of the East and of the West. In later times, the tide of Oriental conquest, whenever it has rolled over any portion of the West, has been uniformly driven back. The feebly maintained settlements of the Turk in Europe have been but outposts in advance of his real position; he has overrun, but has never made them his own. And, in point of character, the line of demarcation has ever remained no less strongly drawn. Oriental stability, and disinclination to change; occidental movement, activity, and enterprise: oriental subtlety, and tendency to mysticism; occidental acuteness, intellectual energy,

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and inquiry: oriental heresy, and occidental schism, the fruits of these qualities respectively:—these characteristics have ever been impressed with some distinctness on the nations, the Churches, and the writings of these two great classes of the human family. And in all the great questions and interests which have brought these two to look each other in the face, Jerusalem has been still the central point, whether of union or division. In the great hereditary feud in which Egypt was matched with Assyria, whether in the persons of Pharaoh and Nebuchadnezzar, or of the Seleucidæ and the Antiochi, Jerusalem was the menaced of both parties, and, except when true to herself, the ally alternately of one and of the other. The only 'Mother and Mistress' that ever was acknowledged both by the Eastern and Western Churches, was the Church of Jerusalem; and the subsequent strife which divided them had its origin in the estrangement generated by those deep-seated diversities of temper and mental habit which we have already noticed; diversities which might happily have been laid to rest in the bosom of a common mother, could any such have been found. But by that time *her* primacy, who alone could have made her voice heard above the jarring elements of controversy, was lowered and lost for ever. Since then the children of the East and of the West have met within and around her in the conflict, not merely of dogma against dogma, but of faith against faith. The holy ground of Jerusalem became the meeting point, as the Holy Sepulchre was the watchword and the prize, of the Crusades.

Another point of interest connected with the geographical position of Jerusalem, is, of course, the feasibility given by it to the work of evangelizing the world from this centre. It was equidistant from Scythia on the north, and from Æthiopia on the south; from the *toto divisos orbe Britannos* to the N.W., and the no less remote Indians to the S.E. An equal chance was thus given, humanly speaking, to all lands, of being irradiated with Gospel light: and the traditionary labours of S. Andrew and the Æthiopian eunuch, of S. Paul and S. Thomas, in the four widely separated regions we have named, attest that these equalized facilities were not ordained in vain. Again, Jerusalem occupied a commanding position on the great inland Sea, remarkable not only as being by far the largest expanse of land-locked water on the globe, but also for the surpassing greatness of its historical recollections. The Mediterranean, the *Mare Internum* of the ancients, possesses, if we may be allowed to include the Euxine as a bay of it, an extent of coast nearly equalling half the circumference of the globe; and the names of Jerusalem and Antioch, of Rome and Carthage, of Athens and Constantinople, need only to be mentioned in proof, that around

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it gathers all that is great in history from the decline of the ancient Oriental to the rise of the great Western monarchies. And to the facilities for communication afforded by this sea, must a large share be assigned in the working out of the varied destinies of these great cities, and their subject territories. Jerusalem, in working out her pre-eminently lofty destiny, was no exception to this rule. Placed at the south-eastern angle of the well-defined, though somewhat irregular triangle, formed by the Asiatic, the European, and the African shores, she did full justice to her singularly felicitous position.[1] Those shores, so teeming already with physical and intellectual life in their highest developments, received from her in rapid succession the yet higher principle of spiritual vitality which she had been commissioned to dispense to all nations. Those three great lines of coast formed the bases of so many vast and flourishing branches of the Church, the Eastern, the Western, and the African; their famous cities became the seats of yet more famous patriarchates. And still her destiny, both in this direction and in the opposite one, is only in the course of accomplishment. 'The great sea westward,' the original boundary of her heritage, has come to have a wider signification, and to include vast continents, known to God, but unknown to man at the time that that decree went forth. And 'the great river, the river Euphrates,' has proved to be but a figure for all that lies beyond it; already it begins to be seen that the conquests of Christianity in this direction have no limit but that of the globe itself. The enlargement thus given to the original draught of the Holy City's dominion, was remarkably provided for by the language of prophecy: 'His dominion shall be also *from the one sea to the other*, and *from the flood unto the world's end*.'

The ancient belief of which we have been speaking, is thus quaintly stated and commented upon by Sir John Mandeville:—

'Forasmuch as the land beyond the sea, that is to say, the Holy Land, which men call the land of promise or of behest, passing all other lands, is the most worthy land, most excellent, and lady and sovereign of all other lands, and is blessed and hallowed with the precious body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ; in the which land it pleased him to take flesh and blood of the Virgin Mary, to environ that holy land with his blessed feet; and there he would of his blessedness shadow him in the said blessed and glorious Virgin Mary, and become man, and work many miracles, and preach and teach the faith and the law of Christian men unto his children; and there it pleased him to suffer many reprovings and scorns for us: and

1 The terse eulogium on the position of Constantinople, which is quoted by Gibbon, with a slight alteration, applies with at least equal force to Jerusalem: 'Est in *Asia*; habet in conspectu *Europam* Africamque; quæ etsi contiguæ non sunt, maris tamen navigande commoditateque veluti junguntur.'

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he that was king of heaven, of air, of earth, of sea, and of all things that are contained in them, would only be called king of that land, when he said, "Rex sum Judeorum," that is to say, I am king of the Jews; and that land he chose before all other lands, as the best and most worthy land, and the most virtuous land of all the world; for it is the heart and the middle of all the world; by witness of the philosopher, who saith thus, "Virtus rerum in medio consistit:" that is to say, The virtue of things is in the middle; and in that land he would lead his life, and suffer passion and death from the Jews for us, to redeem and deliver us from the pains of hell and from death without end, which was ordained for us for the sin of our first father Adam, and for our own sins also; for, as for himself, he had deserved no evil: for he thought never evil, nor did evil; and he that was king of glory and of joy might best in that place suffer death, because he chose in that land, rather than in any other, to suffer his passion and his death: for he that will publish anything to make it openly known, he will cause it to be cried and proclaimed in the middle place of a town; so that the thing that is proclaimed and pronounced, may equally reach to all parts. Right so; he that was Creator of all the world would suffer for us at Jerusalem, that is the middle of the world, to the end and intent that his passion and his death, which was published there, might be known equally to all parts of the world.'—*Early Travels in Palestine*, pp. 127, 128.

The site of Jerusalem is no less remarkable and significant, considered as to its natural features—its geognostic character, we believe it would properly be called in the language of modern science—than for its geographical position. We will endeavour to give as clear an idea of it as we can. That great mountain chain known to the ancients under the various names of Imaus, Caucasus, and Taurus, which extends due east and west from China to Asia Minor; this chain, at the point where it enters Asia Minor, throws off to the southward a subordinate ridge of hills, which forms the barrier between the Western Sea and the plains of Syria and Assyria. After pursuing a tortuous course for some time, and breaking into the parallel ridges of Libanus and Antilibanus, it runs with many breaks and divergences through Palestine and the Arabian peninsula to the Indian Ocean. One of the most remarkable of these breaks is the great plain of Esdraelon, the battle-field of the East. From this point,—as we learn from one of the most acute and able writers on scientific matters connected with the Bible, Dr. Kitto,—the ridge or mountainous tract extends, without interruption, to the south end of the Dead Sea, or further. This whole tract rises gradually towards the south, forming the hill-country of Ephraim and Judah, until, in the vicinity of Hebron, it attains an altitude of 3,250 feet above the level of the Mediterranean. At a point exactly opposite to the extreme north of the Dead Sea, *i.e.* due west from it, where the entire ridge has an elevation of about 2,710 feet, and close to the saddle of the ridge, a very remarkable feature in this rocky process, so to call it, occurs. The appearance is as if a single

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but vast wave in this sea of rock, rising and swelling gradually from north to south, had been suddenly checked in its advance —'in fluctuation fixed'—and, after a considerable subsidence below the general level, left standing perfectly isolated from the surrounding mass both as to its front and sides. Add, that about the middle of this wave there is a slight depression, channelling it from north-west to south-east, and you have before you the natural limestone rock which forms the site of Jerusalem. The traveller from the westward, on commencing his descent from the top of the ridge, enters upon an open tract sloping for awhile gently towards the east. At about two miles distance, upon a broad promontory clasped in by the meeting valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat, stands the Holy City. Nearly all around are higher hills; on the east, the Mount of Olives bounding his view; on the south, the Hill of Evil Counsel; on the west, the gentle slope already described. The surface of the elevated wave or promontory itself declines somewhat steeply to the east, terminating on the abrupt brink of the valley of Jehoshaphat. The whole of the encompassing valleys are of considerable depth. Such is the site of Jerusalem. We have been thus particular in describing it, because its peculiar character has been a large and important element in the purposes to which the city was divinely consecrated. Every student of Holy Scripture and of history will understand what we mean. The fact that Jerusalem was a hill, that it was a place of great natural strength, that it was skirted by deep and gloomy valleys, that it was embosomed, notwithstanding its own elevation, in hills of yet greater height—all these circumstances are made expressive of various spiritual truths, and furnish the accredited language of sacred and mystical teaching. As a hill, Jerusalem becomes, in Holy Scripture, the expression for the regal dominion of God and His Christ, and for the Church's universal ascendancy. 'I have set my King upon my holy hill 'of Zion.' 'Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised in 'the mountain of His holiness.' 'The hill of God is as the 'hill of Bashan: an high hill. Why leap ye, ye high hills? 'This is the hill which God desireth to dwell in.' 'The mountain 'of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the moun-'tains, and shall be exalted above the hills.' The pre-eminence thus claimed for Mount Zion in some, and predicted in other passages, is, it is true, one of spiritual precedence, not of natural altitude; for of course it will not really bear comparison with any of the greater mountains of the world. But had it not possessed considerable actual elevation and boldness of position, there would have been no basis for the hyperbolic language of inspiration. And, indeed, after all, 2,700 feet is no contemptible

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elevation. Few mountains in England or Wales exceed it; and it may be safely affirmed that no city in the world, of equal importance with Jerusalem, even in a civil point of view can boast of so lofty a position. Again, we need hardly observe, that the act of going up to this Hill is the figure for Christ's local, and our own spiritual and mystical ascension. (Psalm xv. 1; xxiv. 3; xlvii. 5; lxviii. 18.) Again, as a natural fort, improved by art, the Holy City sets forth God as the strength, refuge, and defence of His people. And His sheltering and encompassing love again is likened to 'the hills which stand about' her. It will be seen that *all* these conditions and relations could only be fulfilled by a place answering exactly to the description of Jerusalem: a place thus lofty, bold, strong, isolated, yet completely sheltered. The very valleys which sweep around her have their part in the nomenclature of the great spiritual system. The valley of Jehoshaphat is mystically the scene of the Last Judgment (Joel iii. 2, 14); the valley of Hinnom, of the torments of hell-fire. There is an awful distinctness given to the pourtrayal of these solemn realities in the Old Testament, from the circumstance of their being thus associated with the natural features of a well-ascertained site now actually existing on the face of the globe, and rendered familiar to us by the events of sacred history. It is impossible to read the passage already alluded to, from the prophet Joel, without being deeply impressed with a sense of the intensity of power with which it paints the dread scene of the latter days; but it is perhaps hardly enough considered how much of its impressiveness it owes to localization. 'Assemble 'yourselves, and come, all ye heathen, and gather yourselves 'together round about: thither cause thy mighty ones to come 'down, O Lord. Let the heathen be wakened, and come up 'to the valley of Jehoshaphat: for there will I sit to judge all 'the heathen round about. Put ye in the sickle, for the har-'vest is ripe: come, get you down; for the press is full, the 'fats overflow; for their wickedness is great. Multitudes, 'multitudes in the valley of decision: for the day of the Lord 'is near in the valley of decision. The sun and the moon shall 'be darkened, and the stars shall withdraw their shining. The 'Lord also shall roar out of Zion, and utter his voice from 'Jerusalem; and the heavens and the earth shall shake: but 'the Lord will be the hope of his people, and the strength of 'the children of Israel.' (Joel iii. 11—16.) Nor should it be unnoticed, that the peculiar form and character which 'Jerusalem that now is' derives from the shape and bearings of her natural rock, are described by S. John as being impressed likewise on 'the Holy City, New Jerusalem.' The chief

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characteristic of that rock is a certain well-defined squareness; it is further remarkable for the exactitude with which it faces, for the most part, the cardinal points; and the immense depth of the valleys beneath it gave occasion for the piling up of foundations by hundreds of feet perpendicular. Accordingly, the New Jerusalem is 'a city that lieth four-square;' its sides are to the four cardinal points; its walls are of 144 cubits; the wall of the city has twelve foundations. (Rev. xxi.)

To approach Jerusalem, then, in the genuine spirit of travel, is to study the highest department of knowledge accessible to man—the kingdom of God on earth—under its most expressive symbol, and in its most objective and sensible memorials. It is trite to observe that there is danger in such approach; danger both to the individual habit and temper of faith, and to the cause of truth and sound belief in the Church and the world at large. The traveller and sojourner amongst holy places, unless he be of a singularly happy spiritual frame, and unless shielded by a divine grace nowhere more needed than there, painfully realizes how hollow and false is the world's maxim, that 'seeing is believing.' Unless faith has already done her work in the heart, and fixed its choice unalterably, seeing is but too surely disbelieving; and such it has proved to hundreds. Tempers such as that of the author of 'Eothen,' or of 'The Monasteries of the Levant,' cannot safely look upon things and places connected with the mysteries of the faith. Except to strong and well-nurtured minds, a certain degree of *removal* is necessary to a rightful view of such objects: to draw nearer is to overpass the focal distance of the spiritual vision; it is to discover that the roseate bloom which so enchanted us as it tinged the mountain-top at sunrise, is laid on, with however exquisitely delicate a pencilling, upon earth's common and rugged material; or to start back with a painful sense of revulsion from the perception that the lustrously rounded smoothness of the Parian marble reveals itself to the microscopic eye as no less rough, scratched, and porous than pumice-stone itself. Those who have not already understood that these things *are* so; that the earthy element does indeed co-exist with the divine in the processes and instruments of salvation, yet without prejudice to the divinity of them; that the Incarnate God really took to Himself, though He ennobled by taking it, the dust of the creature;—experience, as the result of such access to consecrated localities, according to their temper, either a large access of the anti-sacramental spirit, and so an increased disposition to take refuge in the purely subjective, and finally, if they follow on to results, in the rationalistic view; or an impulse in the merely infidel direction. And if, as is

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the case with the two writers we have mentioned, there is either a cynical spirit, or a spirit of levity superadded to other disqualifications, then the result is lamentable indeed. One of the recent explorers of the Jordan and the Dead Sea, whom we do not care to name, has actually had the profanity to draw a parallel, in a jesting tone, between his own and his companion's treatment on the Via Dolorosa by the Turkish soldiers, and that which our Blessed Lord experienced in his awful passage along it. A third sort of danger there is, besides those of ultra-protestantism and infidelity, less commonly incurred, perhaps, but not less dangerous. An earnest, but ill-grounded and ill-balanced piety will be in danger of mistaking goodness for truth, and so of undermining the foundations of his own faith by a too ready acceptance of the honest but ignorant errors of superstition. Nor is it the individual alone who suffers by this venturing without due preparation of the heart into contact with sacred things. The traveller is eyes to the tarrier at home; he is the purveyor to the Church from which he goes forth, as to what is matter of sober belief with respect to sacred localities. And unless he have enough of wisdom and grace to hold the balance evenly, he runs the risk of depriving the Church, on the one hand, of the green spots on which her imaginative eye may allowably rest and feed; or of adding unauthorized articles to her creed in minor things on the other.

The first word, then, which we shall say with reference to Mr. Williams as a traveller and observer, and we believe it is a testimony which he will receive more gladly than any other, is, that it is seldom our happiness to meet with a writer whom we feel that we can with such entire confidence trust to lead us into sacred places. To spend a considerable time at Jerusalem in the investigation of its revered, yet strangely and painfully disfigured antiquities, and yet not to have been disgusted, so to speak, out of our reverential feelings for the true, by the condemnation with which we must visit what is false, and the candour which we owe to our examination of everything; nor yet, again, beguiled out of our candour and love of truth by the overwhelming power of the reverential associations of the place,—this cannot be very easy, and is certainly not very common. We trust the number of such travellers may be multiplied. Thus minded, however, it will be easily imagined from our preliminary remarks, that we deem Mr. Williams eminently happy in the subject which he has chosen — or we might with some propriety say, has been allotted to him—for illustration, in the very important work of which we propose to give some account in the present article.

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Turning aside from the thousand and one temptations to discursiveness, and to mere gossipping and attractive journalizing and book-writing, which beset the fascinating path of the traveller in the East, he has had the wisdom to concentrate his regards, as far at least as appears from the present work, on one grand object—that of clearing up, disentangling, and setting forth in their rightful characters, the intensely interesting questions of history, topography, and antiquarianism, which gather round JERUSALEM. But we may leave him to explain, in the words of his original Preface, the nature of his work:—

'To attempt a full and connected narrative of the various events which have befallen the most ancient city of the world from its foundation to the present day, would require volumes, and was not contemplated in the present work; the design of which is, simply to gather together into one view such notices of Jerusalem as are not easily within the reach of the English reader. I have already far exceeded the limits which I originally proposed to myself. In the prosecution of my main object it was necessary to avoid extraneous discussions, however strong the temptation to enter on them, and to pass very lightly over much ground on which I would fain have lingered. Where I have entered into details in the historical part, I had generally some definite purpose in view, though it may not always be apparent to the reader, and did not seem necessary or desirable to declare it. The topography and antiquities were kept always in view in composing the historical chapters; and I was careful to note all the passages which would throw light on what I hope may prove the most valuable and successful part of my undertaking. This will explain the minute detail of the progress of the siege under Titus, and again, by the Crusaders. The earlier part of the Christian period has been fully dwelt on, with a view to remove the common, but most erroneous supposition, that the ancient records of the Church of Ælia have hopelessly perished, and that Eusebius is its earliest historian, instead of a mere transcriber of contemporaneous testimony.'—*Preface to First Edition*, 1845, p. v.

He modestly entitles his work 'Notices' on these subjects; but like many other treatises which have come forth with unpretending titles, it will be found that the 'Notices' are by no means of that fragmentary and desultory character which the name might seem to imply; wide as their scope is within the prescribed limits, there is in them a unity of purpose which consolidates them into a well compacted whole. Nor does the work, such as we now have it, partake of the crudeness which is apt to characterise books written off from a traveller's first impressions, uncorrected by subsequent thought and comparison. The fruits of Mr. Williams's investigations in and about the Holy City were first presented to the public in a single volume. In the *two* massive and handsome volumes now in our hands, they come to us matured by the study of several years' reflection; tested by having been subjected to question and attack from various quarters, chiefly from foreign or Ame-

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rican writers, and enriched with a large amount of entirely new matter. The writer's 'Retractationes' (we mean the word in S. Augustine's sense) have evidently been conducted in the most candid and earnest spirit, with the single desire of truthfulness, and of subserving the interests of religion according to the justest conception of them. Of Mr. Williams's assailants or scrutinizers we shall speak presently. We shall also have occasion to recur to some of the more important additions or amplifications. At present we will only remark upon one or two of them. The work, both in its original and its newer form, is illustrated throughout with the delightful drawings of Mr. Witts. Of these it is not too much to say, that, in the opinion of competent judges, they will bear comparison, both in point of beauty and fidelity, even with the very admirable ones which have appeared of late years; such as, *e.g.* Mr. Roberts's well-known sketches. Our favourite one, perhaps, is the view of Jerusalem from the north, which shows the city nestling amid its encompassing and guardian hills; and the bird's-eye view, supposed to be taken at sunrise, from the south. One thing more was needed in the way of illustration; viz., a trustworthy Plan of the Holy City. This want is now supplied; and in a form perfect beyond all expectation, so as to leave nothing on this head to be desired. By permission of the Master General of the Ordnance, a copy of the Ordnance Map of Jerusalem and the environs, executed in the spring of 1841, with only such additions as were necessary for elucidating his subject, accompanies Mr. Williams's new edition. The publication of the first accurate plan of the Holy City may, as he observes, be justly regarded as an era in the literature of the subject; and the following particulars as to the occasion of its construction will be read with interest:—

'The principal advantage derived to the world from the operations of the British fleet on the coast of Syria in 1840, and from the confusions consequent thereupon, was the opportunity afforded to the Royal Engineers of making an accurate Survey of the country. A detachment of that very efficient corps, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Alderson, officered by Majors Wilbraham and Robe, Lieutenants Aldrich Symonds, Skyring, and others, passed several months in the country after the bombardment of Acre, actively engaged in this work of inestimable importance to sacred literature. Their Geometrical Survey extended north as far as the banks of the Orontes and the range of the Taurus; to the south it comprehended the sources of the Jordan and the shores of the Dead Sea; and the astonished natives still recount and will long remember their exploits—how they erected their *nishán* (signal) on the summits of the loftiest hills, and were occupied for whole days in measurements and observations wholly unintelligible to their unsophisticated simplicity. Although the results of these labours have yet been given to the world only in fragments, yet have they already served to decide many important questions, and to stimulate the

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desire for the whole Survey, the value of which it is impossible to calculate.'—Vol. i. p. 9 (*Appendix*).

'The Survey of the exterior was commenced on the 25th of February, 1841, at 1 P.M., by Lieutenant Aldrich, with a 5½-inch theodolite and 100-ft. chain; Lieutenant Symonds, with Schmalcalder's compass, commencing at the same time to survey the town and inside of the city-wall. The officers were assisted by six men of the royal corps, also engineers, and the survey occupied them six weeks. The ground about the town was sketched in by Lieutenant Symonds, during the illness of Lieutenant Aldrich; and the Castle was surveyed by Colonel Alderson himself.

'The late successes of the British arms on the coast of Syria, and the military array of the detachment, not only secured them from all molestation in their undertaking, but engaged for them the active co-operation of the natives; so that the City and environs were thoroughly surveyed, except that, in the exercise of a wise and considerate forbearance, they did not force an entrance into the Haram, lest they should offend the religious prejudices of the Moslems.

'I must here allude to an accidental advantage in the Ordnance Survey, quite independent of its intrinsic merits, viz., that it was no party Plan, and was designed for the support of no theory. It was simply a military survey, and the remarks with which it was accompanied were altogether of a scientific character, regarding merely its military capabilities of defence or exposure to attack. The surrounding valleys are viewed merely as "adding to its means of defence," the Church of the Ascension on the Mount of Olives as "a strong advanced work;" and the main importance of the City itself consists in its "affording considerable accommodation for troops, and a depôt for troops and provisions," as well as "a base for operations from the southern frontier."'—Vol. i. pp. 11, 12 (*Ibid*).

The only contributor to the original volume was Mr. Rowlands, in the shape of an interesting memoir of the southern boundary of the Holy Land. Now, however, a new coadjutor, and an invaluable one, has appeared in the person of Professor Willis, whose chapter on the architectural history of the Holy City fully sustains his deserved reputation in this line. The principal additions made by Mr. Williams himself consist in an enlargement of the historical department, and in careful and detailed examination of objections, whether in the form of notes and appendices, or of a re-writing of the text. The largest and most important of these additions is the historical and descriptive Memoir appended to the first volume, illustrative of the Ordnance Survey, and drawn up especially as a companion to it.

Of the learning and research which have been bestowed upon the production of this work, it is difficult to speak in adequate terms. And what is better and rarer still than either, is the easy command which the author possesses over the multifarious sources and authors which have to be consulted at almost every turn. He appears to have a happy facility of laying his hand upon the very observation which is to his purpose in every case; so that the reader feels that he is really enlightened, not encumbered, as is too often the case, by the abundant, yet accurate

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and carefully husbanded references contained in the notes. In the notes will also be found full discussions of very many interesting critical questions: we may specify those upon 'the causeway,' (vol. ii. *fin.*) and on the interpretation of Ps. xlviii. 2, (ib. p. 475.) And if we may anticipate the judgment to which we hope to lead the reader to form, by the specimens we shall adduce of Mr. Williams's investigations and results, we venture to question whether, taking into consideration the vast importance of the subject, and the thorough and successful treatment it has received at our author's hands, a book of equal importance often makes its appearance. Of Mr. Layard's 'Nineveh' and its reputation we have not a word to say in disparagement or abatement; but it may not be uninteresting to institute a parallel between it and the work before us. They offer some decided points of resemblance. The general aim of both is the same—recovery, exhumation, and identification. Mr. Williams and Professor Willis, no less than Messrs. Layard and Ross, are excavators, though with somewhat different agents and tools. They are employed in clearing, not winged bulls and cuneiform inscriptions, but traditions and time-honoured beliefs, from the rubbish of ages; they dig, not in Birs Nimroud, but amid the accumulated piles of fact or fable which have gathered around the hallowed sites of Jerusalem. Though, indeed, Mr. Layard too has taken his part in the work of confirming Scripture by ancient tradition and modern discovery; he found, as we have been informed by his companion, Mr. Ross, a distinct tradition among the Arabs of the 'Asshur,' who 'went forth out of that land (Babel or Shinar) and builded Nineveh;' they say he was Nimrod's lieutenant; a view which curiously fits into the well-known difficulties of the passage in Gen. x. 10, 11. Mr. Williams, again, has his army of workmen under him; but they are the innumerable writers on Jerusalem, from Josephus and Philo downwards: he has even his Arabs, just as Mr. Layard has, to assist him in laying bare the traditions of a people as ancient as themselves; but they are not the flying Bedoweens of the desert, but grave Arabic writers, the Jelal-el-Dînrs and and Mejr-ed-Dînrs of the middle ages. And each has appended to his immediate design a subordinate one—that of re-writing, by the aid of topographical and archæological research, the history of an 'exceeding great city.' And, to drop our comparison with Mr. Layard, we can promise the general reader, that if he will not be frightened away by the outward appearance of two somewhat more solid and learned-looking volumes than are commonly laid on drawing-room tables, he will find not a little that may even be called attractive matter in the well-filled pages of

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'The Holy City.' If he has a taste for discovery and research, here is abundance of it. If he loves a little mystery, there will be explorations of mysterious waters running 'through caverns measureless to man,' no one knows whence or whither. If he delights in illustrations of Scripture, we know of no class of books which aids realization more than this. If he prefers history, here is a volume full of it, in a shape which must interest from the novel sources of illustration which are brought to bear out of the antiquarian department of the book. Or, if finally, he is in search of innocent amusement, we can promise him a little even of that. Mr. Williams has generously preserved from oblivion, probably for the solace of this class of readers, some translations, propounded by one Herr Kraft, of certain inscriptions at Jerusalem. Their tenour is abundantly simple and affecting. 'This is the grave of ten *different men*' [as they might else have been supposed to be a decad of avatars of the same individual] 'from Germany'! 'An interesting record,' observes Mr. Williams, 'which, as he tells us, afforded him and his companion' [as being themselves also German and mortal, perhaps, also, believers in metempsychosis] 'food for pensive reflection.' But, like other great writers, Herr Kraft repeats himself. A second inscription runs, according to him, 'Grave of ten different men, superiors of the monastery of *Benas* (!), and of George.' 'Ten men again,' as Mr. Williams has remarked, 'apparently the normal number of these tombs.' As for S. Benas, he has had the misfortune to be omitted in the received calendars hitherto; and, unhappily, the one thing which would effectually establish his claim to appear there, viz. his monastery at Jerusalem, is not forthcoming either. We ought to mention that, according to Herr Kraft, there were 'different men' from Rome also; but the fact, though probable, is hardly thought to be borne out by the monuments. Then, again, there is a 'Mr. Fergusson,' (ill-omened name,) who will yield him a fund of harmless entertainment. His endeavours to reconstruct the undoubtedly much-perplexed topography of Jerusalem, can only be compared to the infantine *jeu* entitled 'Frank Feignwell's attempts to amuse his friends;' the point of which consists in fitting a Saracen's head and shoulders on a Jewish Rabbi's body, and underwriting it, 'Christian warrior in complete armour.' So does Mr. Fergusson out of the mosque of Omar and the foundations of Solomon's Temple, construct what he confidently affirms to be no other than the Emperor Constantine's Church of the Holy Sepulchre!

But it is time that we should give a somewhat more definite account of the plan and object of Mr. Williams's work. In

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order to do this effectually, it will be necessary briefly to state the condition in which he found the literature of the subject; for by this he was mainly influenced in the form and direction which he gave to his investigations.

There is no ground for complaining that the paramount claims which the Holy City and Land possess on the attention of the travelling portion of mankind, have in any age been disallowed or neglected. The pilgrimages of the earlier, and the crusades of the middle ages, are only intenser and more religious forms of that interest and curiosity which has led more recent travellers to explore the scenes consecrated by the great acts of man's Redemption. As early as the beginning of the fourth century, we have the pilgrim of Bordeaux compiling a narrative of his journey to the Holy Land for the benefit of his countrymen:—the first-fruits of European travel in the glorious East. To the same period belong the renowned and eventful visits of Constantine and his mother Helena, and their magnificent enshrinements of the sacred localities. In the latter part of the same century, S. Jerome and S. Eusebius, in company with other pilgrims, make the usual round; and the latter, from his monastery at Bethlehem, gives us an account of the pious journeyings undertaken for the same purpose by S. Paula, and her daughter S. Eustochium. From this time pilgrimages are of course abundantly frequent, though the degree of access allowed to the venerated spots varied with the dominion under which Jerusalem successively fell. Records, however, of these pilgrimages are comparatively rare, and even these have been, until very lately, inaccessible to the generality of readers. Mr. Bohn, in one of his admirable volumes, has filled up this gap in our popular literature; and Bishop Arculf and S. Willibald, Bernard the Wise and Sæwulf the Saxon, Sigurd the Crusader and Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, together with the marvel-loving Mandeville, (whose credit, by-the-bye, like Herodotus's, is on the increase,) may now be revelled in for a sum which would hardly have sufficed formerly to procure a single volume of the works of any of them. The mediæval period was likewise tolerably prolific of directly geographical and topographical treatises on Palestine and Jerusalem, such as El-Edrisi's in Arabic (*c.* 1150); Brocardus's or Burchard's (*c.* 1283); Abulfeda's (1300—1330); Adrichomius', and 'Villalpandus;' and Mejr-ed-Dins, (1495,) containing a very full description of Jerusalem in Arabic. Late in the sixteenth century, Zuallart, a Fleming, and Cotovicus, or Kootwyk, whose name will sufficiently reveal his country, may be considered to have opened a new era in the literature of Palestine,

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and to have given to the world the first worthy fruits of the keener spirit of research which awoke in the days of Printing and Reformation. The name of Sandys, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, is so closely entwined with some of our most favourite ecclesiastical associations, that his 'Travailes' will always be read with peculiar interest. He was brother of Hooker's pupil, Edwin. After mentioning Quaresmius, an Italian, resident at this period for some time in the Latin convent at Jerusalem, and author of a voluminous and multifarious 'Elucidatio' of it and the Holy Land, we may pass at once to Maundrell, who may be considered as the coryphæus of the modern school of travellers. Among these, Reland, Shaw, and Pococke, Carsten Niebuhr, Seetzen, Burckhardt, and Irby and Mangles may be specified as the most valuable. Subsequently to the work of the last-mentioned *nobile par* of captains, nothing for a long time appeared which could claim to be a classical work on the subject. The sketchers and the tourists, the Labordes, the Lindsays, and the Stephenses, abounded; but as regards any thing more solid, from 1817 to 1837 is almost a blank. Now the writers whom we have mentioned, with their fellow-labourers in the same field, have examined with more or less of interest and acumen, the great questions of topography and identification belonging to the Holy City, and arrived at various conclusions respecting them. Here then was a subject which seemed especially to invite that full and thorough investigation which characterises the scientific spirit of the day. New aspects have been given to most of the questions which attracted the attention and exercised the ingenuity of our forefathers. Old sciences and studies have been carried further; new ones have been discovered. Regions of phenomena, hitherto not suspected to exist, or deemed hopelessly inaccessible, have been penetrated and reduced to laws. Might not some, at least, of these results be brought to bear even upon questions of Sacred Topography? There was reason, indeed, to question whether previous investigators had exhausted even all the appliances at their command in their own day. How much, then, might be effected, were both these and the newer accessions to the store, to be used to the utmost! Geology, almost a new science since those days; architectural criticism, only very lately reduced to anything deserving the name; improved and simplified methods of engineering and surveying,—would all be likely to yield some fruits in furtherance of such an enterprise. And from the year 1837 to the present time, several important contributions to such a design have been made. Among these, by far the fullest and most regular

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treatise on the subject, and that which led the way, was Dr. Edward Robinson's, Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. His work, entitled, 'Biblical Researches in Palestine, &c.,' proved him to be possessed of many valuable qualifications of a traveller. The chief of these is, perhaps, unwearied patience in timing, measuring, and jotting down all the data that could possibly be collected on his journey. Those who have travelled most will best know how to appreciate such a power. He had also read very diligently both before and after his travels, and has accumulated a great mass of well digested and arranged information, for which all subsequent travellers over the same route must ever be indebted to him. We have heard persons who have followed in his wake testify, that you may always trust his measurements and calculations. If he says it is twenty minutes from such a point until you come in sight of such and such a Wady, in twenty minutes you will assuredly come to it.

But he was 'not the man of the *situation*.' Great with the measuring-tape, the watch, and the compass, he was not to be trusted with the more important interests of sacred truth. First of all, when he comes to put his facts together, and give you something like a view or a result, he is singularly unhappy. Hence, for all his measurements, he has added but little of real value to our topographical knowledge, at least of Jerusalem. His walls, his hills, his valleys, his Temple area, his Tyropœan, his Acra, all are utterly and demonstrably wrongly placed, and have been very easily upset by subsequent investigation. But this might be his misfortune. There was a graver disqualification, amounting to a fault, to which this barrenness as to results was in a great measure owing. He never could give anything of the nature of a tradition an impartial hearing, particularly if it professes to identify the site of any sacred event. 'Whatever is, is wrong,' is his motto about everything of that sort. According to him, the Christians, early and late, like so many Yezidis, took such an especial pleasure in lying, and being lied to, that they had a preference for a falsely-assigned site over a true. We have, therefore, in him no candid inquirer after truth, but a man fully possessed with the idea that his business was to disprove everything that came before him. He makes it a rule to start in the very opposite direction to that in which tradition sets, as if such a course would infallibly waft him into the sure haven of truth. He would elicit truth, as flint and steel do sparks, by a pretty smart concussion with all established belief. How much sound philosophy there is in such a

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way of going to work, we leave to philosophers to say; but even the impolicy of it must by this time be pretty manifest even to himself. 'Ah! si mens non læva fuisset,' how many a just conclusion might he have arrived at, which he has now left to his successors to elicit out of his carefully collected premises. He is ever on the eve of a discovery, without ever really making one. Moreover, Dr. Robinson's hatred of tradition is as ruthless as it is systematic. 'Incredulus odit.' Sir John Mandeville relates, in a famous passage, of the crocodiles which he saw in Egypt, that 'they slen men, and eten hem, *wepynge*.' But any such compunctious visitings are strangers to the bosom of Dr. Robinson. The 'pleasant things' which, whether of good right or not, have enshrined for two thousand years the affections of Christian men, are blotted out of existence without the tribute of a word of sympathy. Can a person thus minded be trusted to say what shall or shall not henceforth be the faith of Christendom as to the reputed localities of Palestine and Jerusalem? And yet with 'multitudes of readers, both in Europe and America,' ever since the publication of his book, Dr. Robinson's word is law. With the single exception—rather an important one—'of most of the travellers who have visited Jerusalem since,' his conclusions have been accepted as irrefragable. It has been taken for granted that he has overset every atom of tradition which existed in favour of any one of the more famous localities. Such is the writer, such the condition of the literature of the subject, against which Mr. Williams has avowedly directed his researches and his book. We owe 'the Holy City' to Dr. Robinson, just as we owe the 'Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity' to Thomas Cartwright, or Bentley to Boyle.

'A work of much research has now been for some years before the world, one unavowed but ill-disguised object of which is to bring discredit on the early local traditions of Palestine, so as ultimately to involve the venerable Fathers of the Church in the charge of dishonesty or unaccountable ignorance. The affectation of candour and impartiality with which the inquiry into the value of ecclesiastical traditions is there conducted, has given an additional weight to the observations in the minds of those who have neither the means nor the opportunity of testing their accuracy for themselves; so that much higher value has been set upon the arguments than they deserved. I do not hesitate to declare, that one object of the present volume is to expose the fallacy of many conclusions, argued out very often on insufficient premises, or in contravention of historical or topographical phenomena, by the author of the "Biblical Researches in Palestine," in the hope that the consideration of facts, which he has either overlooked or neglected, may prove, what some might imagine requires no demonstration, that the evidence of a partial witness of the nineteeth century is insufficient against the voice of catholic antiquity.'—*The Holy City*, Pref. to 1st Ed. pp. vi. vii.

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Let it be considered what is at issue in the controversy. It is no question of mere vulgar relics. It is no contest between rival Holy Coats, or heads of John the Baptist. Dr. Robinson's view, the view that half Europe and all America are prepared to side with him in, is, that as complete a deluge of oblivion as that which blotted Eden from the face of the earth has swept over what have hitherto been fondly deemed the sacred features of Jerusalem. The tide of years 'has swept His footsteps from the favoured clime.' The barren rock, and the valleys which enclose it, are all the Kebla that remain to the faithful. To some this may seem a matter of indifference. We cannot think it so. Conceivably, of course, it might have been so ordained, that the knowledge of these sites was to be irretrievably lost; just as the knowledge of many similar things has, doubtless for wise purposes, been withheld. But *if it was not so ordained*—and surely all must allow that this is conceivable likewise—then is the knowledge of such sites a part of the heritage of Christendom, and to be used by her aright. She may have wrought folly in her tutelage of them; but a duty towards them she must have, and she certainly may use them to edification. It can scarcely be a matter of indifference to the mourners who stand around a newly-opened grave, whether they may or may not believe that the 'new tomb' of Him, with Whom they fear not to see their loved ones going down into the sides of the pit, still hallows and blesses the common earth; still lies upturned to the common sky: the surest and the brightest earnest, next to the Word of God itself, of a blessed Resurrection. Yet this is the tradition, against which especially Dr. Robinson has bent himself with all his force. The fact is significant. It is natural that he should do so. For why? The truth is—and it is another reason for attaching importance to this discussion—that what lies at the bottom of all this dislike of traditions in Dr. Robinson, and in all who eagerly welcome his conclusions, is *an anxiety to escape all searching and arresting demands upon faith.* It is no more than a consistent carrying out of anti-sacramental views. We do not know to what denomination Dr. Robinson belongs, but we know that he is not a Churchman. And the characteristic of all belief, except Church belief, is, that it evades all circumstance in matters of faith. It will believe anything, or profess to believe it, provided you do not tie it down to time, place, and matter. It will believe that there may be a grace attached to Baptism, but not that it is given *at the time.* It will believe in some kind of church-membership; but it will not believe that in the Holy Communion, *then, there, through those material elements,* Christ is united to His members and they

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to Him. And just so, such persons believe in our Lord's Resurrection; but show them or tell them of the very spot as now existing upon earth, and they start back. It is too awful. It cannot be. They never looked at any thing so. They have believed in an abstract kind of way: but to believe in connexion with what they see, or with present time, is a thing which their religious training has given them no sort of experience in. It is, in short, a positive relief to such persons not to have to believe in a downright material fact, such as this, that the Sepulchre of our blessed Lord 'is with us to this day.' Then, again, the Resurrection of our blessed Lord does not hold, in any system but that of the Church, the transcendently important position which her Creed has ever assigned to it. As a proof of His Divinity, as a natural conclusion (so it is represented) of His mission, as an earnest of the general resurrection, this truth is accepted by most: but as an imparted, quickening, justifying Thing, as the life of Sacraments, and so of sacramentally nourished men; sectarians in this view, of course, do not regard it: and the loss of the Holy Sepulchre or any other substantial witness to the verity of it, is comparatively a matter of indifference to them, in proportion as the truth itself is less entwined with the affections and hopes of their religious being.

The fact of Dr. Robinson's having adopted this line, of questioning, as a general rule, all traditionally received sacred sites, and in particular that of the Holy Sepulchre, imparted to Mr. Williams's undertaking, from the very first, the nature of a crusade. He does not shrink from avowing it such. Thus he tell us:—

'My only desire is to act as a humble "man-at-arms" in the attempt "to tear from the unbelievers the precious Tomb of the Captain of our Salvation;" and in common with all engaged in the "Holy War," I must feel very grateful to a generous adversary for placing me under such a glorious banner; thereby, I trust unwittingly, arraying himself with the disciples of the Koran and the Crescent, the avowed enemies not of the Sepulchre alone, but of the Holy Church Catholic.

'Should it be thought that the constant reference to one author has invested the controversy with a private and personal character, I can truly say that the result was felt to be as inevitable as it is undesirable. The "Biblical Researches" have obtained, and on many accounts have deserved, so much celebrity in England and in Germany, and so much attention has been devoted by the writer to this particular subject, that he stands forth necessarily in the first ranks as Chieftain of the *unbelieving* array, and as such must bear the brunt of the battle. And may I be permitted to express a hope, that while fighting under our respective colours, we shall all remember, that the only cause worth contending for is *Truth*, and that we may imitate not only the zeal but the courtesy of Christian and Saracenic warfare?'—*The Holy City*, Pref. to 1st Ed. pp. viii. ix.

For some departures from the spirit thus invoked, of which

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our author had to accuse himself, he has expressed his regret in a tone of unflinching severity towards himself in the preface to his second edition. We cannot but join with him in still regretting the necessity there was for so much of rejoinder, however freed from recrimination, as appears in the notes to these volumes. But we do not see how it could have been avoided. It may be very annoying to have to descend from the serene heights of an interesting passage of history, or an *éclaircissement*, apparently clear as the sun at noonday, of a topographical difficulty, to skirmish with Dr. Robinson or Herr Kraft in the lower regions of small type and free inquiry; but they might otherwise not unreasonably have said that their objections were passed over because they were unanswerable. And we may call to mind for our consolation, if indeed it be one, how many valuable and standard treatises have of necessity taken this form. Few great works, comparatively, have been written in cold blood. One writer, however, there is among Mr. Williams's antagonists, concerning whom we are decidedly of opinion that he is 'not worth his powder and shot.' We allude to Mr. Fergusson. We think that in a future edition he might with great advantage be dismissed in a much more summary manner.

We have remarked above on the interest which the whole ultra-Protestant school has in the establishment of Dr. Robinson's positions concerning the sacred localities; that of the Holy Sepulchre in particular. But it would be a mistake to suppose that these are the only class of religionists with whose prepossessions such a result would concur. German rationalism, in most of its giant forms, would welcome such a conclusion with open arms.

'Hoc Ithacus velit; hoc magno mercentur Atridæ.'

For all such as would treat our Lord's Resurrection as a myth, the well-ascertained existence of the Tomb from which He rose is very inconvenient. And even those who are ready to admit the fact of that Resurrection, but represent it only as a 'mode,' or particular exhibition, of a much greater general fact or process which is going on in mankind at large, must admit that those, who from the beginning thus piously and carefully noted and guarded the scene of the event, attributed no such secondary character to it:—that the early Christian's hope, at least, was not in some subjective 'Idea' which that event only shadowed forth, but in the very event itself, and its involved consequents.

Now then we know what the cause is, and who the parties interested in it. Ultra-Protestantism, and Rationalism, with the whole tone of mind akin thereto, on the one hand, abetting

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conclusions of yesterday; *admonitus loci*, and the Church's reverential love and belief, with all that is akin to sacramentality and simple objective faith, on the other, taking part with the traditions and the outpoured affections of two thousand years. The champions want for nothing of panoply or zeal; they have put themselves in full career for the shock. Who will not say, God guard the right!

We are unwilling to leave our readers in suspense as to the issue of the contest, so far forth as already existing indications enable us to predicate it. They will have anticipated that in our own view there is no question about the matter. If demonstration goes for anything, it appears to us that the veteran Entellus of this contest is no match for the more youthful Dares. All the main conclusions of Dr. Robinson have been completely demolished by his opponent: and of the central point of contention, the reputed site of the Holy Sepulchre, we avow our belief *that it is impossible that any candid and intelligent person should ever again call in question the authenticity of it.* And surely we are not wrong in saying, that by the establishment of this point alone, Mr. Williams and Professor Willis have earned the grateful acknowledgments of all Christendom. We are not alone in the judgment we have expressed of the result. Dr. Robinson, it is true, was utterly unconvinced by the first edition of 'The Holy City;' 'every position advanced in the Biblical Researches is resolutely maintained' in an elaborate and unhappily angry critique of his in the New York 'Bibliotheca Sacra,' an American religious journal. Whether the rejoinder will have shaken his confidence remains to be seen. But meanwhile, from several distinct and most unsuspicious quarters, very full testimony has been borne to the success of Mr. Williams's labours. Dr. Schultz, Prussian Consul at Jerusalem, had indeed simultaneously been moving almost *pari passu* with him; the result of his investigations has been in the main points identical with his; and he fully adopts his views. So does Herr Kraft, contriving at the same time to get the credit of them himself. Dr. Tischendorff, a distinguished Biblical scholar, had returned from Jerusalem a perfect convert to Dr. Robinson's views. But now, Tischendorff himself *dat manus*. 'The conclusions arrived 'at within the last few months by two gentlemen competent 'beyond all others to the undertaking, have thrown a new light 'upon his reminiscences . . . . . He thinks it will be in future 'difficult to question the authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre 'upon reasonable grounds.' Nor is the effect produced at home, so far as it has transpired, less satisfactory. Professor Willis, who originally was of a contrary opinion, has now, what with

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Mr. Williams's investigations and his own, argued himself out of it: he tells us: 'In saying this, I by no means intend to 'throw doubts upon the truth of that tradition which has fixed 'the site of the Holy Sepulchre within the church in ques-'tion; for I am myself fully convinced of the genuineness 'of that site.' We happen to know, too, that another eminent Cambridge Professor, not unknown to the geological world, and equally guiltless with the former of any violent liking for traditions, has expressed himself a convert from Dr. Robinson's to Mr. Williams's view. From an equally unsuspicious quarter, and therefore as gratifying as it is splendid, is the last testimonial we shall mention—the adjudgement by the King of Prussia of the golden medal 'für Wissenschaft' to the author of 'The Holy City,' in token of his Majesty's 'high esteem and appreciation of his important services to the Republic of Letters.'

And now to survey the contents of Mr. Williams's book in the order of topics which he has adopted—viz. History first; Archæology afterwards. Under the former head we shall be sparing of our extracts, partly because the latter makes more legitimate demands upon our space, as containing the polemical matter; but chiefly because extracts can no more give a just idea of a history, than (according to the old Greek story) a sample brick does of a house. But we owe it to the first regular and formal History of Jerusalem ever attempted, at least on this plan, to endeavour to give completeness to it by throwing some light on those more remote and primeval periods of her story which it hardly fell within our author's province to illustrate.

It is an interesting question, from what period the History of Jerusalem is to be dated. There is a religious observation of Josephus, on the caution addressed to Moses 'to put off his shoes from his feet, because the place whereon he stood was holy ground.' He takes it to signify no less than that that place had been a divinely selected and guarded τέμενος from the beginning; and owed its holiness, not to the particular manifestation of Himself which God then vouchsafed in the burning bush, but to His original designation of it as a spot which He was pleased to take for His own. The subsequent honour put upon the same Mount Horeb, by the giving of the law upon it, tends to confirm such a belief. And we can hardly forbear to extend the like belief in all its fulness to Jerusalem. That Divine delight which, as the Scriptures inform us, God took in his Holy Hill, must surely be deemed to have had its beginning from that time when Eden ceased to be His especial dwelling-place on earth. From the hour of the Fall, Jerusalem was, in the counsels of God, the Place of His Feet, which He designed to make glorious.

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And even the civil history of that wonderful city may, on no insecure grounds, be carried much higher than it usually is. We think that it may with a very high degree of probability be shown to have existed as a regal and sacerdotal city in the fourth generation after the Flood.

Mr. Williams thus commences his historical sketch of the Holy City:—

'The early history of that city which was destined to occupy so conspicuous a place in the annals of the world, is so involved in obscurity, owing to the remote antiquity to which it belongs, that not only is nothing certain known of its origin, but writers are not agreed as to where it is first mentioned in Holy Scripture. The testimony of Josephus, representing as is probable the tradition of the Jewish church, has not been enough to satisfy either ancients or moderns that the Salem of Melchizedek is identical with the Jerusalem of which David was the second founder; but as this opinion rests on very high authority, and has nothing in it inconsistent with the sacred narrative, we may be allowed to adopt a theory which will give additional interest to the Holy City, by identifying the scene of the offering of the king of Salem with that of the sacramental institution of the Prince of Peace which was therein typified.

'The Jewish historian without any hesitation ascribes its foundation to Melchizedek, who, he says, "was there the first priest of God, and first built a temple there;" and if this mysterious personage were identified with Shem, the son of Noah, as ancient tradition with singular consistency has delivered, then may the Holy City boast an antiquity greater than any city in the world, and a founder every way worthy of its future celebrity.'—*The Holy City*, vol. i. pp. 1, 2.

In the identification of Jerusalem with the Salem of Melchizedek, we most heartily concur. But we are by no means satisfied to leave it an open question. We consider that there is in Scripture a very large amount of circumstantial evidence in proof of it. This evidence seems to us to have never been fairly weighed and summed up. Authority alone has been rested upon; and authority is decidedly in favour of the view; but the full concurrence of Scripture with the ancient belief has been overlooked. First of all, it is said, in Gen. xiv., that 'the king of Sodom went out to meet Abram after the 'slaughter of Chedorlaomer ..... at the valley of Shaveh, '*which is the King's dale.* And Melchizedek, king of Salem,' it is added, '*brought forth* bread and wine.' Now there is no conceivable pretext for denying the identity of 'the King's dale' here spoken of, with the valley mentioned under the same remarkable name in 2 Sam. xviii. 18, as the site of the pillar of Absalom. But in that passage there is no doubt that the valley of Jehoshaphat is meant.[1] The objection which has sometimes been made, that it is unlikely Abram should have returned by way of Jerusalem, because it was not in the direct line from Damascus to Sodom, is irrelevant. There is no ground for supposing that

[1] *Vide* Holy City, vol. ii. pp. 157 and 450.

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Abram was returning to Sodom at all; his dwelling-place at this time was Mamre, and Jerusalem would be directly in his way thither. The going out of the king of Sodom, to a point so far from his own city, might easily be accounted for on the ground of a desire to do honour to the victor; but it was besides, in fact, the nearest point to him in Abram's route. But again, the expression that Melchizedek '*brought forth* bread and wine' is a perfectly natural one, if it be taken to mean that he came forth out of the city into the valley where Abram was holding the interview with the king of Sodom; whereas every attempt that has been made to give a meaning to it on any other supposition is far-fetched in the extreme. An ingenious writer, Gaillard, who has sifted every word of the context,—unfortunately in pursuit of an *ignis fatuus* as an interpretation of the whole,—observes, that one principal signification of the Hebrew word here rendered 'brought forth,' is that of fetching anything out of a house or other inclosure to another person. Instances are Josh. vi. 23, Judges vi. 18. The latter is exactly to our purpose: Gideon desires leave to 'bring forth' his present out of the house to the angel. For an example of the far-fetched interpretations we have alluded to, we need not travel beyond the writer just quoted, who contends that Melchizedek 'produced' the bread and wine by an exercise of miraculous power, just as Moses 'brought forth' water out of the rock.

The other well-known passage of the Old Testament in which Melchizedek is mentioned, furnishes still more cogent proof that the Salem of which he was king was no other than Jerusalem. It would be too much, perhaps, to say that the 110th Psalm, and S. Paul's application of it, are unintelligible and incoherent on any other supposition; but certainly the admission of this one goes far to remove from both passages a certain abruptness, which impairs the clearness both of the type set forth in the one, and of the inspired exposition of it contained in the other. Deny the Salem of Melchizedek to be Jerusalem, and the Eternal Oath (Psalm cx. 4), investing the Divine Person who is the subject of the whole Psalm with a Priesthood such as Melchizedek had borne, stands totally unconnected with the context. Admit it, and not only does the abruptness disappear, but the entire Psalm receives a great accession of light. We then perceive that the grand strain of prophecy which runs through it is based upon the character and actions of the historical Melchizedek, as they are briefly but pregnantly pourtrayed in Gen. xiv. The Almighty is represented as setting a certain Conquering Person on a victorious throne above his enemies, causing free-will offerings to be made to him in the day of victory, and enabling him to smite kings, to judge among the heathen, to wound the

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heads over many countries. Zion is designated as the seat of this victorious Ruler's kingdom: 'The Lord shall send the rod of thy strength out of Zion.' Now, taking Melchizedek to be king of Salem, and as such the rightful king of the whole land of Canaan, (a view which we shall show reasons for hereafter,) it is clear that when he went forth to Abraham on his return from the slaughter of the kings, he fulfilled all the conditions here enumerated. By the hand of Abraham, as in some sort His vice-gerent, God had made him victorious over his enemies, and established his throne. Melchizedek, moreover, had received 'free-will offerings' from Abraham in the name of the people, in that day of victory, in the form of tithes. These were a token and acknowledgment both of his regal and priestly character. By them it was confessed that not Abraham but Melchizedek had, in virtue of his kingly power and sacerdotal blessing, and as God's anointed, smitten through kings, heads over divers countries, judged among the heathen, and filled the places with the dead bodies; (the 'slaughter' of the kings is apparently intended here, as elsewhere, for a very strong expression). The divers countries over which the kings slain by Abraham reigned, are specified in Gen. xiv. 1. The 'judging among the heathen' may refer to the idolatrous nations of Sodom, &c., in the midst of whom this great victory was wrought. The 'drinking of the brook in the way' (ver. 7) may possibly allude to the refreshment which Abraham received in the valley through which the brook of Cedron flowed.

When we have arrived at this view of the Psalm, the verse concerning the priesthood, far from being an abrupt insertion, reads smoothly into the context, and gives the completing touch to the prophecy. It then appears as a special promise and assurance, that not in respect of kingship only should that victorious Person be another Melchizedek, ruling over a better Salem, but that He should also be like him, 'after his order,' a Priest for ever. The identity of the Salem of Melchizedek with Zion or Jerusalem may in like manner be shown to be involved in the teaching of S. Paul concerning Melchizedek. There is a passage in the Epistle to the Hebrews of which no commentator has yet been able to give an altogether satisfactory account, viz. 'Christ glorified not Himself to be made an High 'Priest; but He that said unto Him, Thou art my Son, this day 'have I begotten Thee: as He saith also in another place, Thou 'art a Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec.' How the first of these two quotations can be taken to assert the High Priesthood of Christ equally with the second is the difficulty. There is but one solution; viz. that the one Psalm is based no less than the other on the personal history of Melchi-

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zedek, and that the Apostle assumes this unity of subject in them. But if this be the case, then have we the warrant of an inspired writer under the new dispensation for placing Melchisedec's Salem on Mount Zion; for the 2d Psalm is, if possible, still more explicit than the 110th in enthroning the King of whom it speaks on that holy eminence. Now it may easily be shown that this way of understanding Psalm ii. does solve the difficulty we have mentioned. Suppose it to have been on all hands agreed in the days of S. Paul, that the enthronement of a victorious king spoken of in Psalm ii. had reference as certainly as that of Psalm cx. to the instance of Melchizedek; the Apostle might then most naturally allege the Divine declarations in the two Psalms as tantamount in effect, though somewhat differently worded, and taking up different sides of the victorious Person's function and character. Melchizedek triumphed no less as Priest than as King, as we have seen; the two ideas meet inseparably in him. The Psalm, therefore, which sets Melchizedek, and, by consequence, Him whom Melchizedek typified, as 'a King upon Zion,' (ver. 6,) by the words, 'Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee,' may very well be understood to invest him, by the tenour of the same words, with the Priesthood known to be inseparable from that royalty. And on a comparison of this Psalm with the 110th, and with the archetypal history in Genesis, on which we are contending that the imagery of both Psalms is founded, there is a sufficient degree of resemblance as to particulars to render it very credible that the type of Christ which the 2d Psalm has in view is no other than Melchizedek. The heathen,—the kings of the earth,—the giving the victorious Person dominion over them,—the solemn decree of investiture,—the seat of his government, Zion,—the instrument of it, a rod of iron ('of strength,' Ps. cx.),—his wrath,—the necessity for propitiating him—are particulars which appear in both Psalms. If sonship is expressly predicated in the 2d Psalm, it is shadowed forth in language of infinite depth and beauty in the 110th: 'In the beauties of holiness 'from the womb of the morning; thou hast the dew of thy 'youth.' And there is in the 2d Psalm an additional point of resemblance to the Melchizedekian history, viz. the 'breaking of bonds and casting away of cords,' which was the very characteristic of Abraham's victorious expedition; its original object having been the deliverance of Lot and the other captives. Neither is there anything improbable in the supposition that Melchizedek, anointed King of Righteousness and Peace, Lord of the Holy City and the Sacred Land; anointed Priest of the Most High God; and in both characters victorious over kings of kings, should be one of the heroes, so to speak, of inspira-

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tion, and his history a favourite text with the inspired Psalmist.

The identification of the Salem of Gen. xiv. with Jerusalem is one step in our investigation. But we have still to inquire how far back we shall be justified in carrying the history of the Holy City, in virtue of its connexion—supposing this to be proved—with that mysterious personage? The inquiry resolves itself into another, and that a very famous one, viz. Who was Melchizedek? If he was, according to the opinion commonly ascribed to Josephus, and now very generally received, merely one of the petty kings of Canaan, who founded Salem, then the discussion as to the antiquity of Jerusalem is set at rest. But there is abundant reason for questioning this view. Mr. Williams, as we have seen, refers to the assertion of Lightfoot, that 'all now acknowledge Melchizedek for Sem;' and upon the strength of it says, that 'ancient tradition has with singular consistency delivered this.' But we think he has mistaken his author, who could only have meant to assert that the point was universally conceded (not that we think even this borne out by facts) in his day. He could not but be aware that a vast variety of opinions had existed from very early times, even to a proverb, as to the question—

'Who Salem's priest, and what his father's name?'

The learned Gaillard thus commences his elaborate treatise, written to prove that Melchizedek was no other than the Second Person of the Trinity, anticipating his Incarnation: 'Eccui non 'dictus Melchisedecus, vel sæpius quam dictus Hylas? Dictus 'priscis Hebræorum magistris in suis Targumim; dictus recen- 'tioribus Rabbinicis commentariis; dictus Ecclesiæ Latinæ et 'Græcæ Doctoribus, sicut et hodiernis commentatoribus et 'homiliastis.' Now we may be sure that the fire of controversy would have gone out for lack of fuel had there not been a considerable difference of opinion among these doctors. And accordingly, he proceeds to enumerate some ten or more opinions (some of them subdivided into minor varieties) which have obtained more or less currency in the learned world. According to these, Melchizedek is either (as aforesaid) Shem; or he is a descendant of Japhet; or he is even (a bold minority have ventured to think) Ham; or he was of ignoble birth, which was therefore studiously concealed in Scripture; or he was one of the petty *reguli* of the land; or he was a created angel; or he was the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity; or he was the Second; or, finally, he was, according to the blasphemous heresy of the Melchizedekians, recorded by Epiphanius, a celestial being greater than Christ, and after whose image

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Christ was formed. Our author might have added another tradition, mentioned by Calmet, we know not on what authority, that Melchizedek was a son of Shem; and a very ancient one, perhaps the most ancient of all, which was preserved, as Hottinger relates, among the Arabians, that he was a son of Peleg.

Now, of these traditions or conjectures, we may, in the first place, safely set aside all such as make Melchizedek a divine or celestial being. The tenour of S. Paul's teaching absolutely requires that we should consider him as a real human being, however singularly and peculiarly invested with typical characters. We have then to choose between the opinion, on the one hand, which supposes him to have been merely one of the petty kings of the country, or, at best, the king of all Canaan, who happened to be then regnant; and some one of the identifications of him, above enumerated, on the other. We cannot but think that the fact of so many of these identifications having been traditionally preserved, proves that there was some basis of fact upon which they were formed, some original truth of which they were distorted reflections. No reason can easily be assigned why there should be such an abundance and universality of tradition pervading widely-separated branches of the great Hebrew stock as to who Melchizedek was, unless he was really 'some great one.' *We* view him through the medium of S. Paul's sublime language; but the reader of the Hebrew Scriptures knows of him only as a king and priest, once mentioned, and once again referred to,—under circumstances, indeed, to excite some curiosity as to his origin, but hardly such as to suggest the expedient of identifying him with some one of the august Fathers of the postdiluvian race of men, or of their immediate descendants. Now there are circumstances, as it appears to us, which go far towards ascertaining and fixing for us what that primeval fact was from which these various and remarkable traditions took their rise. We may, perhaps, be allowed to assume a pretty general consent among the best Biblical scholars as to the interpretation to be put upon the words in Gen. x. 25: 'Unto Eber were born two sons; the name of one was Peleg; *in his days was the earth divided*;' viz. that they declare the confusion of tongues (or, however, the great distribution of the races of men over the face of the earth consequent on that event) to have taken place in the days of Peleg, the eldest son of Eber. The great geographical work of Bochart, the 'Phaleg,' of course proceeds upon this view, and derives its name from it. Neither will it be disputed that this Eber (or Heber) was the father and founder of the name and race of the Hebrews: all other derivations of the name 'Hebrew,'

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than that which makes it to be the Gentile form (Heberite) from Heber, are purely nugatory. Moreover, it is the proudest distinction of the patriarch Shem, to be called 'the father of all the children of Eber.' (Gen. x. 21.) Now, what was it that constituted Eber, more than any other of the patriarchs from Shem to Terah, father of the chosen family which was called out of Ur of the Chaldees, in the person of Abraham? Peculiar sanctity might conceivably account for it; but we read of nothing of the kind concerning Eber. We cannot but conclude, therefore, that even as in the case of Abraham, so also in that of Eber, there was some special 'calling out' of him from among the mass of progenitors, which served to mark him out as the 'father' of a special stock, which should bear his name. And then how remarkably does the coincidence, in point of time, of the dispersion and distribution of mankind into races, with the period of Eber's maturity, come in to suggest what the nature of his evocation from among his kinsfolk was! Let it only be granted that mankind were distributed into races in the days of Eber's son Peleg, probably at his birth, and it follows of necessity that Eber, the founder of a race, was at that time sent forth, like other founders of races, to enter upon and take possession of the land designed for his posterity.

This, then, we conceive to be the original fact upon which the various traditions as to Melchizedek were based. It had been handed down that a mighty descendant of Noah had at some time come over the Euphrates to the Holy Land, and various guesses were made as to his identity; the name of Shem in particular obtaining, not unnaturally, the most general acceptance. Our own view as to the identity of Melchizedek will be explained presently: meanwhile, we observe, that a host of questions are met, and allusions explained, by this very simple and necessary supposition about Eber. Eber's name ('*trajector*,' 'the passer over' the Euphrates) is at once seen to have been given to the bearer of it in token of his being destined to make that great and important transit. Take, again, the words of Moses: 'When the Most High *divided to the nations their inheritance*, when He *separated the sons of Adam*, He set the bounds of the people, *according to the number of the children of Israel*.' This *locus conclamatus* becomes literally true on the hypothesis before us: and it sets the distribution of men into races by the Divine Will in a new and interesting light, when we are taught, as this passage thus understood does teach us, that the first care in that distribution, the centre and pivot of the whole movement, was the due location of the chosen people, the vessel of the great Messianic Mystery, in the seat destined for them.

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Again, it has been remarked by Bochart, that we find traces of almost all the immediate descendants of Shem, down to Terah, the father of Abraham, in their ancient neighbourhood, viz. about Mesopotamia, in the shape of cities named after Arphaxad, Salah, Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Haran. In the case of Eber alone, (Terah, we know, left his native country,) there is no indication of his founding a city, or leaving any memorial of his name in the ancient seat of his race; a circumstance fully accounted for by the exceptional fact, that he went forth, probably early in life, to a distant land. Then, further, we find the Holy Land called the 'land of the Hebrews,' at a time when it is inconceivable that it could have acquired that name from the mere fact of Abraham's humble shepherd family having sojourned for a while in it: Joseph saying to the Egyptians, 'I was stolen away out of the land of the Hebrews.' The name is not adequately accounted for by supposing merely a Divine grant and unfulfilled designation of the territory to have been made at the dispersion; for the tradition of such a grant would soon have been lost. Nothing short of an actual residence in it of Eber himself, and his race, could have availed to attach to it the title 'land of the Heberites,' or Hebrews. And here we touch upon a question which has been much discussed both in ancient and modern times, viz. whether the Amorites, and other Canaanitish tribes, were intruders in the so-called Land of Canaan, or whether it was originally designed for their habitation, but was forfeited by them for their iniquities. On grounds totally independent of the hypothesis we are now defending, we would give our suffrage in the strongest manner for the former alternative. Indeed, ancient opinion is decidedly in favour of the supposition, that not Canaan merely, but all Syria, properly belonged to the descendants of Shem. In this view, espoused by Epiphanius and Eusebius, and since by Dr. Hales, and countenanced in the Armenian tradition preserved by Abulfaragi, we do not *in toto* concur. The 10th chapter of Genesis, it is true, places the division of the earth among mankind under the three great heads, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; but it by no means asserts that the distribution was made prophetically; on the contrary, it was according to 'tongues, families, and nations,' (ver. 5;) which must therefore have already existed when the division was made. The distinction is important: for, whereas a prophetical distribution would, in all probability, divide the earth in the gross into large portions; a distribution among existing families would be likely to be much more complex in its character; while duly observant of the three great heads of division, so as to preclude fusion of races, it would be not unlikely to admit, in peculiar cases, close contact. And

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one of these peculiar cases we conceive that of Palestine to have been. It was an insulated heritage given to a particular branch of the holy family of Shem, in the midst of settlements assigned to the ungodly descendants of Ham. The position of these border settlements of the Hamites is set down with great precision, as if with an especial purpose, in Gen. x. 19: 'And 'Canaan begat Sidon his firstborn, and Heth, and the Jebusite, 'and the Amorite, and the Girgasite, and the Hivite, and the 'Arkite, and the Sinite, and the Arvadite, and the Zemarite, 'and the Hamathite: *and afterward were the families of the 'Canaanites spread abroad.* And *the border of the Canaanites* 'was from Sidon, as thou comest to Gerar, unto Gaza; as thou 'goest, unto Sodom, and Gomorrah, and Admah, and Zeboim, 'even unto Lasha.' This geographical description is certainly remarkable as touching only upon places *external* to what was subsequently called (in consequence of its having been seized upon and occupied by the chief Canaanitish tribes,) 'the Land of Canaan.' It also seems distinctly to allude to the subsequent aggressions of the Canaanites. Bochart has noticed,[1] that of the eleven nations above enumerated as having descended from Canaan, five only were dispossessed by the Israelites; and is at a loss to account for it, since all the tribes were probably equal in guilt. But the reason, doubtless, is, that these tribes alone had seized on the land originally designed for the chosen people. The views we have here expressed are so far supported by the authority of Josephus, that he says, that the sons of Ham had their proper settlements on the coast of the Mediterranean, but extended them by aggressions to the Indian Ocean.[2] Mr. Osburn, in a work which we shall have occasion to make use of again in the course of this article, observes, that the hieroglyphic lists of conquered nations which occur in the temples of Egypt, singularly verify the Scripture account of the dispersion of Ham's descendants,—assuming, that is, our present hypothesis, viz. that Scripture locates Canaan and his sons, as of right, in Western Asia. 'Canaan,' he remarks, 'the firstborn, who lost 'his birthright through his grandfather's curse, seems nevertheless to have been allowed the claims of seniority when the sons 'of Ham went forth together to the westward from the plains of 'Shinar, and gave his name to the first district at which the 'emigrants would arrive;' thus we find 'the Zuzims in Ham;' and his sons, *e. g.* Sidon and Arvad, gave their names to cities; and the district north of Palestine seems to have been Canaan proper, (Judg. iv. 2.) Now the hieroglyphics distinctly place

[1] Phaleg, iv. 38.

[2] Antiq. i. vi. Οἱ δὲ Χάμου παῖδες τὴν ἀπὸ Συρίας γῆν . . . . . κάτεσχον· ὅσα πρὸς θαλάσσαν αὐτῆς ἐτέτραπτο καταλαβόντες, καὶ τὰ μέχρι τοῦ ὠκεανοῦ ἐξιδιωσάμενοι.

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the Canaanite among the nations north-east of Egypt. Dr. Lightfoot, again, in a remarkable passage,[1] very nearly comes up to our ethnographical creed as to the Hebrew name and territory, though the necessity there was for Heber's having passed over into the Holy Land at the dispersion had not occurred to him; whence he is led to acquiesce in the Rabbinical tradition which places Shem there in the person of Melchizedek.

The reader will have anticipated in some degree, if not altogether, the drift of our speculations as to the original colonization of the Holy Land. As the ethnographical views adopted by Lightfoot fall in with the Rabbinical tradition that Melchizedek was no other than Shem, so it will be seen that ours tend to a similar result, only substituting for the name of Shem that of Eber. And such, supposing the chronology of the received Hebrew text to be adopted, is, in fact, the conclusion to which our premises inevitably lead. According to that chronology, Eber, no less than Shem, was still living in the days of Abraham, and survived by many years the victory over Chedorlaomer. This then being the case, the very eminent person, greater than Abraham, who appears in Genesis under the name of Melchizedek, could not well be any other than Eber himself; no other, during his lifetime, could contest with him that signal superiority and that 'power to bless,' which the narrative invests him with. And it is to be noticed, that so remarkable a shortening of the period of human life had taken place in the generation next after Eber, that all the lineal descendants between him and Abraham were now dead. This has the appearance of a providential arrangement, to ensure the delivering over in person of the divinely secured territory from the first to the second great Founder of the Hebrew nation. For such an investiture may well seem to be involved, in accordance with Lightfoot's view, in the blessing, and gifts of bread and wine, bestowed by Melchizedek on Abraham. It may, however, be contended, that if Melchizedek was indeed identical with Eber, it is strange that there should be no intimation of it in Scripture; and we admit that there is considerable force in the objection. Happily we are not called upon to combat it, since we are disposed to side with the best modern authorities in preferring the chronology of the LXX. to that of the received Hebrew text. This chronology, it is well known, increases by several hundred years the interval between the flood and the time of Abraham; and according to it, Eber had been dead ages before Abraham's birth. The only change which the adoption of this chronology introduces

[1] Chorographical Decad, p. 262, vol. x. ed. Pitman.

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into our hypothesis is, that we identify Melchizedek with a descendant of Eber instead of with Eber himself. We conceive Eber, on passing over to the Holy Land, to have taken Salem, under Divine direction, as the seat of his dominion; and that Melchizedek was the last in a line of kings who reigned there after him. The Priesthood we imagine to have been delegated also, and to have expired with Melchizedek. The sanctity of character which it imparted would sufficiently account for 'Melchizedek,' or King of Righteousness, having by this time become the dynastic title of the kings of Salem; and the Amorite dynasty, which reigned by the time Joshua entered upon the land, would not unnaturally usurp, with the throne, the title also, under the slightly different form of Adonizedek. 'This 'latter name, moreover,' as Mr. Williams observes, 'compared 'with that of Melchizedek, would intimate that the city had 'acquired,' or retained rather, 'a religious character among the 'Canaanites.' With respect to the support which our view derives from tradition, we may allege that singular one of the Arabians already mentioned, which makes Melchizedek to be a son of Peleg. It may have been even so, that Peleg, Eber's eldest son, accompanied him to the Holy Land, leaving his son Reu behind him in the old country; so that Melchizedek was a son, *i. e.* descendant, of Peleg. But however this be, we can hardly fail to see that the drift of the Arabian tradition is, that the colonization of Palestine by the stock of Eber dates from the original dispersion and distribution of mankind. Josephus, again, may be adduced as supporting the view that Melchizedek was the rightful lord of Palestine; for he calls him *Χαναναίων δυνάστης*, an expression which seems at least as capable of the meaning, 'ruler of all the Canaanites,' as of that which is commonly assigned to it, viz. 'a petty prince of Canaan.'

We have thus endeavoured to fulfil our promise of tracing back the existence of Jerusalem as a royal and priestly city to the fourth generation after the flood, thus enlarging by a thousand years the duration of its history. If the position be thought startling, we only ask that the presumptions we have adduced for it may be fairly weighed. One objection which may be made to it is, that it sets aside, to a certain extent, the exclusive interest which we are in the habit of assigning to the Abrahamic branch of the Shemitic race, in the earlier processes of the scheme of man's redemption. But why should we be so jealous of admitting any other person or line to a participation in those honours? It may be a convenient formula to say that the whole business, so to speak, of that mighty work, was committed to the family of Abraham. But Holy Scripture has

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nowhere declared such a limitation, but rather protested against it. If S. Paul has occasion to rebuke the Jews for forgetting Abraham in Moses, and to remind them, that 'the testament 'confirmed by God to Christ,' as Abraham's heir, 'the law, 'which was 430 years after, could not set aside;' he finds it no less necessary to rebuke the Christian Hebrews as 'dull of hearing,' because in the exclusive contemplations of Abrahamic and Aaronic foreshadowings of Christ, they had been blind to the transcendent and more worthy typification of Him conveyed by the mystic Sonship, and Royalty, and Priesthood, of Melchizedek. These, at any rate, are respects in which Melchizedek shares with Abraham's race the honours of Messianic connexion; and it is no great matter that we should add others of a less spiritual and lofty kind. According to our view, the part assigned to Abraham and his race was the preservation of an unbroken succession, and the development of a separated people, and a significant ritual, as media for the conservation of 'the hope of all ends of the earth;' while to Eber and his successors down to Melchizedek, it was given to take possession of the sacred locality, and to stamp the rock of Sion in particular with an ineffaceable impress of holiness.

From the time of Abraham until that of Joshua, a period of nearly five centuries, we have no mention of Jerusalem in Holy Scripture; and even then it is only spoken of in connexion with its king, or in topographical descriptions of the allotment of the Holy Land to the several tribes. Yet here, too, it will be found that some scattered rays break in upon us from an unexpected quarter, sufficient at least to add a few interesting features to the otherwise hopelessly obscured scenery.

We shall avail ourselves for this purpose of Mr. Osburn's hieroglyphic interpretations, contained in his work before alluded to, 'Ancient Egypt, her Testimony to the Truth of the Bible.' He refers certain paintings and hieroglyphics, not, as has been commonly done, to very remote wars, and conquests over vast portions of the globe,—an impression which the enormous size of the pictures has tended to convey,—but to comparatively petty wars, and victories over nations immediately bordering on Egypt. The process by which he arrives at these results appears to be perfectly sober and legitimate; he simply applies the admitted laws of hieroglyphical interpretation to elucidate the inscriptions attached to each group or picture. He finds very plainly set down there the names of a variety of nations bordering upon Egypt, corresponding, with a marvellous exactitude, with Scripture names. And as the period to which he refers the wars commemorated, extends from the time of Abraham to that of Joseph, these paintings thus come in most

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felicitously to illustrate the very darkest period of Scripture history. It is with an all but incredulous thrill of wonder that we read the new page thus added to the history of nations long since consigned to hopeless and impenetrable obscurity. Often, perhaps, have we marvelled who and what might be those 'ancient people,' whom Chedorlaomer smote, 'the Rephaims in Ashteroth Karnaim, and the Zuzims in Ham, and the Emims in Shaveh Kiriathaim;' and whether anything more would ever be known of the inhabitants of 'the land that was accounted 'a land of giants: giants dwelt therein in old time; and the 'Ammonites called them Zamzummims; a people many, and 'great, and tall, as the Anakims.' And now they are before us; the history of their wars, of aggression or defence; their personal appearance; their armour and manner of fighting; the natural productions of their several regions; nay, the very texture of their garments. Their familiar haunts are the solemn shores of the Dead Sea; their ships bear armies and merchandise to and fro on its mysterious waters. This latter circumstance is of peculiar interest. We are not aware that it has ever before been so much as dreamt of, that the Dead Sea was navigated in ancient times; and the assertion that it was so will probably be met with incredulity; but if any faith at all is to be attached to Mr. Osburn's reading of the hieroglyphics, the fact would seem to be unquestionable. The Dead Sea is called in the inscriptions 'the lower waters.' Various nations are identified and characterised; the Sidonians, Arvadites, Hittites, Amorites, Jebusites, Philistines, Rephaims, Zuzims, &c. The last-named nation is all but proved to be the same with the famous Hyksos, or shepherd-kings, of Manetho, the Σῶς of Josephus, who in the sixteenth dynasty of the kings of Egypt,—that is, in the interval between the times of Abraham and Joseph,—conquered Egypt, and placed, for more than 130 years, a race of kings upon its throne. And now we are fain to ask of this wondrous oracle, which after a silence of 6,000 years has at length spoken, whether it can tell us aught of the city of Jerusalem?

Now in the first place, all that transpires from these monuments descriptive of the character or history of either the Amorites or the Jebusites, is entirely to the purpose; since we know from Scripture that Jerusalem was in the occupation of one or both of those nations from the time of Joshua to that of David. The Amorites, then, are depicted on the monuments as a pastoral people, yet warlike: their possessions are herds of cattle; their weapons chiefly the bow; their manner of fighting, with two-horsed chariots;—particulars which are, for the most part, corroborated by Scripture, (Ps. xxii. 12; Gen. xlviii. 22; Josh. xi. 3, 4.) They had fortresses, in one of which they are repre-

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sented as besieged by Sethos. Of the Jebusites we have still fuller particulars, both descriptive and historical. They are represented as more decidedly warlike than the Amorites; their weapons are the bow, the club or battle-axe, the spear, the sword, and 'a short curved staff of heavy wood, evidently used 'for throwing like the Australian boomarang, and probably pecu-'liar to this nation.' The richness of their garments, of the stiff and costly Babylonish texture, and the musical instruments borne by them as captives, bespeak a high degree of civilization, and the habits of men gathered into cities. They have more than one city or stronghold near the Dead Sea, and are engaged in a succession of wars with the kings of Egypt in the neighbourhood of its shores. On one occasion they attempt to escape across it with their treasures, but are intercepted by Sethos II. They make treaties with Sesostris; and there are various other indications of their power and importance. The earliest of the notices which we thus possess of these two nations belong to the reign of Osortasen I., in the time of Abraham or thereabouts: the later, to the reigns of Sethos and Sesostris, which commenced in 1610 B.C. and 1577 B.C. respectively. After the reign of Sesostris, the monuments yield no further notices of either nation. What glimpses then do we obtain, if any, of the existence of such a city as Jerusalem during the recorded period? Under that name, of course, we must not expect to find it; since even in the days of Joshua and the Judges it is so called only by anticipation. (*Holy City*, vol. i. p. 3, note.) But there is a city which stands forth with a very marked and peculiar prominence in these wars of the kings of Egypt with the Jebusites, Amorites, and neighbouring nations. We meet with it first as a fortress of the Amorites. Sethos II. is engaged in besieging it. It is situated on a hill, and strengthened with two tiers of ramparts. The inscription sets forth that it is in the land of Amor, or the Amorite; and that the conqueror 'had 'made bare his right arm to overcome the chiefs of many walled 'cities.' This implies that the fort in question, the name of which is inscribed upon it, was the chief stronghold of the nation. That name, when translated from the hieroglyphics into Coptic, and thence into Hebrew, is *Chadash*. The next notice of Chadash belongs to the reign of Sesostris, and connects it with the Jebusite nation. The Ammonites had laid siege to the city, and a joint embassy of the Jebusites and Hittites, who were then tributary to Sesostris, entreat him to come to their aid. The Egyptians having accordingly sailed over the Dead Sea, met with another embassy, from the Zuzims, which gave further particulars of the siege. The enemy had seized on the fortified camps erected by the Egyptians to secure their hold over the country,

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and had spread terror *to the very walls of Chadash.* A great battle is fought on a mountain *to the south of the city of Chadash.* The inscription further describes Chadash as being in the land of Heth. What, then, do we gather from these combined notices? Plainly this, that Chadash was a city of the first importance, both in a military and civil point of view; the centre of interest to three or four of the most powerful of the Canaanitish nations; in a word, their metropolis. We find it moreover placed, by one inscription, in the territory of the Amorites, by another in that of the Hittites, while it is obviously inhabited, at the same time, by the Jebusites. Now, omitting for the present the consideration of the Hittites, this is the exact character and condition in which Jerusalem appears in Scripture at the time of Joshua's invasion. Its metropolitan character is evinced by the lead which Adoni-zedek, its king, takes in the confederacy of the five kings; its strength as a fortress, by the fact that it was not then even attempted by Joshua, nor ever taken for 400 years after. And while, as the royal city of Adoni-zedek, it is reckoned among the Amorite possessions, it is no less distinctly called Jebus (Josh. xv. 8 in subsequent passages,) down to the days of David; the truth being, apparently, that the Amorite power having been extinguished in the person of Adoni-zedek, the Jebusite thenceforth obtained the ascendency in the city which the two nations inhabited in common. Nor is there any difficulty in accounting, from Scripture, for the share assigned by the monuments to the Hittites in the possession of the city; for, as Mr. Osburn has observed, the tribes of the Amorites and Hittites appear, from Scripture, to have bordered upon each other. The city was probably, therefore, situated at a point where the possessions of the three tribes met. Can we then hesitate to identify the Chadash of the hieroglyphics with the Κάδυτις of Herodotus, the *El-Kuds* of the Arabs, the Kadatha of the Syrians, the 'Holy' city? The only shadow of an objection that appears to lie against it is, that, strictly speaking, the name should be not Chadash, but Kadash. But when it is considered that the name is a translation out of Canaanitish into hieroglyphics, thence into Coptic, and thence again into Hebrew, and that the difference between ח and ך is, after all, but small, it is not too much to suppose that Kadash is what is really intended to be represented. That Jerusalem should be known to the Canaanites by such a name as this, denoting it 'the Holy,' will not seem unreasonable, if we bear in mind what has been noticed above with reference to the title Adoni-zedek; and the fact forms an interesting link connecting the Arabian and Syrian name for the city with its earlier nomenclature, and confirming the identity of Herodotus's Cadytis with Jerusalem.

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Mr. Osburn has only very doubtingly propounded (p. 66, note) the view we have undertaken to defend. He inclines to identify Chadash with the Hadashah, or Addasa, enumerated among the southernmost cities towards the border of Edom, given to Judah (Josh. xv. 21) from among the Amorites' possessions. But it seems incredible that we should never hear again, in the history of Joshua's conquest, of so important a city as Chadash evidently was: besides, Hadashah seems to lie too far south. We presume Mr. Osburn will not be otherwise than pleased to find the more interesting view supported by any arguments which had not occurred to him. And we have reserved one which we think Aristotle himself would allow to be of the nature of a τεκμήριον or 'clinching argument.' It is a geographical one. The paintings represent Chadash as *surrounded by a river or brook on three sides;* and this river or brook *runs into the Dead Sea, toward the northern part of it.* Surely, nothing could more accurately describe the very remarkable conformation of Jerusalem; its environment on the east, south, and west by the waters of the valleys of Jehoshaphat and Hinnom, and their united course, after their junction, through the Wady En-Nâr into the north-east part of the Dead Sea. And there are some difficulties or peculiarities in the Scripture narrative respecting Jerusalem, which the monuments, thus interpreted, will be found to explain or illustrate. We have already alluded to its being in one place spoken of as an Amorite city, in another as the chief seat of the Jebusites. The LXX. were so pressed with this difficulty, that they adopted the rendering 'Jebusite' for 'Amorite' in the passage which makes Adoni-zedek an Amorite king. (Josh. x. 5.) The hieroglyphics clear up the difficulty, and render the change of reading unnecessary. Again, there is a well-known ambiguity as to whether Jerusalem was situated in the tribe of Judah or Benjamin; and the view commonly acquiesced in is, that being in the borders of the two tribes, it was considered common to both. Perhaps the right of possession, or the apportionment, was never fully settled; though the Rabbies draw you the exact line through the very court of the Temple. But how, it may be asked, came such an element of confusion to be introduced into the original distribution of the Holy Land among the tribes? The answer seems to be, that territory was, for convenience' sake, assigned, in some measure, according to existing divisions: thus the Amorite and Hittite possessions, as a whole, fell to Judah; the Jebusite to Benjamin; and then all the uncertainty resulting from that joint occupancy of the city by the three nations, which is testified to by the monuments, was necessarily introduced into the rival claims of the two tribes.

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We pass on to the time of the most complete temporal fulfilment of the Abrahamic promises, the reign of Solomon. Mr. Williams suggests an apparently just distinction between the country given to Israel for possession, and that granted for dominion. On the vexed questions of the Millo of Solomon, he has the following remark:—

'There was probably a *public building* called Millo, giving its name to, or deriving its name from, the *part of the city* where it stood; which was crossed by *the mound*, (ἀνάλημμα) erected by Solomon for the purpose mentioned in the text. Beth-Millo, where Joash was slain, 2 Kings xii. 20, would be this house of assembly; which was "at the *going down of Silla*." . . . Now it is worthy of remark, that the north wall of Sion, which probably crossed Solomon's *causeway* over the *Tyropœon*, was, according to Josephus, joined, as it approached the temple, to the council-chamber (βουλῆ) .Jewish War, V. iv. 2, called otherwise βουλευτήριον. VI. vi. 3, a *large public building*, where the archives, &c. were kept, adjoining which was the Xystus, a place of *public resort*.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. p. 24, *note*.

It will probably surprise some readers to find the story of Judith assigned to so early a period as the reign of Manasseh: but the internal evidence of the book seems to bear out this view, which Mr. Williams has incorporated into his narration. The period from the Captivity to the death of Herod the Great is treated with a clearness and a compactness which will render this chapter highly acceptable to the Biblical student, perplexed with the more diffuse statements of Prideaux, Shuckford, and others. Especial pains have also been bestowed on the secular history of the period embraced by the New Testament. From the former period we extract the passage which relates the origin of the Samaritan Temple on Mount Gerizim:—

'The irregularities, which had been reformed with so much labour, required constant vigilance and active care to prevent them from again getting head. Even during the temporary absence of Nehemiah, who had gone to Susa after an absence of twelve years, to seek a renewal of his commission, they had taken root in the very courts of God's house; the sacred precincts were polluted, the tithes and other sacred offerings withheld, the sabbaths desecrated, and marriages again contracted with aliens. These abuses he corrected with a strong hand; but on his removal by death, the priests and people lapsed into their old evil practices. Then the peace, which had been secured by the wise measures of their civil and ecclesiastical rulers, met with a sad interruption from the violence of Jonathan, the grandson of Eliashib, who slew his own brother Jesus in the very Temple, while the latter was attempting to supplant him in his office under the protection of the Persian general Bazores, who, in revenge for this murder, polluted the Temple and oppressed the Jews for seven years.

'But Manasseh, another brother of the high priest Jonathan, occasioned greater and more lasting mischief, by his wilful contempt of the Divine ordinances. During the life-time of Nehemiah he had taken to wife the daughter of Sanballat, of Samaria, for which offence he was degraded from the priesthood. On the removal of Nehemiah and Jonathan he presumed again to exercise his sacred office, under his nephew Jadua; which so

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offended the prejudices of his countrymen, who had been effectually drawn away from this prohibited practice, by the earnest admonitions of the prophet Malachi, that he was required to divorce his wife, or to abstain from the performance of his sacerdotal functions. Unwilling to resign the emoluments of his office, but without any sense of its real value, he at first proposed to embrace the former part of the alternative; but his father-in-law proposed a measure by which he might retain both the priesthood and his wife.

'The Samaritans having been instructed by the Hebrew priests in the law of the God of Israel, had grafted His worship on to their old idolatry. But their polity was very imperfect without a high priest of the family of Aaron; and it was probably a sense of this defect that had led them to proffer their services in rebuilding the temple at Jerusalem. Disowned by the Jews, and all affinity with them being strictly prohibited, the desire of revenge would furnish an additional motive to perpetuate the schism, which they had in vain attempted to heal. To this end it was necessary, as with the heretics in early Christian times, to secure by all means the lawful succession of the priesthood. A favourable opportunity for effecting this was now presented. Sanballat undertook to raise his renegade son-in-law to the highest dignity of the Samaritan secession, and to build him a temple on mount Gerizim, which should rival or eclipse that at Jerusalem.

'The simple design of church discipline is to correct or to dissever the corrupt members of the orthodox body. The effect has frequently been to diminish for a time the forces of the faithful; but purity will always be considered far more important than mere numerical strength in a spiritual community. There were several among the priests and Levites who had imitated the practice of Manasseh, in taking to themselves foreign wives: it was nothing strange that they should follow him in his schism. Thus the temple on mount Gerizim, erected by express permission of the civil power, was consecrated under the auspices of this recreant band, with such ceremonials as they had been accustomed to observe in their ministrations at the Holy City, and the fire on its altars was doomed to burn long after the ashes on the altar at Jerusalem had been scattered abroad for ever. During the continuance of the Jewish polity "this mountain" became a refuge to the disaffected members of the Jewish church, and a constant subject of dispute and jealousy at home and abroad; and when their old rivals had been removed, the Samaritans turned their hatred against the Christians, until their violence called for the intervention of the emperor Zeno, who transferred to the Christians the Samaritan temple, in reprisals for the ruin and desecration of five churches in the city of Nablouse. In the reign of Anastasius it was recovered for a short time by the Samaritans, who were finally ejected by the emperor Justinian, when the mountain was more strongly fortified, many of the Samaritans converted to the faith of Christ, and the five churches which they had destroyed rebuilt by the munificence of the emperor.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 65—68.

The wanderings and the fortunes of the sacred utensils of the Temple, carried to Rome by Titus, are curious and interesting; but it is disappointing to find that we must not believe them to be Solomon's:—

'The articles carried in the procession, as specified by Josephus, who was present at the triumph, were a massive Table of gold, the golden Candlestick with its seven lamps, and the Law. But besides these we have mention of the veils, and golden vessels; and the sacred trumpets are still distinctly to be traced on the ruined arch. The subsequent history of this sacred furniture is interesting. The golden vessels and instruments

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were deposited in the temple of Concord erected by Vespasian; the law and the purple veils of the holy place were laid up in the imperial palace. In the reign of Hadrian the golden plate, engraven with the incommunicable Name, which adorned the forehead of the high priest, was seen at Rome by Rabbi Eleazar, the son of Joses, a contemporary of R. Akiba.

'In the twelfth year of the reign of Commodus (A. D. 191), both the temple of Concord and the imperial palace were burnt to the ground, when many of their curious and costly treasures fell a prey to the flames. It would, however, appear that the sacred furniture of the temple at Jerusalem was again rescued from destruction; for although there is an uninterrupted silence concerning it for some ages, yet since in the fifth century we find frequent and unhesitating notices of it, we may well suppose that it remained, during the interval, securely laid up in the treasury at Rome. There it was accordingly found by Alaric, king of the Goths, in the sacking of the city, A.D. 410.

'Again, when Genseric, king of the Vandals, forty-five years later, plundered the city, among the other spoils which he carried away in his victorious gallies to Africa, were the holy vessels of the Jewish worship, which were now transferred to Carthage, and there remained nearly eighty years, when the victory of Belisarius again restored them to the power of the Romans.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 190, 191.

'Such as were recovered from Carthage were carried with the Vandal king Gelimer to Constantinople, to be again exhibited in a triumphal procession in the new capital of the Roman Empire, as they had been four centuries and a half before at Rome itself. And here again we have the testimony of an eye-witness of the triumph, the very secretary, in fact, of the conqueror. He mentions that a certain Jew, having remarked these sacred vessels among the spoils, expressed it as his opinion to one of the emperor's familiars, that they could not be brought into the palace at Byzantium, without imminent risk, nor be safely deposited anywhere but at the place where Solomon had originally dedicated them. He represented that it was on account of these that Genseric had been permitted to take the royal palace at Rome, and on account of these again that the Vandals had been conquered by the Romans. The Emperor Justinian, awed by these representations, immediately despatched them in all haste to the Christian Churches in Jerusalem; where we shall again find them in the course of this history.

'It is an unfortunate circumstance for the Solomonic origin of these interesting relics, which had thus passed to Europe and Africa, that the author of the Book of Maccabees distinctly mentions the complete spoliation of the sacred treasury at Jerusalem, by Antiochus Epiphanes, who carried the spoils to Antioch, among which are specified the golden candlestick, the table of shew-bread, the golden altar of incense, the flagons and vials, the golden censers and precious vessels, and the veils of fine linen and scarlet. Nor can it be doubted that such sacred vessels as had returned from Babylon, and such as had been dedicated by Ptolemy Philadelphus, fell into his hand; for indeed it is expressly said, that "he emptied the temple of its secret treasures, and left nothing at all remaining." Nor is there the slightest evidence that this sacred furniture was subsequently restored. Judas Maccabeus, on the purification of the temple after its desecration, provided it with new vessels, and altars and veils, and these must have been they which were carried to Rome by Titus, and whose various fortunes have now been followed.'—*Ibid.* pp. 191—193.

Mr. Williams has not been able, any more than previous travellers, to satisfy himself of the site of Pella. He has been

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more fortunate with respect to Bether, the city in which the son and grandson of Barchocheb carried on, for nearly three years, the resistance begun by their father to the Roman power; the site of it had hitherto 'been despaired of:'—

'It is a great satisfaction to have it in my power to determine beyond all doubt the site of this important position, which has so long and so strangely baffled the search of the curious. I say strangely, because its situation in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem, where Eusebius has taught us to look for it, the fact of its retaining its ancient name, *entirely unaltered —which has even found its way into the later maps*, and, lastly, the local traditions existing among the native Mahometans—certainly not taught, because not known, by monks or travellers—contribute to form a chain of evidence for its identity stronger far than any I met with in Palestine, excepting such as I was prepared to expect. The importance of the subject will, I trust, excuse the digression and minute detail.

'Having heard of the existence of a village in the vicinity of Jerusalem, whose name appeared of sufficient interest to justify a visit, I took with me a Mahometan guide, a peasant of 'Ain Karim, and on Friday the 28th of April, 1843, went in quest of Beitîr. Leaving the Convent of the Cross and 'Ain Malakh on the right, and Beit Safâfa and es-Sherafât on the left, I followed the deep Wady Hannfeh, until, after passing the fountains of Yalo and Welleje, I found a valley running into it from the left, which comes down from the neighbourhood of Beit Jala. This last Wady derives its name from the village of which I was in quest, standing at the point of juncture of the two valleys. The first feature that attracted my attention as I approached the spot, was a lofty hill projecting into the valley, which surrounds it on three sides, attached to the modern village by a rocky isthmus. On this hill my guide pointed out *Khirbet el-Yehûd* (the "Ruins of the Jews"), of which he had volunteered mention on the road. Following a track down which a copious stream of water was flowing, I came to a fountain which rises above the village, having a passage cut through the solid rock to the source. In this passage I found the Sheikh of the village, and immediately engaged his services. On inquiring if there were ruins in the neighbourhood, the Sheikh and several villagers who had congregated, with one voice repeated the welcome words "Khirbet el-Yehûd," pointing to the hill over against us. Under the guidance of the Sheikh I ascended to it, passing on the way some large caverns in its rocky sides, in some of which he said there was architecture; but they were blocked up, and I could not explore them. On reaching the summit of the hill, my guide conducted me, without the slightest hesitation, to the ruins of "a tower" on the north, near which he pointed out the remains of an "old wall," which he told me had surrounded the hill. There was also a "second tower" on the south side, the ruins of which are very distinct, though the masonry is not striking, but solid; and beneath this he directed my attention to "*a fosse*," which had been contrived by art for the fortification of this remarkable position. Surrounded by the almost precipitous valley on three sides, the hill was by nature impregnable, except on the south, where, as was said, it was attached to the modern village and the mountain region above it, by a rocky isthmus. This isthmus had been *cut through, and a deep trench* formed, to guard the approaches in that quarter; and a stronger position for ancient warfare can scarcely be imagined. Having explored the spot for some time, and made my notes, I was well satisfied with the result of my visit, and was about to commence the descent, when the Sheikh pointed to the hills behind the modern village, rising to about the same height as that on which we stood, and remarked, "They shot at

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them from that hill." "Who shot at whom?" I inquired. "Oh! I don't know," he replied; "it was a long while ago. How should I know?" '—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 209—212.

'I do not apprehend that any objections can avail to set aside the evidence which has now been adduced for the identity of this site with the Bether of Jewish history; and I have as little doubt that the high region to the south of this, which I afterwards traversed on the way to El Khûdr, is described by Solomon in the Canticles as the "Mountains of Bether;" as the valley which bounds it on the east is still called by that name.'—*Ibid.* pp. 212, 213.

The persecution at Ælia, in the time of Diocletian, introduces a curious anecdote:—

'During the heat of the persecution, five Egyptians who had accompanied some of their brethren to the mines in Cilicia, while on their return to their own country, were apprehended at the gates of Cæsarea, and committed to prison; the chief of these, in his examination before the judge, was questioned as to his name. He had assumed, instead of his Pagan name, the appellation of one of the old prophets, to represent, as the historian writes, "that he belonged to the true and genuine Israel of God, those who are Jews inwardly." He was next questioned as to his country. "Jerusalem is my country," was the reply, meaning that Jerusalem of which St. Paul speaks, "but Jerusalem which is above, is free, which is the mother of us all;" and "ye are come to mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem." The judge, having never heard of such a city, was very inquisitive as to its situation, and tortures were applied to elicit the truth. The courageous martyr persisted in his declaration, and added moreover that "it was their country only who were God's worshippers; none but they should enter it, and it was situated eastward towards the sun-rising." No torments could shake his resolution, and he was delivered over to the executioner.

'The narrative is instructive as demonstrating, first, how entirely the very memorial of the ancient name of Ælia had perished, when it was so strange to the Roman procurator of Palestine, that he thought it must be a city which the Christians were erecting in defiance of the Government; and secondly, as proving how fully the Christian's mind was imbued with the persuasion that the earthly type had been superseded by the heavenly reality.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 233, 234.

Gladly would we follow Mr. Williams, did our limits admit of it, through the interesting period of Church Councils and Imperial endowments of the Holy City; or trace with him its chequered fortunes under Persian, Saracenic, and Frank dominion. The appearance, however, on the same page, of two names, great in the half-fable, half-history of the West and of the East, is too tempting to be passed over. Two worlds of romance seem to touch one another in the persons of Charlemagne and Hârun er-Raschid:—

'The strong and impartial administration of the Khalif who now held sway in the East, afforded some relief to the faithful. Indeed, the reign of Hârun er-Rashîd (A. D. 786—809) is a bright spot in the dark annals of Jerusalem's history under the Abbasside Khalifs, and presents to us the two most powerful monarchs of the West and of the East, a Christian and

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a Musselman, known to each other only by report, united in bonds of amity by the mutual veneration which their respective characters inspired.

'The biographer of Charlemagne represents that the friendship of Hârun the Just was so highly valued by the monarch of the West, that he preferred it to the alliance of all the kings and princes in the whole world, and judged him alone worthy to be treated with distinction. The first advances were made by the western prince, whose principal design was to afford some alleviation to the miseries of the Christian subjects of the infidel rulers. His merciful purpose was not frustrated, though it was some years before he learnt the good success of his undertaking.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 331, 332.

A second, but widely different instance of Eastern and Western contact, is furnished by the famous case of Cyril Lucar. A native of Candia, but of European education, he had conceived a strong liking for the Lutheran and Calvinistic communions; and when he had afterwards risen to be Patriarch of Constantinople, he took upon him to set forth, as the belief of his Church, his own private opinions, involving some of the gravest errors of the reformed bodies. This course, unhappily, had the effect of drawing forth from the Eastern Church counter decrees, in much more precise language than she had hitherto adopted;—to the adoption, indeed, in some instances, of the peculiar terms of Roman theology; though these are explained in a restricted or modified sense in other portions of her formularies. Cyril himself was ingeniously relieved from the anathema of his own Church, by the expedient of ruling that he was not the author of the heretical confession ascribed to him. From this period (1672) dates the anathematisation of Luther and Calvin, 'with all who follow their pernicious novelties;' a clause which, we need not say, happily touches not the English branch of the Church Catholic. We will conclude this division of the subject with a word on the more recent and the prospective fortunes of Jerusalem. Napoleon found Acre quite as near to it as he cared to come:—

'His characteristic reply to a proposal to visit Jerusalem on his march up the coast, declares at once its insignificance in a military view, and his interest in its sacred associations: "Jerusalem does not enter into my line of operation."

'The city has since shared the fortunes of Syria, without having in any way guided them, or being materially affected by them. It passed into possession of Mohammed-Ali in 1832, and was restored to the Ottoman power after the memorable bombardment of Acre, in Nov. 1840; having in the interim suffered the dishonour of a capture from the undisciplined Fellahin—the "bold peasantry" of Palestine, who held possession of it for some days. It has latterly enjoyed the distinction of a resident Pasha, instead of being subject, as before, to the pashalic of Damascus; but since the united wisdom of Europe has thought fit to destroy despotism and restore anarchy in the country, it has experienced, as may be supposed, a questionable security; the tranquillity of which is liable at any moment to

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be disturbed by the lawless sheikhs of the country, whose violence Ibrahim Pasha was alone able to repress by the terrors of the sword. Within the last three years, Mustafa Abu Ghoosh, one of the most powerful chiefs in the country, having waylaid and murdered two government officers, had the insolence to threaten an attack on the Holy City, if the impotent Pasha attempted to resent the injury or to restrain the farther outbreaks of his lawless violence. So low has she now fallen who defied for months the arms of Imperial Rome!'—Ibid. vol. i. pp. 454, 455.

'England has already shown what she can and what she will do in the East. She spread the wings of her protection—to adopt the Frenchman's comparison of the vulture—over the persecuted Jews at Damascus, because they were friendless and oppressed; and if she did light upon Mount Lebanon for a while, it was that she might defend the lives and liberties of the Maronites, endangered by the fury of the Druses, or the bigotry of the Turks; and this she did for the name of Christ which they bore, though she knew them to be the stanchest Romanists in the world. She procured for the Syrian Jacobites an order for the restoration of six churches and monasteries between Damascus and Aleppo, which the Latins, aided by their French allies, had unjustly seized; and that not from enmity against Rome or France, still less from sympathy with Monophysite heresy, but as an act of justice, which had been grossly outraged. This is the gauge of England's policy in the East. She will protect the weak against their oppressors, without respect of persons. She will procure the administration of even-handed justice to all alike, as far as her influence extends. Nay, she has done much more.

'Acting through the moral weight of her ambassador to the Porte, whose uncompromising firmness and irreproachable uprightness command the respect, while they provoke the hatred, of the most corrupt court in the world, she has broken down the mighty barrier of Mohammedan prejudices, and cast an ægis over all the Christians of the East, beneath which they may henceforth enjoy full liberty of conscience, free from the terrors of penal statutes; and she will use all her endeavours that those merciful enactments be respected in their fullest meaning. This is what England has done; this is what, by God's help, she will continue to do; and woe to those who attempt *to check* her while she holds on in this course. Rather let the other nations of Europe imitate her enlightened policy; and if the balance of power can only be maintained by upholding the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, at least let them provide that its protracted existence occasion no detriment to the Christian name, nor hinder the progress of that Faith to which they owe all the superiority, moral, religious, and political, which they now enjoy over that power which was once the terror of the world.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. pp. 460, 461.

The most interesting topographical questions connected with Jerusalem are those which concern the site of the Holy Sepulchre, of the Crucifixion, of the Ascension, and of the Pools of Bethesda and Siloam; and, in connexion with the Old Testament, the *exact* site of the Temple, the Causeway of Solomon, and the Pools named after him and Hezekiah. In subordination to these arise several minor, but by no means unimportant subjects of inquiry; such as the course of the ancient walls; the situation of particular hills, gates, and towers; the course of the Tyropœan Valley, which divides the city midway; the architectural phases through which the site and *entourage* of the

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Holy Sepulchre have reached that which they now present: and again, in reference to the Temple, &c. the site of the fortress Antonia; the account to be given of the Mosk-el-Aksa, lying southward of the Temple; and the origin and connexion of all the waters in and about Jerusalem.

For the benefit of the uninitiated in the difficulties which beset these inquiries, it should be observed, that from the middle ages downwards, the topography of Jerusalem has been in a most grievous and inextricable state of confusion. Mr. Williams gives us a lively account of some of the earlier attempts to present a faithful portraiture of it:—

'The earliest endeavours to picture the sacred places of the Holy City, and to aid the descriptions of travellers, which, however graphic, must always fail to convey an adequate idea of the realities, were as rude as the science of engineering and the art of engraving. The worthy authors, who seem never to have contemplated the possibility of illustrating their subject by plans, had recourse to bird's-eye views, according to the conventional modes of drawing employed before the laws of perspective were developed, and which certainly contrived to embrace all that was most important, but did not serve to convey a very accurate idea of the places pourtrayed, inasmuch as the topographical and architectural details were tortured, to render the *coup-d'œil* as complete and imposing as possible. Breydenbach challenges to himself the first place for this kind of illustration; his general view of the city from the Mount of Olives, and the more detailed drawings of particular buildings, are works of great merit, much more free from the errors and defects just noticed than many subsequent productions.

'The most unfortunate of all the illustrations of this character, were the attempts to restore the ancient City, of whose signal failures the works of Adrichomius, Villalpandus, Lightfoot, and others, contain the lasting memorials. Neither did Quaresmius improve upon these rough guesses, as his intimate acquaintance with the City might have enabled him to do; and such was the authority acquired by these absurd views, that so lately as 1844, a beautiful reprint of the plan of Adrichomius, with its full complement of fanciful hills and valleys and impossible bridges, was re-edited at Brussels, by a learned dignitary of the Belgian Church, and actually ound a trumpeter in a French writer who had visited Jerusalem.'—*Ibid.* vol. i. *Mem.* pp. 3, 4.

A map of the world after Herodotus or Scylax, is nothing to a plan of Jerusalem according to Villalpandus or Lightfoot. The ingenuity with which the father of history makes the Nile flow parallel to the Danube, is exceeded by the strangeness of the sites which have been assigned to Mount Zion. Lightfoot places it in the north-east corner of the city; thus making the Lower City higher than the Upper, which stood on Zion. Dr. Clarke transplants it across the southern valley of Hinnom. Lightfoot again makes the Tyropœan valley run due east and west, instead of nearly due north and south; the Ephraim Gate, according to his placing of it, would lead anywhere but to

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Ephraim; and Solomon's 'ascent' runs downhill. The following description will help to clear the reader's mind of these confusions:—

'The Eastern wall of the City, facing Mount Olivet, is the most direct of the four sides. Its length is 2790 feet, of which more than half (1525 feet) on the south is occupied by the Haram, or area of the Great Mosk. This wall overhangs the steep brow of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, which continues its upward course to the north, some distance beyond the north-east angle of the city, expanding gradually as it rises; then turning sharply to the west it runs up to the tombs of the Kings. Below the south-east angle of the wall, this valley inclines slightly to the west, narrowing into a deep gorge between the ridge of Ophel and the Mount of Offence, which is that continuation of Mount Olivet in whose rocky side is excavated the village of Siloam. South of this, the contracted valley again opens into a small plain, formed by the concurrence of two other valleys, which we must next trace up to their commencement. The more marked and better known of these is the Valley Ben-Hinnom, which following a serpentine course from this quarter, encircles the city on the south and west, where it expands into a plain around the Birket Mamilla. The third valley between the two just described, (it must at present be anonymous) [The Tyropœan] runs in a northerly direction through the city, and opens into a small plain without the Damascus Gate. In the mouth of this valley the Pool of Siloam is situated.

'The southern part of the ridge between the Valley of Jehoshaphat and the intermediate valley, is universally allowed to be the Temple Mount, and the southern part of the broader ridge, between the latter valley and that of Hinnom, is generally conceded to be the Hill of Sion.

'To proceed now with the walls. From the north-east angle of the City, nearly to the Damascus Gate (2200 feet) the course of the northern wall is almost due west; then verging some points to the south, over a high rocky ridge, it reaches the brow of the Valley Ben-Hinnom, at the north-west angle of the City, 1990 feet from the Damascus Gate. Hence, taking a south-easterly direction from the Valley Ben-Hinnom, 878 feet to the Jaffa Gate; then due south to the south-west angle, (1400 feet) it bisects Mount Sion from west to east, and continues in an irregular line, with the same general bearing to the south-east angle; the measure of this side is 3720 feet: making the whole circuit of the modern walls 12,978 feet, or 4326 yards, nearly two miles and-a-half. The walls may be said broadly to face the four cardinal points; and the situation of the four gates towards the same quarters will much simplify the description of the City.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 8—10.

The difficulty raised by Dr. Robinson about the reputed site of the Holy Sepulchre may be thus stated. We have had occasion to observe that the City lies, and anciently did lie, on the whole, four-square. That statement should be corrected as respects the ancient city, by saying that it was a square with a small square cut out at one corner (viz. the north-west); of the shape, in fact, of the figure which Euclid calls 'a gnomon.' Such, at least, is the supposition upon which the received site of the Holy Sepulchre proceeds. That site occurs in the little excluded square alluded to, and thus answers the requirement

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of the Scripture, by being 'without the gate.' But Dr. Robinson maintains that the little square was anciently included within the walls. If so, *valet argumentum et consequentia*, the reputed site is then *within* the ancient walls, and therefore cannot be that of the Holy Sepulchre. The form, then, which the question between Dr. Robinson and his antagonist assumes is this: At what point does the northern wall of Jerusalem, as it runs westward, bend to the south and drop into the northern boundary of Mount Zion?—for Mount Zion, it is agreed by both parties, occupies the south-west quarter of the great square. Now Josephus has specified certain spots in connexion with the junction of the walls; such as the Hippic Tower and the Gate Gennath. These, therefore, are the keys of the position, and are hotly contested accordingly. Then again, Dr. Robinson is necessitated to show that Acra, which certainly filled up all the region of the city north-west of the Temple, covered so much ground, and extended so far westward, as his view makes it. The Tyropœan Valley again, which certainly, in some sense, separated Zion from Acra, must needs, if Dr. Robinson be right, have curved sharply round to the west, and run north of Zion. In endeavouring to prove his points, Dr. Robinson gets into difficulties at every turn. By a variety of arguments founded on the language of Josephus, on incidents in the siege, and on local facts, Mr. Williams satisfactorily refutes him. The Gate of Gennath, where Josephus says the wall from the north dropped into that of Mount Zion, is proved to have been too far east for Dr. Robinson: the Acra of Josephus corresponds very ill with the ridge he (Dr. R.) would identify with it; neither is there, nor was there ever, a valley between Zion and that ridge at all. The upshot is, that no cause is shown for considering that the reputed site of the Holy Sepulchre was within the ancient walls of Jerusalem. As far, therefore, as this particular objection goes, it maintains its authenticity. The true position of the Tyropœan Valley is thus clearly put:—

'That the character of this broad valley, so conspicuous a feature in the topography of the present City as to force itself upon the notice of all travellers, answers to the description of the Tyropœon of Josephus, will already have appeared, not more from my own notices than from the citations which have been made from no friendly writers, and from the impartial testimony of the Arabic historian, who names the street that traverses the whole length of this valley, the "Street of the Mill-Valley." It extends from the Damascus Gate on the north, to the Pool of Siloam on the south of the city; it divides the modern city in two parts, as the Tyropœon did the ancient, having on the west the high hill of Sion, and the declivity of a still higher ridge; and on the east a lower hill which I call Acra, joined at the south to the Temple Mount. . . . . .

'It must never be forgotten that Jerusalem was originally two distinct cities united together by David. The intermediate space, or the Valley of

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the Tyropœon, inclosed with walls to effect this union, is called in Scripture Millo, and elsewhere, both in Scripture and in Josephus, "the suburb," as belonging strictly to neither part of the city, but usually comprehended by the Jewish historian with Acra under the common name of the Lower City.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

Of the historical argument for the identity of the reputed with the real Holy Sepulchre, we cannot pretend to give more than a very imperfect sketch:—

'It deserves to be considered, that the very name assigned to the place where our Lord suffered would tend to preserve the memorial of the site among the natives; and to suppose that the site was lost, is to suppose nothing less than that the very name of a peculiar feature in the topography of Jerusalem had irrecoverably perished; which does not appear to have been the case with any other hill, or with any valley in the neighbourhood. It is inconceivable that, while Mount Sion, the Mount of Olives, and the valley of the Kedron, retained their distinctive appellations, that hill which the Christian population would not fail to regard with the deepest interest at least, if we may not say reverence, should have lost its name—a name, be it remembered, universally received in our Saviour's time, and the memorial of which was preserved in the writings of the Evangelists. The Christian Church, as we have seen, had never been absent from Jerusalem for more than a few years at the utmost, probably not more than two; and would any Christian who had once known the place Golgotha fail to identify it after ever so long a period, however accident or design might have altered its character?'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 70, 71.

It seems hardly too much to say, that an especial providence has preserved this site from oblivion; so remarkably have various vicissitudes designed or calculated to obliterate it, been overruled to its preservation. Hadrian, with judicial blindness, builds a temple of Venus over the spot: the earth which he diligently heaps over it guides the mother of Constantine to the site. The Persians under Chosroes II. (614) utterly demolish the Basilica of Constantine: but the Basilica of Constantine did not contain, except in its outer court, the 'Salutary Cave;' and the utmost length to which that devastation affected it, was by destroying the costly casing which had been bestowed upon it; and the immediate retreat of the Persians rendered its identification easy. The Khalif Hakem, in 1010, orders the entire destruction of the whole fabric: the same authority which tells us this, tells us also that the design was abortive from some cause or other, and that the fanatic ran immediately into the opposite extreme, and set about a restoration of the Sepulchre. Ninety years after, the Mahometans, besieged by the Crusaders, deliberate upon the policy of rooting up the rock of the Holy Sepulchre: thus unintentionally testifying to its having survived the attempt of Hakem. In the sixteenth century it begins to be perceived that a new kind of danger threatened it; the devotion of pilgrims leading them to mutilate it by touching and breaking away particles of it. Hereupon the Pope, Julius III.;

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the Emperor, Charles V.; and the Sultan, Solyman II.; join hands in the work of encasing and adorning it. 'It is not longe 'sithen the Sepulcre was alle open, that Men myghte kisse it 'and touche it. But for Pilgrymes, that comen thidre, peyned 'hem to breke the Ston in peces or in poudre, therfore the 'Soudan hathe do make a Walle about the Sepulcre, that no 'man may towche it,' is Mandeville's account of the abuse, and of an earlier attempt to remedy it. Finally, in 1808, a most terrible fire destroyed a great part of the existing Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and raged with especial fury round the Sepulchre itself. But it turned to a testimony to what some had doubted, viz. 'the existence of the native rock within the marble casing.'

'The heat was so excessive that the marble columns which surrounded the circular building, in the centre of which stood the sacred grotto, were completely pulverized. The lamps and chandeliers, with the other vessels of the Church,—brass, and silver, and gold,—were melted like wax; the molten lead from the immense dome which covers the Holy Sepulchre poured down in torrents; the Chapel erected by the Crusaders on the top of the monolith was entirely consumed; half the ornamental hangings in the ante-chapel of the Angel were scorched; but the Cave itself, though deluged with a shower of lead, and buried in a mountain of fire, received not the slightest injury internally; the silk hangings and the painting of the Resurrection remaining, in the midst of the volcanic eruption, unscathed by the flame, the smell of fire not having passed upon them.

'Thus were disappointed the expectations of Dr. Clarke, who some years after his visit, heard of this accident with peculiar satisfaction, expecting that the imposture would be thereby unmasked.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 88, 89.

We have already mentioned the very able paper in which Professor Willis has elucidated the architectural history of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. He has reconstructed, with a clearness and facility peculiarly his own, the successive appearances, five in number, of the Church; and seems perfectly to have exhausted all that can be said on the subject. In particular, the Holy Sepulchre is cleared from some of the most plausible objections which had been raised against it. It had been thought infinitely improbable that the Emperor Constantine should, as deposed by S. Cyril in his Lectures, have pared away the surface of the rock all round about the Holy Sepulchre, leaving it upstanding in the manner of a grotto, an isolated *edicula*. But Mr. Willis, first of all, shows that the tomb of Absalom, in the Valley of Kedron, was in its main features just such an example.

'It affords to us, close to the walls of Jerusalem, an example of the very system which appears to have been pursued by the architects of Constantine in the decoration of the Holy Sepulchre; with this difference, that in the latter case, the cave had existed for centuries before they began their external operations; whereas in the former case, the chamber and the external form were probably parts of one design. Moreover, Constantine clothed the rock with an artificial casing of rich marble, and in our present

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example, the ornaments are worked out of the solid limestone. But they each exhibit an example of the detaching of a complete monolithic representation of a structure, by the levelling away of the original rock on all sides. The unmerciful ridicule and contempt which has been cast upon those who have ventured to suppose such a process possible, in the case of the Holy Sepulchre, is at once disposed of, by thus showing that examples of this process exist in the immediate neighbourhood of Jerusalem; for the tomb of Zachariah is exactly formed in the same manner. And whatever may be the age of these works, they certainly are prior to the time of Constantine. But away from Jerusalem there are many examples, especially in Asia Minor. Robinson also found "several isolated monuments, the counterparts of the monolithic tombs in the Valley of Jehosaphat" at Petra.'—*Ibid.* vol. ii. pp. 159, 160.

Then, again, after largely illustrating the nature and varying arrangements of Jewish rock-tombs, he proves, with the aid of beautifully clear sections and elevations, that the Holy Sepulchre was originally excavated out of the face of a cliff, like other tombs; and that the rock has actually been pared away on every side to the full depth, and more, of the altitude of the rocky cave; as appears by the fact, that at the western end of the present Church, the rock is upon a level with the triforium.

The alleged site of our Lord's Crucifixion is included, as is well known, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. This, at first sight, might seem to bespeak the selection of the spot an arbitrary one, made merely with a view to embracing the two localities under one roof. But it is doubtful, perhaps, whether both the sites *were* included in the original 'Martyrium,' as Constantine's group of buildings round about the Sepulchre was called. The language of S. Cyril, in whose catechetical Lectures, delivered in that Church, frequent mention is made of 'Golgotha,' seems sometimes to give that name to the region in which the Church was situated; and, if it once speaks of Golgotha as 'a rock, rising on high,' it may well be understood to place it outside the Church. This is the more likely, because in Modestus's restorations of the Holy sites after the Persian devastation, it is certain that distinct churches were erected over the Sepulchre and the rock of Golgotha, which would hardly have been done had the faithful hitherto been accustomed to have the two sites before their eyes in the one Church of the Resurrection. Mr. Williams, however, takes it for granted, and Professor Willis thinks it probable, that they were so included. However this be, S. Cyril's words prove 'the tradition relating 'to the Crucifixion to be probably as old as that of the Holy 'Sepulchre.' What degree of credit we are to attach to the foot-hole shown as that in which the Cross of our Lord was actually inserted, is another question: for ourselves, we are disposed to think that the tradition disfigures and tends to discredit the more simple, and probably genuine one, as to

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Golgotha itself. The holes for the other two crosses are shown with equal confidence at a most improbably small distance to the right and left, and help further to discredit the tradition as to the first aperture. The appropriation of these apertures seems to belong to the period between Constantine and Modestus. And it appears to us probable that another curious tradition was based upon this one, and therefore is subsequent to it. We have already spoken of the old Rabbinical belief, that Jerusalem was the centre of the world. A later and *Christian* development of this tradition (first mentioned by Bernardus, A.D. 870), fixes the exact central spot; it is called the Compas, (*i.e.* compass, circle,) and occurs in the choir of the present Church of the Holy Sepulchre. We are not aware that any attempt has been made to account for its exact position. In the present Church it stands unsymmetrically. Sæwulf, however, describing the Church which the Crusaders found over the Holy Sepulchre, says:—

'*At the head* of the Church of the Sepulchre, *in the outer wall*, not far from Calvary, is the place called *Compas*, where the Lord indicated with his own hand the centre of the world, as the Psalmist witnesses, "For God is my King of old, working salvation in the midst of the earth."—*Early Travels*, &c. *ubi sup.*

From this description it seems that the eastern apse of this church terminated exactly at the particular spot which had the reputation of being the centre of the world. And Professor Willis's conjectural restoration of the yet earlier round Church of Modestus, which Arculfus found there, and which Hakem destroyed, also makes the 'Compas' coincide with the eastern apse of the circle. Whence then this quaint tradition, so scrupulously regarded in some of the earlier, though comparatively neglected in the later architectural adornments of the sacred locality? Now, it is remarkable that the spot called 'Compas,' only marked now by a circular slab, is *exactly equidistant between the centre of the Holy Sepulchre and the hole where the Cross is said to have been erected.* We conceive, then, that the earlier architects, not being equal to so great an undertaking as that of including the two sites under one roof, a feat which the Crusaders were the first to accomplish, hit upon this expedient. Prophecy having declared, in their view, that the place where the work of man's Redemption should be wrought out would be the middle of the earth, and the sites of the Crucifixion and Resurrection, the two great co-ordinates in that process, being at some distance apart from each other, the exact geocentric point must be midway between them; and if that point were included within their structure, they might in some sense be said to have comprehended within it the divinely-ordained site of both the great mysteries. They accordingly measured along the axis of

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their proposed church, *i.e.* from west to east, to such an equidistant point, and limited the building to that length. Such a process, doubtless, appears strange to us; but it is in entire accordance with the fancy which elicited the idea of such a geocentric point at all out of the text alleged. The later architects, having united both the actual sites under one roof, would have less occasion to pay regard to the spot which had obtained this conventional distinction. Mr. Willis has noticed a somewhat similar equidistance to that which has just been described. He finds the distance from the middle of the altar of the Sepulchre to the foot-hole of the Cross to be 143 feet; and from that foot-hole to the centre of the apse in the Chapel of the Invention, 143 feet also. As to the relative position of the Sepulchre and the place of the Cross, we think Mr. Williams has well and simply elucidated it by the observation, that 'it is not necessary 'to suppose the Crucifixion to have taken place "in the gar-'den." It was probably a public thoroughfare without the city 'wall; and the traveller in Syria and Palestine will see nothing 'forced in the conception, that the garden fence might have 'passed between the two sites.'

The alleged site of the Ascension of our Lord has been successfully vindicated by our author from Dr. Robinson's decision against it as 'unquestionably false;' and he offers the most satisfactory solution we have met with of the apparent discrepancies in the Gospels as to the distance of Bethany from Jerusalem.

The pools of Bethesda and Siloam, and the whole of the waters in and about the temple, are topics full of interest, and Mr. Williams has much curious matter respecting them; but we must content ourselves, though unwillingly, with referring the reader to his pages.

The last subject which we can make any comment upon is the important one of the site of the temple. It is admitted on all hands, in general terms, that the successive temples at Jerusalem occupied the rectangular oblong platform on which now stands the edifice commonly called the Mosk of Omar, more correctly 'the Dome of the Rock;' a name derived from the Sakhrah, or sacred rock within it, honoured by the Moslems. The oblong platform in question is elevated some feet above the level of the outer court. The first point of interest which Mr. Williams has, with the highest probability, established is, that this platform, as to its breadth, from east to west, perhaps in its length also, is the actual site of the inner Temples of Herod and of Solomon; and that the rock venerated by the Moslems is identical with the 'pierced rock' of the Jews, and so marks the site of the brazen altar before the porch of the Temple. This result is established by a comparison of the measurements sup-

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plied by the Mishna and Josephus, with existing dimensions. Much greater difficulty is presented by the outer area or court of the mosk, the breadth of which exceeds its length by some 570 feet, or more than half; whereas, according to the consentient testimony of the Middoth (a tract on 'Dimensions,' in the Mishna) and Josephus, the area of the Temple was a square. But even this is not the whole difficulty. The latter authority also assigns a much shorter length to each side of the square area than modern measurements can by any possibility reduce even the shortest of the existing sides to. And never did mathematicians labour harder to square the circle than Dr. Robinson and Mr. Williams to square the area of the Temple. The latter gives utterance to some despairing sentences of lamentation over the insuperable difficulty. We are happy to have it in our power to propound what appears to us to be an all but complete solution of the perplexity. And first as to the length assigned by Josephus to each side of the square. We are convinced, then, from a careful re-examination of the passages which have been relied upon in Josephus, that their meaning is other than has been supposed. First of all, the passage (Ant. xv. xi. 3), which states so distinctly that each side of the square temple area was a stadium, (608 feet,) is most certainly not intended to describe Herod's, but *Solomon's* Temple; as a careful examination of the whole text will show. Secondly, we entirely side with Dr. Robinson in believing, that when Josephus says that Agrippa raised the outer temple wall *εἰς τετρακοσίους πήχεις*, (Ant. VIII. iii. 9, and XX. ix. 7,) he means 400 cubits in altitude, and not in length; though we once thought otherwise. It is doubtless 'a hyperbolical expression of the historian, easily to be paralleled from other parts of his account of the Temple.' The depth from the bottom of the valley is of course included. Had he meant 400 cubits in length, would he not have said a stadium—as he does in the passage just referred to—it being within two cubits of that measure? Thus then are disposed of three of the passages alleged. There only remains that in which it is said that the Royal Portico on the south was a stadium in length. (Ant. xv. xi. 5.) But in strictness this is only said of the *aisles* of the portico: the central ambulatory may have been longer, as we know it was of double the height of the aisles, and half as broad again. But admitting the three alleys to have been of equal length, and therefore that the length of the entire portico was only a stadium, the entire southern boundary of the Temple may still have been much more than a stadium. Josephus indeed says that the portico extended from valley to valley, so that it could go no further; but this we can prove to be a figure of speech; for at the eastern end of it

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was a gate—the gate of the causeway—of such magnitude that a tower was built upon it in the siege. The Golden Gateway, we know, was some 60 feet in length. We suppose, then, that this and other additions at either end of the portico filled up the interval between it and the valleys. But there is yet an argument by which it is seen to be impossible that Josephus should mean to limit the area of Herod's Temple to a stadium square. He tells us that that area was double the area of Solomon's: if so, the side of the latter area, supposing it also a square, was a little less than 430 feet long. But the platform on which the inner Temple of Solomon stood was 550 feet by 450 feet, as Mr. Williams gives it, from Mr. Catherwood's measurements; which is a clear *reductio ad absurdum*. Having now then disposed of Josephus, we have only the Middoth to deal with. This assigns 500 cubits for the side of the square, or 875 feet (at 1 foot 9 inches to the cubit); which is within two feet of the officer's estimate of the south wall of the area; and near enough to any of the other estimates, particularly if we suppose the Middoth to speak in round numbers. And it is observable, as confirming the view that Josephus meant Solomon's Temple, that the square of 500 cubits *is*, approximately, double of the square of a stadium; the square of 567 cubits would be so within a fraction. All that remains to be adjusted is, at which end of the existing oblong mosk-area are we to cut off a piece, so as to leave a square area for the Temple? and Mr. Williams has assigned most satisfactory reasons in favour of cutting it off from the southern end. The vaulted sub-structions of the Mosk-el-Aksa clearly belong to a later period.

Here then we take our leave of these very interesting investigations, not without a hope that the work which we have thus imperfectly passed under review may only be the first of many similar, and no less successful inquiries, pursued in an equally patient, candid, and religious spirit.

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NOTICES.

Of Poetry we have to acknowledge two or three small collections. 'Meditations in Verse on the Collects, &c.' (Rivingtons.) These thoughts are pious and well principled; but we do not quite think that they fall very naturally into verse. 'Metrical numbers,' to our minds, do not exactly suit the notion of a collect; and we should perhaps be at issue with the amiable writer of these lines as to what constituted 'metrical numbers.' It is high time, we think, to protest against the something more than poetical licence which modern poets take in inventing what they wish us to accept as metres: the present writer presents us with a stanza of five lines, of which the third and fifth rhyme—that is, are hoped to rhyme; 'form' and 'shorn,' 'power' and 'discover,' being accepted as rhymes by a high range of critical charity—lines one, two, and four being left entirely without mates. In another stanza of six octosyllabic lines, while the last four form two couplets, the first two do not rhyme with anything. We are obliged, with every sentiment of respect for the author's good intentions, to say that he has not made a contribution to English poetical literature.

Of a more ambitious cast is the 'Pietas Metrica,' by the brothers Theophilus and Theophylact. (Masters.) The loftiness of the title is consistently followed by the breadth of aim which the dedication proposes 'to the Church.' We are not aware that we exactly understand what the writers mean by their wish to 'clothe with ideality, which is the province of the mind, the sentiment of religion which rests in the soul.' Because we may not recognise the implied distinction that the sentiment of religion is not of the mind, *i. e.* is not intellectual. This stilted language is again occasionally met with in a phrase so recondite as 'green terrene,' (p. 84,) for 'green earth,' and in one so hazardous as 'epiphany of light,' (p. 109;) and in the strange misapplication of Greek in 'Psalmograph,' (p. 54,) for 'Psalmist,' which, according to the analogy of *telegraph* and *monograph*, means a thing, not a person. Our young writers want a Savage Landor among them who, among other castigations of style, would teach these brother bards that in English 'fire' is not a dissyllable, (p. 51.) Apart from these blemishes, which, unless we had felt an interest in the book, we should not have been at the trouble of specifying, we rank this volume above the average of religious collections in verse. There is a range of thought, and a refinement and delicacy of diction, sometimes over nice, which shows an estimate of poetry as an art; and there is a good deal of sweetness and melody in the versification, as well as variety and an occasional terseness and pointedness in the selection of typical subjects, which seems to aim at the fulness of Herbert, as well as the more polished numbers of our own age. Even to feel after such a combination shows the poetical faculty. The rock a-head to these writers is affectation.

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Mr. John Edmund Reade has been for some time an aspirant to a branch of the poetic laurel. In the chief poem of his new collection, from which it takes a general title, 'Revelations of Life,' (J. W. Parker,) we discern a diligent student in Wordsworth's school. To say that not unfaithfully it reproduces the handling of the Excursion, is to give it a considerable amount of praise; but we are bound, at the same time, to urge not only that a didactic poem, embracing the high argument for and against fatalism, never can be popular; but yet more, that whether rightly or not, we much doubt whether any long poem in blank verse, upon a merely ethical subject, however lofty, adequately fulfils the idea of poetry, except upon a very restricted view. To instruct is not solely the end of poetry; other faculties, when applied to a poetical theme, demand to be met. We hardly think Mr. Reade fortunate in his sense of melody; such a line as—

'Priceless spiritual revealments are,' p. 38,

is to our ears perfect torture; and it takes more than two or three pages of even good rhythm—and Mr. Reade's does not exceed the average—to erase such a horrid dissonance. His imagery, however, is rich; but it comes in too frequently in a patchy way upon a web of dull prosaic conversation-work. Mr. Reade is thoughtful, and plainly diligent in his writings; he teaches, but scarcely attracts.

'The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems,' by 'A.' (Fellowes.) 'A.' is a writer of decided and marked poetical gifts; he has much more of the *afflatus* than the writers we have already mentioned. But he pursues two phantoms; the one a cold, classical ideal, the other is Tennysonism. Now we hold it to be utterly impossible to reproduce the Greek choric melodies in modern dialects; we do not yet thoroughly understand a Greek chorus; we know not how much of its peculiar effect was dependent upon intonation, musical accompaniment, and the lyric, or rather orchestric, effect of the dances. Certain it is that a mere transcript of the skeleton of a chorus —of its long and short fragmentary broken dislocated lines—gives the effect of a chorus only typographically. It is only to the eye that the 'Strayed Reveller' looks Hellenic; neither in melody, for there is none in—

'Who speaks? Ah! who comes forth,
To thy side, Goddess, from within?
How shall I name him?
This spare, dark-featur'd,
Quick-eyed stranger?'

—nor in feeling, for however picturesque, this is not the picturesqueness of the Greek stage; nor in diction, for even in such a brilliant and suggestive passage as that which we are about to quote, does 'A.' adequately represent the Greek mind. Indeed he tries to combine incongruities: Milton wisely, in the 'Samson Agonistes,' simply copied; the result is a severe study, a great monument of art; cold, and if with a certain kind of beauty, it is repulsive. 'A.' on the other hand, tries to fling the rich subjective, suggestive cast of feeling, which is essentially modern, into archaic moulds; this is one fault. And with what success he reproduces

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the merely sensuous form of Greek art, let such a passage as this tell—Ulysses addresses Circe, p. 15 :—

> 'Ever new magic!
> Hast thou then lur'd hither
> Wonderful Goddess, by thy art,
> The young, languid-ey'd Ampelus,
> Iacchus' darling—
> Or some youth belov'd of Pan,
> Of Pan and the Nymphs?
> That he sits, bending downward
> His white, delicate neck
> To the ivy-wreath'd marge
> Of thy cup:—the bright glancing vine-leaves
> That crown his hair,
> Falling forwards, mingling
> With the dark ivy-plants;
> His fawn-skin, half untied,
> Smear'd with red wine-stains? Who is he,
> That he sits, overweigh'd
> By fumes of wine and sleep,
> So late, in thy portico?
> What youth, Goddess,—what guest
> Of Gods or mortals?'

There is great richness of diction here; its fault is not that it is presented in a classical form; but, being suffused with classical imagery, that it seeks to convey the classic impression by this barbarous arrangement of rhymeless lines. The melody of rhyme is the sole exponent to us, however inefficient, of the Greek melody of metre and choric embellishment and accompaniment. The 'Forsaken Merman' is quite an echo of Tennyson; it even exceeds him in that it really does attract sympathy—a relation not only unnatural, but contrary to human nature. There is a whole class of fictions, classical and romantic, of which the interest consists in human passions and affections being established between a mortal and immortal—'Venus and Anchises'—'Ulysses and Circe'—'The Loves of the Angels'—'Undine'—and such tales as that told by Heywood (Hierarchie, &c. p. 502,) which is the counterpart of the 'Forsaken Merman.' While these stories present obvious facilities for the illustration of passion and sentiment, it is plain that great care must be taken to prevent their palpable improbability degenerating into the grotesque, or even *burlesque*. 'A.' while successfully avoiding this danger, has produced a poem of singular richness and musical power; and we think this writer exhibits great poetical promise. At the same time, he must avoid mere imitation; we have a dread of a Tennysonian school; what our opinion of that popular writer is has been fully shown; but mere Tennysonism diluted, or above proof, we deprecate It must be remembered that we have spoken of 'A.' only as an artist: of his principles we have not space to speak—except that they are not our own.

Mr. Nind has published an enlarged, and we think improved, edition of his religious poems—'The Oratory,' &c. (Rivingtons). We have already spoken with interest both of its design and execution.

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'The Parson's Home,' a Poem. (Rivingtons.) In style a not altogether unsuccessful imitation of the more familiar manner of Cowper, with a tinge of Crabbe. It seems to have been executed as a kind of prolusion, or agreeable metrical exercise, by 'an English Vicar' on whose hands we conceive time to have hung somewhat heavily. The Parson sketched is from life; and there are touches in it which prove it to be life-like. It pictures a large-limbed, scholarly North-country 'Rector'—a Magistrate, and Chairman of Quarter Sessions—affable, homely, hospitable; a bachelor, with a good bottle of port and a pretty niece—apparently without a priestly idea, but an extremely active citizen and neighbour. Whether it was quite worth while to enshrine this character—however true and real, and vivacious a character—in poetry may be fairly questioned. The character itself is of a past, or rapidly-passing class; it may have more degenerate and less truthful successors, but it is hardly sufficiently dignified to be ideal, nor quite enough typical to represent at least an existing phase of the clerical race. Subjoined are a few fugitive, and very worthless pieces by the 'Rector' himself: they are of that mediocre cast which respectable clergymen of the last century, with a reputation for politeness and literature to keep up, used to write. They are generally addressed to ladies: and read like the *persiflage* of a respectable French Abbé. For credit's sake two or three have a religious aspect: but they do not range beyond versifying a collect, or diluting a passage of Scripture into common-place verse.

We think Dr. Cotton, Provost of Worcester, considerably in advance personally of his principles. In his 'Lectures on the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper,' (Vincent,) he always seems to be just on the very verge of saying what is quite true and sound; and then the invisible trammels of an ism, hamper him, and he is silent. Always full of warmth, and in a certain way reverent, we believe it to be a kind of misapplied and mistaken reverence which prevents his being sufficiently reverent. Had Dr. Cotton more diligently studied the mind of the Church of all ages—for in his large volume there does not seem to be a trace of the least acquaintance with the Liturgies or Christian antiquity, except a single, second-hand, citation of two words from Tertullian—we believe that his right-mindedness, and palpable earnestness, would have kept him right. But his theological literature is extremely cramped and inadequate to the subject. While we cannot at all commend this volume, we must express sympathy with the amiable manner of the writer.

The very useful little manual, the 'Kings of England,' (Mozley,) has creditably reached a second edition. We know of no history which, in such a compass, gives character in a way so vivid and life-like.

The 'Life and Literary Remains of Barbara Hofland,' by Thomas Ramsay, (Cleaver,) contain an affectionate record of the innocent and useful life of one who, through many years of trial, devoted herself especially to the laudable task of writing children's books, intended to combine moral instruction with useful information. Mrs. Hofland's writings might be profitably studied in these days, when there is such a

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mania for 'good books,' heralded in wood-cuts by crockets and finials, and bowed out by angels and altar-tombs. Without aspiring after any particular, or very definite, views, they strove rather to give some simple tale illustrative of some domestic virtue, or else to embody in sufficient garb of romance amusing descriptions of foreign laws and habits.

'Church Extension: a Letter to Joseph Napier, Esq. M.P. on the 'subject of Church Extension, from an English County Member.' (Ollivier.) 'Suggestions as to carrying out Lord Ashley's proposal for the 'Subdivision of Parishes. By a Member of the Temple.' (Hatchards.) The County Member's churchmanship is displayed by assuming that it is undesirable, *on the ground of expediency*, to abolish Collegiate Chapters and confiscate their revenues; and since 'the present system of eccle-'siastical polity seems, on the whole, to work remarkably well in this' 'country,' he thinks it better that we should retain 'Bishops, Deans, &c.' in the Church of England, than 'adopt more of the Presbyterian form of Church government,' (pp. 3, 4.) He reminds Mr. Napier of the proposal of 'our friend Colquhoun,' that there should be a gradual sale of the Chancellor's patronage, which he estimates would produce 1,200,000*l.*, and build 240 new churches, at 5,000*l.* each, a plan which an awkward canon seems to anticipate, when it declares the 'buying or selling of ecclesiastical benefices, &c. to be execrable in the sight of God.' The sum, however, which would be raised by this means, does not appear to the 'County Member' sufficiently large. He suggests the formation of an incorporated society, whose constitution should resemble that of Christ's Hospital: 'viz. that every member and governor, previous to joining the Society, 'should present them with a donation of 500*l.*; and after being elected, 'should have a presentation to one of the churches belonging to the 'Society in his turn, that is, when one of the livings belonging to the 'Society falls vacant, the governor, whose turn it is to present, should 'recommend a Clergyman to the whole Court of Governors, and *if they* '*consider him a proper person to have the living, under certain regulations, made* '*by themselves*, they should present him to it,' (p. 5;) which would at any rate not be a bad investment, if every member of the Society could obtain the patronage of a living for 500*l.* A body of governors who buy livings are not very likely to be strict Churchmen, and by them the Clergyman is to be presented, if *they* think him a proper person, and then only under certain regulations made by themselves. Is not this the echo of Mr. Simeon's notorious project? The author of the 'Letter,' &c. hopes to get five hundred governors for his Society, at 500*l.* each, which would produce 250,000*l.* and build fifty new churches; these, added to five hundred Chancellor's livings, (which the Crown is to give them *gratuitously!*) will make a very pretty patronage to start upon. In time the number of governors will be increased, more money will come in, more churches will be built, and more patronage will belong to the Society, which 'by this means,' says the County Member, 'will grow in number and influence to be one of vast importance,' (p. 5.) This scheme is also to be adopted in Ireland, except that the patronage of the five hundred livings is to be taken from the Archbishops and Bishops instead of the Chancellor! Such is the proposal, the adoption of which its author 'believes would be more calculated than

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anything else *to disseminate Protestantism!*' which is perhaps possible.—We are sorry we cannot speak with more praise of the 'Suggestions' contained in the pamphlet by 'a Member of the Temple,' who proposes that the courts of justice in Westminster, the police courts in Southwark and Newington, merchants' storehouses, &c., should be opened for public worship, and thinks that unordained 'graduates of the University, persons of respect and education,' might be licensed 'by the Bishop *and the Legislature*' to read the Church services, and certain sermons or homilies. We really had persuaded ourselves that this style of scheming was extinct with the amiable yet mischievous puerilities of Lord Henley and his friends of 1832. While we are on the subject, we desire that the proceedings of the Commission for dividing Parishes be most carefully watched; a commission of which the composition in some of its ingredients is what ought to command neither the confidence nor respect of the Church.—Speaking of Commissions, we cannot forget the last: that for examining Charities. Considering that these are for the most part Church foundations, the appointment of that very prominent Dissenter, Lord Ducie, must have been intended as an insult to the Church.

Mr. James Anderson has printed 'Addresses on Miscellaneous Subjects.' (Rivingtons.) They consist of five lectures, of which four were delivered before the Brighton Athenæum, a kind of literary institution. They are smoothly written, and are compiled with some elegance and care. Of Mr. Anderson's historical style we have already animadverted on the diffuseness and languidness: we hardly know what particular mode of address best suits the lecture-room, for our practical experience is not great. But speaking theoretically, we should have thought a more direct and pointed style would have told more. Mr. Anderson is an essayist; in the sketch of Dr. Johnson, however, we do not find much to make us rank his literary criticism very high. Mr. Anderson repeats the accredited formula of sixty years ago; thus, the 'Lives of the Poets' are his 'greatest and best work.' As scientific criticism they are, in the judgment of the present day, beneath contempt; and Mr. Anderson is unfortunate enough to select Johnson's judgment on what, with strange perversity, he calls 'the metaphysical poets,' (p. 120,) in the 'Life of Cowley,' as *the* gem of Johnson. We should hardly expect a scholar, which Mr. Anderson is, repeating the stereotyped nonsense about the 'unities of time and place, rules which, from the days of Aristotle downward, had been held well nigh sacred,' (pp. 100, 101.) Surely Twining has lived and written in vain; but Aristotle is not out of print, and even undergraduates know that Aristotle never said one single syllable about the unity of place, and only suggests, does not prescribe, the unity of time. Johnson's self-imposed penance in Lichfield Market-place—*the* incident which opens up the man's whole religious being—is unaccountably missed by Mr. Anderson. However, if Mr. Anderson's collection does not add much to our critical and historical stores, it at least presents our actual acquisitions in an accessible and engaging shape.

A crabbed series of 'Letters to an Undergraduate on Pantheism,' (Vincent, Oxford,) have appeared. They are announced to be by 'a Trinitarian.' Whatever sense that word may bear, it must be with the same

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sort of indefinite laxity that the term Protestant is commonly used. It simply means here a denial of (so-called) Unitarianism: a denial which may co-exist not only with no distinct theological apprehension, but, as in the present case, with very decided heresy—with Sabellianism; which the following statement is. 'All (Christians) account of the same one great Being as sustaining the different characters of Father, Redeemer, and Sanctifier . . . these same persons, or personizations, have a real foundation in the nature of God.'—P. 96.

Mr. J. G. Nichols has translated and published Erasmus' Dialogue on the 'Pilgrimages to S. Mary of Walsingham and S. Thomas of Canterbury.' (Nichols.) Some useful, but not very uncommon, information is contained in the notes.

An interesting and curious medical monograph of 'The Closing Years of Dean Swift's Life' (Hodges and Smith) has been sent to us. Its author is an Irish surgeon, Mr. W. N. Wilde. It traces Swift's insanity to physical disease; and the actual history of the various stages of his disorganization is cleverly reproduced from all the scattered fragments and notices of it which are dispersed in the contemporaneous literature of the patient's own days and friends. The process is scientifically curious. We cannot think that Mr. Wilde has added much to what is known of Stella; but the old materials of this perplexing history are carefully enumerated.

Our pages from time to time record the successive publications of the sceptical school. This quarter we have to mention 'Popular Christianity: its Transition State, and Probable Development,' by Frederick J. Foxton, formerly of Pembroke College, and Perpetual Curate of Docklow, Herefordshire. (Chapman.) The word 'formerly,' though ambiguous, is meant to overlie both the titles; Mr. Foxton ceased to be Perpetual Curate, &c. in 1848, though we have not heard that Dr. Hampden has proceeded against him for this publication. Mr. Foxton takes the ordinary subjects, Miracles, Prophecy, Inspiration of Scripture, Doctrine, &c.—and he is a complete Infidel; there is neither disguise nor mistake about the matter. His book is not ungracefully written; but we mention it for a particular reason. Were we to say that Mr. Foxton only consistently follows out the principles of Drs. Whateley and Hampden, this statement would be set down for the ordinary conventional gnome of a prejudiced writer, making a statement for a party purpose. But here are the facts, at any rate; we do not make them. Here is an infidel book written by a priest in Dr. Hampden's diocese; it is not once or twice that this person, Mr. Foxton, fortifies himself by Dr. Hampden's writings, or shows that his own inferences are the legitimate result of Dr. Hampden's premises. But in two or three chapters of this book, 'Popular Christianity,' Mr. Foxton cites Dr. Hampden about thirty times: we counted twenty-six specific citations—proofs of Mr. F.'s infidel position, cited from Dr. Hampden, chapter and verse. We apprehend the law of this case to be tolerably plain. Mr. Foxton—not being deprived—is still under the ecclesiastical law. Articles may be exhibited against him in the Diocesan Court of Hereford; this is unquestionable. And whether Dr. Hampden shall decide that there is no ground for prosecuting the suit, or whether Mr. Foxton shall think proper

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to defend himself before Dr. H., we think that either way Dr. Hampden will have cause to regret that he is no longer Canon of Christ Church. No cases nor duty can be plainer than to give some attention to this matter.

Auerbach's 'Narrative of Events in Vienna during September and November 1848,' (Bogue,) is a hasty composition, of which the situation necessitated some picturesqueness; but the sketch is very hazy and indefinite.

Every Catalogue is, *ipso facto*, a gain to literature; even an imperfect, or badly arranged List of Books, such as a bookseller's monthly sheet, has its distinct uses. There is no common private catalogue utterly valueless. Mr. Darling, the London bookseller, has long been known as the projector of what we trust is a successful undertaking, the Clerical Library and Reading-Rooms: he now proposes to enlarge the catalogue of his present collection to a full Catalogue-Raisonnée of Ancient and Modern Divinity Books. The plan is both ambitious and elaborate: but if successfully executed the boon will be immense, not only to divinity students, but to all literary men. We call this attention to the scheme, because it is one far more extensive and important than a hasty glance might at first conjecture, and we recommend it as one of general utility, and not merely confined to those who use, or propose to use, Mr. Darling's own private institution. Such a catalogue as he projects would be, if scientifically formed, of European value; but of great difficulty and of expense, which requires aid.

Mr. Henry Hughes, a London clergyman, has put forth a pamphlet—a *feuilletonnette*, we suppose would be the foreign designation of a pamphlet of five pages—'A few Plain Thoughts on the *Christianity* of Excluding a Jew from Parliament.' (Hatchard.) Mr. Hughes affects the terse, and he is only pert: he has worked the condenser so strongly, that he has gained, what nature very properly abhors, a perfect vacuum. Thus pointedly Mr. Hughes pelts the peers:—'Whatever befall, their Lordships must perceive religious principles are immutable. What is Christianity to-day is Christianity to-morrow. A hundred times may the City return Baron Rothschild, and a hundred times must they exclude him. Wrath may wax hot in the disfranchised party . . . Everything may be upset in the turmoil. There is no hope for it. *Fiat justitia, ruat cœlum.* But suppose that they are mistaken.' Or, suppose that Mr. Hughes is mistaken.

An able contribution to the mass of argument and learning on the Marriage Question is Mr. Darling's 'Examination of the Scriptural Grounds, &c.' (Rivingtons.) Mr. Darling's testimony, as a lawyer, to the force of the Scriptural argument is important. We must recommend our friends to work this question well during the vacation; our opponents are on the alert. As we have not had an occasion to put the fact on record before this, we think it only due to Dr. Hook to say that he has united himself to the London quaternion of Messrs. Champneys, Villiers, Dale, and Gurney. Dr. Hook has paid so little attention to the matter, that he really does not know what Mr. Wortley's bill is. The Vicar of Leeds assures us that it only enacts that 'marriage contracted by a man with his deceased wife's sister, *before the Registrar*, shall be legal.' The editor of these clerical tribunes of the people is obliged in a note to correct this most palpable

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misrepresentation; and tells us, which is true, that 'its object is to allow clergymen to celebrate the marriage in question if they think right,' *i.e.* to violate the canon. Dr. Hook proceeds:—'People in general do not consider such marriages improper. They cannot be proved to be improper in Scripture. The question is *therefore* one of expediency.' We say nothing of the logical coherency of this pseudo-syllogism; but we will present it to Dr. Hook expressed in another matter:—'People in general do not consider Meeting Houses improper. They cannot be proved to be improper in Scripture. The question *therefore* of going to hear Dr. Hook, or Fox the Socinian, is one of expediency.' These joint letters are being very largely circulated by post. We are glad to hear that Mr. Hope's—certainly one of the most sensible and practical of the series—is likely to be published in a cheap form, as an antidote to the mischievous circulation of Mr. Wortley's friends.

Sir E. Bulwer Lytton has published a poem in twelve books, 'King Arthur.' (Colburn.) In external form this work is quite according to received rule and precedent. The accredited division into the zodiacal arrangement of twelve—a received and national theme—episode and action following the established critical forms—similes at regular intervals—machinery in the prescribed place—and the lesser actions and persons in due subordination; here are all the epic elements and guise. And yet surely the world has settled that the day of the epic has disappeared. Art, of whatever kind, knows no second childhood. The Homeric epic was the real and faithful, and therefore world-famous, result of the Homeric age. The Niebelungen-lied represents a true spirit. The cold task-work of the Æneid was as false in feeling, as untrue and debased in mere form, only because the Augustan was not the Heroic age. A nineteenth-century epic is to Homer but the canal to the cataract. The great Italian poets—the model to Milton in everything but subject—made their poems romances rather than epics, in order to avoid the unreality of Virgil. But in these days neither Homer nor Ariosto can be reproduced. The poetical spirit of our times is essentially different; it cannot be cramped back into worn-out moulds. We do all justice to Sir E. B. Lytton when we say that he is a conscientious writer of poetry; he really treats it as an art; it is plain that he feels the dignity of his calling, and bestows not only his soul, but patience and research, upon his work. Still his large poem, with many passages of vigour, and many more of rich swelling melody, and with some phrases which show a creative energy, lacks interest. It is cold and artificial; even though, with what seems to us an artistic blunder, it introduces after the Italian model, *quasi*-ludicrous passages. These are often devoted to living persons and themes; and are certainly the least happy portions of the poem. One, which betrays theological ignorance, is also a simple impertinence. Besides this (concealed) anachronism, 'King Arthur' presents a more serious one in embodying the manners of mediæval chivalry and its costume; though the author has of course the precedent of the *Fabliaux*, which he follows. A great amount of really curious and honest learning is shown in the poem. Its metre is the heroic quatrain of four alternate rhymes, succeeded by the couplet. It is monotonous, but dignified; and applies, as might be anticipated, better to descriptive than to passionate passages.

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Mr. Masters has published 'An Outline of the Constitution and History of the Church' in a catechetical form. The writer is Mr. S. W. Mangin. We cannot recommend it; it is a mere echo, in very unscholarly and inaccurate language, of the ordinary common-places of twenty years ago. We will give specimens of a class of observations which we had hoped that we had long outgrown:—'What fact will serve to prove this [viz. that no false doctrines or practices peculiar to the Church of Rome have been left in the Prayer-Book]? The Book of Common Prayer was submitted to the opinion of Peter Martyr and Martin Bucer, two of the chief foreign Reformers, who approved of it.' The inference being in fact just the other way, as the two individuals in question did *not* approve of it. It will be to many a new historical fact that 'the Crusaders drove the Mahometans out of Spain:' and what can be thought of the historical accuracy of one who can talk about the Patriarch of Constantinople, before the year 900, beginning to set himself against the Pope of Rome, and claiming authority over Greece, part of central Europe, *Russia*, &c.? (p. 22); and one who writes on the Constitution and History of the Church ought to know that a doctrine of 'the Seven Sacraments' and 'Purgatory,' &c. is by no means peculiar to 'members of the Church of Rome.'

'A Sunset Reverie' (Masters) is 'an allegory,' in which two individuals —no, an individual and an impersonation—the concrete called 'Mirth,' the abstract called 'Earnest,' dialogize. We are glad to say that they followed the grammatical rule, 'Substantivus cum adjectivo concordat:' though there remains a little difficulty about epithets which talk, and feelings which 'hunt dragon-flies,' and wear 'amaranthine crowns,' and ride in chariots, 'speeding from valleys towards golden gates.'

'The Last Sleep of the Christian Child,' (Masters,) consists of some very pretty and even affecting verses.

'The Doctrine of the Cross, illustrated in a Memorial of a Humble Follower of Christ,' (Mozley,) is a reprint of a book which we have more than once commended, and which it is really a privilege both to welcome and to commend again on this its third appearance. Its value and success, as a testimony to the practical efficiency of the Church's system, both among ourselves and in America, have been incalculable. Truth and fidelity are stamped on every line.

'Moral Songs,' by the author of 'Hymns for Little Children,' (Masters,) we are much pleased with. There is considerable power of versification, and some sweet and tender thoughts, while the difficult point is hit of being familiar and plain, yet not without dignity.

'A Few Words to Parish Schoolmasters,' (Cleaver,) is a useful thought. The Address is neatly written, and will be found useful.

'Miss Peck's Adventures' (Masters) is the second part of the 'Conceited Pig.' We forget whether we chronicled, in these dignified pages, its laughable, and superior, predecessor, but the two little stories together are really among the very best, and most useful, in the herd of children's books. They betray, in a very humble walk, the true artist; one who has some fancy,

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and something to say. The last gift is rare; especially among writers for, or talkers to, the young.

Of Devotional Books we have seen Bowdler's 'Few Words' introductory to his 'Prayers for a Christian Household,' (Pickering): useful and pious reflections.—'The Order for Prime,' (Masters,) chiefly arranged from ancient sources, therefore not to be criticised.—'A Manual of Devotion, compiled from the Book of Common Prayer,' (Vincent,) which stands in the same relation to us, except that being designed for private use, we must repeat an objection, which we have often had occasion to urge, that public Collects belonging to sacramentaries, are *not* indiscriminately to be turned into individual petitions.—'A Help for Parents and Sponsors,' (Batty): full and right principled.

Of Tracts we have received—One by Mr. Chandler, on 'Unchastity before Marriage,' (Masters): a most forcible and much-needed warning on this delicate subject, which is *the* sin of villages; *the* perplexity of the village clergyman. It is a serious experiment to meet the difficulty in this particular way—*i. e.* by a tract; but it is an experiment to which we wish all success, as well as honour to the Christian straightforwardness of the writer. —'The London Parochial Tracts,' (Masters,) which we only see in a broken way.—Parker's 'Tracts for the Christian Seasons,' which we believe appear, but do not reach us, regularly;—and 'Consolation, or Thoughts on Intercessory Prayer,' (Masters): a deep subject, on which the writer feels very properly; but it puzzles us—(no, we have lived too long to be surprised by any eccentricity in some religious quarters)—why, on such a solemn subject, this little tract of twenty-six very small pages should attempt to combine the tale historical, and the apologue poetical; for the tract begins with a vapid story or scene between Mrs. Harlowe and Annie, which afterwards breaks off into the dream-allegoric, with its accredited formulary of clouds and crowds.

We should rather like to commit to the notice of Her Majesty's Committee of Council on Education, a collection called 'Developments of Protestantism,' (Richardson,) a series of letters and articles reprinted from the 'Dublin Review' and 'Tablet,' and now authenticated by the writer's initials, T. W. M. This gentleman, gazetted as 'Thomas William Marshall, Esq. Her Majesty's Inspector of Schools,' with a salary of some 800*l.* a-year, was a Clergyman of our own Communion: what he is—and of what spirit—let this publication testify.

The Foreign Aid Society have reprinted a 'Letter in Vindication of Cranmer from the attack of Macaulay, by J. H. Merle d'Aubigné.' (Nisbet.) So after all it comes to this, that we must go to Geneva to vindicate Cranmer. Let those who will, accept the omen: especially accompanied by Mr. d'Aubigné's assurance 'that in the present state of England, it is 'essential that the theological sciences make new progress . . . deve-'lopments in certain branches of theology; and to that end . . . our theo-'logical literature, especially that of Germany, might be for you a *foreign* '*aid.*' (P. 30.)

Mr. Joseph Hunter, a gentleman connected with the Record Office, is publishing a series of 'Historical Tracts.' (J. R. Smith.) No. 2 has reached

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us: No. 1. we have not seen. It is employed with the obscure *gentilitia* of 'the Pilgrim Fathers.' Their first 'Church,' as Mr. Hunter—whose title, which he seems of late to have dropped, to the 'Rev.' is only a dissenting one—consistently enough styles it, was gathered at Scrooby, a manor of the Archbishop of York. The chief points of interest to us were, to learn, 1. That Archbishop Sandys, a very great authority in a certain religious school, was the first Archbishop of York to raise a great family, subsequently ennobled, by robbing the Church. He granted twenty-one leases to his sons only. (Pp. 10, 11.) 2. That Mr. Hunter has very nearly established that the 'May-Flower,' the sacred Delian bark of New England heresy, which conveyed the Pilgrim Fathers to New Plymouth, was also a slaver, and on one occasion, being a ship of 350 tons, embarked a cargo of 450 negroes for Barbados.—Pp. 67, 68.

Mr. French, of Bolton-le-Moors, has printed—we are not sure that it is for more than private circulation—what at any rate deserves considerable credit as the first attempt at investigating the principles which regulated the contrast of colour in ancient ornamentation. What such a subject wants is of course a very large induction, and it is with the view of furthering this that we extract what Mr. French thinks he has established as principles of old art. '1. To separate the prominent colours, red, blue, 'green, purple, ruby violet, &c. from each other by spaces or lines of *yellow*, '*white*, or *black*. 2. To paint with brilliant colours on grounds of *yellow*, '(frequently gold,) *white*, or *black*; or, if the ground was of any other colour, 'to use *yellow*, *white*, or *black*, only for the ornamentation. 3. To combine 'two or more shades of red, blue, green, purple, &c. without the intervention 'of *yellow*, *white*, or *black*. 4. To place *yellow*, *white*, or *black* together, or upon 'each other, without reference to the law which regulates other colours.' (Pp. 8, 9.) These canons might be reduced into one: and should a more extended investigation prove its truth, Mr. French will have done service by expressing concisely what has perhaps been observed empirically. The title of this little pamphlet is 'Hints on the Arrangement of Colours.'

'Remarks on Noble's Appeal on behalf of the Doctrines of Swedenborg, (Richardson,) is a creditable attempt to recommend the faith of the Church of Rome to Swedenborgians. It is somewhat rare that one finds the English Roman Catholics turn their thoughts to the specific forms of dissent and heresy.

Bishop Doane's always practical contributions to our smaller literature are, this quarter: 1. 'The Men to make a State; a 4th of July Oration.' As we cannot be expected to sympathise with the occasion, it may be attributed to such a feeling if we say that we think this address an exaggerated specimen of the respected writer's peculiarities in style. 2. A 'Brief Narrative.' This document we receive with unfeigned delight. It is the complete and entire vindication of the good and full-hearted Bishop from certain slanders with respect to money matters. If Bishop Doane has been improvident, it has been in the cause of the Church and Education: if he has got into debt, such recklessness is only what we might have anticipated from one so impetuous in good works: if it is unpleasant to find a Bishop's name connected with money-bills, we must remember that across the

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Atlantic, value of all sorts is much more commonly represented by paper than among ourselves, and in different classes of transactions.

'The Compositor's Guide to the Use of Greek Accents without Learning the Language,' by Thomas Hatton, Printer. (Gilbert.) This is really a very curious, and, in its way, instructive pamphlet. Practically it will be found a great saving of money to the useful class to whom it is addressed. But more than this. We know Mr. Hatton well: and this pamphlet is plainly the result of a disagreeable course of Greek correction which some of our own private labours entailed for several months upon Mr. Hatton. The result is this 'Guide to Compositors.' Up to this moment Mr. Hatton himself knows about Shakspere's modicum of Greek; he has only studied, with very great intelligence and skill, the look, the external form of the language. The result is Rules for Accentuating, which would put many a scholar to the blush—a blush not quite equal to our own when, with great temper and modesty, we find Mr. Hatton alluding to certain 'copy rapidly written .... with a host of strange assemblages—some words all consonants, some all vowels.'

Mr. Maskell has printed 'Ten Sermons.' (Pickering.) The volume is not according to the ordinary type. These discourses are as far removed from the character-drawing and minute analysis of motive which make some of our more recent and striking sermons like a Christian Theophrastus, as they are from the vague moral statements of a departed age. Mr. Maskell's strong grasp of dogmatic truth, and his conviction of its primary importance are conspicuous, as in his more strictly theological writings, so —of course with considerable modifications—in these sermons. Nor are we without apprehension that in many congregations, of which the clergy themselves possess a clear hold of the Catholic doctrine, the laity have no rational or defined conception of the Articles of the Christian Faith at all. Many have been afraid of preaching the plain, literal, stern Christian Belief. Mr. Maskell feels strongly its actual value as a means to holiness. These sermons are suffused and saturated with Patristic allusion; this characteristic, together with a decided style, gives them a certain antiquated aspect. Yet occasionally strong indications of deep, though forcibly and, as it seems, purposely repressed, feeling appear, as in the sermon on the Passion. Altogether, the volume deserves attention; as for other and deeper reasons, so because it is one of decided originality and force.

'Grotius de Veritate' has been reprinted with copious Notes and Illustrations, by Mr. J. E. Middleton, of S. Bee's. (Rivingtons.) We should have hardly thought such an apparatus, however useful, quite suited to Grotius. However, its appearance is an indication of the need of a system of theology. For however little Grotius pretends to such a character, yet, in a particular branch, he is systematic. We remember how Bishop Bull and others condemn students of their day for 'thumbing Wollebius,' and the digests of Divinity then in vogue. It is a miserable fact that this evil,—and its evil consisted in the Text-Books being bad, and often Dutch, —has been superseded by a worse; and that not one clergyman in a hundred studies theology as a science. When shall we have anything analogous to Perrone?

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'Spiritual Reflections of S. Alphonsus Liguori,' (Burns,) is of a class which we do not examine as mere critics: first, because it is a book of very deep devotion: and next, because, in certain particulars, we should be obliged to assume an attitude unfitted for a devotional work. Its publication, as the first of a new 'Devotional Series,' is in every way significant: the Liguorian theology is a decided development, and, consistently, it is edited and published by 'converts.' The relations and influence of these 'converts' towards the old Anglo-Roman body are daily becoming more perplexed and curious. To describe their position in one word, we should say that they are 'un-English.' The marked abandonment, on the part of the more prominent 'converts,' of the old English ante-Reformation modes of thought and feeling, as represented by Dr. Rock; and the little sympathy which they—more particularly the Oratorians—hold with the architectural and æsthetic revivals of Mr. Pugin; their still more complete estrangement from the Chaloner and Glover school as represented by Mr. Tierney, and the 'old-fashioned county families' of an hereditary Romanism; all these phases may be best understood by a perusal, by those who have time or inclination for it, of the various Roman Catholic publications of the old and new school. The dispute about Mr. Faber's Hagiological Series, and Dr. Doyle's Letters in the 'Tablet,' &c., are among the most instructive and significant details. One word we must be permitted. We can quite understand the difficulty of those priests of the Church of England who have seceded, in their present position—*i. e.* not re-ordained: we are as little anxious to call them, as they are desirous to be called, '*Reverend.*' But the phrases 'T. W. Marshall, Esq.,' and 'J. M. Capes, Esq.,' &c., so very offensively paraded, look to us little short of ostentation; and this is small. 'J. M. Capes,' in an advertisement, without 'Esq.' would betray better feeling, of more sorts than one.

From Mr. J. F. Russell has appeared a pretty little book, 'The Ancient Knight,' (Cleaver): very useful to boys, and on an engaging subject. It is chiefly compiled, and with neatness and precision, from Mill, Scott, and Digby.

A new volume of the 'Juvenile Library' is by Mr. B. G. Johns—'History of Spain.' (Masters.) This tangled and little known history seems accurately represented in its more prominent way-marks.

'The Pastor of Wellbourn,' (J. H. Parker,) is a prolonged dialogue, or series of dialogues, between a rector and an excellent shepherd. The principles are admirable; and the allusions good. But the dramatic form is so slight and meagre—the very ghost of a tale—that it looks like one of the expiring embers of its class.

'Sacred Lyrics,' (J. R. Smith,) are neither specifically sacred,—some being on the Regeneration of Italy, and others controversial, about the Church of Rome,—nor specifically lyric, more than half of the verses being either blank, or the common rhyming couplet.

A series of Poems under the title 'Ecclesiastical Sketches from the Past and Present of S. Augustine's, Canterbury,' by Mr. John Puckle, of Dover,

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(Rivingtons) are ambitiously printed; an elaborate border, of an unvarying pattern however, surrounding each page. That this collection provokes comparison with one of Wordsworth's best-known and most highly prized series is not its fault: that in any way it bears the contrast, were high praise. Mr. Puckle writes with taste and feeling: a level and sustained and generally dignified style embellishes a course of thought, sometimes vigorous and always correct. We do not think historical truth quite maintained by calling gentle Reginald Pole 'Rome's proud minister,' (p. 40;) and the climax, when Mr. Puckle speaks of 'the pontifical privileges . . . not only maintained in defiance of the Archbishop of Canterbury, *but also now* in defiance of Henry II.' (p. 19), will provoke a smile in some quarters.

The first volume of a proposed series of Archæological Manuals, to be published under the sanction of the Archæological Institute, has just been sent to us. It is on 'Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses'—here the division is by no means logical or correct—by Mr. E. L. Cutts. (J. H. Parker.) A very large amount of research and inquiry has been expended in the production of the volume; its facts, in the way of illustration, are full and most interesting; and we have no doubt will much help the great cause of depaganising our monuments and graveyards. That the introduction is so entirely technical and archæological, on a subject which must, in a right mind, call forth much Christian feeling, we attribute to that caution which Societies feel to be the charter of their existence. At any rate Mr. Cutts is not carried away by any religious enthusiasm which his subject prompts. We think that he might have gone to Arringhi for the lore of the Catacombs, instead of so slender an authority as Maitland; and Wilkins's Concilia might have been spared its filtration through a thirty-third rate authority. Neither in any sense—except the nonsense suited to Exeter Hall—can it be said that 'bells were baptized,' (p. 43.) With such minor abatements, and with the expression of something more than a doubt whether Fig. 2 of Plate lxxiii. is correctly dated, we thank Mr. Cutts for his publication.—One possible misuse of this book, and the like, we deprecate by anticipation: we trust that ladies will not pick out from it what they think the prettiest-looking symbols and examples to be used according to taste. For they may chance to put a priest's chalice upon a merchant's slab; or an architect's compasses on the memorial of one of their own sex; or—as we have seen in the case of a recently erected granite memorial in Devonshire—a bishop's staff, in high relief, upon a priest's coped tomb.

The subject is not one which would have attracted our attention, had not some of the documents been sent to us; but Mr. Thomas Jackson's pamphlet, under the title, 'The Wesleyan Conference and its Duties,' &c. (Mason,) requires a word with respect to the present schism in the Methodist body. Mr. Jackson, as President of the Conference, comes forward as the authentic vindicator of its 'recent acts of Discipline.' Now 'discipline' is a strong word, and its use involves high claims—claims which are scarcely sufficiently enforced by the argument, quite sensible and equivalent to the purpose, founded upon the consideration arising from the question,

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'What company of naval or military officers, or society of literary or scien-'tific men, would remain silent, when it had been ascertained that one or 'more of them had published a libel upon the rest?' (p. 42,)—and with one founded upon the analogy of a 'benefit society,' (p. 45,)—or as it is more tersely expressed, (p. 46,) 'To complain of being shackled by the rules of a voluntary association is the perfection of folly.' Quite so; and were this all, and were Mr. Jackson simply content to allow his Society, the Methodist body, the very intelligible *status* which these extracts from his pamphlet point at—the Benefit Club or the Voluntary Association—there would not be a word to say further. The 'Vindication' is complete; any voluntary association, the United Service Club, the Mechanics' Institute, the Community of Odd Fellows, has a perfect and unquestionable right to get rid of its obnoxious members; for any reason, or even for no reason. It is simply the 'greatest happiness principle.' It is pleasanter to the one hundred and ninety-nine to be without the two-hundredth. But then when Mr. Jackson begins to talk of 'discipline,' (title-page,) and 'ecclesiastical censure,' (p. 5,) an entirely separate class of considerations enters into the field. Societies, being extra-judicial institutions, may very reasonably act in an extra-judicial way; and if the question be asked—as it has been—Would not John Wesley himself have examined the then suspected preachers, and have dismissed them, just as the Conference of 1849 has done? We answer, that it is quite beyond belief that he would have done otherwise. But then John Wesley did not call his Societies a Church—he did not talk of his preachers as any order of the Christian ministry—they were simply to 'help me,' (Jackson, Appendix, p. 66,) 'to serve me as sons,' (Ibid.) to 'labour when and where I should direct.' (Ibid.) Wesley claimed, and that openly, the 'power of admitting into, and excluding from, the Societies under his care.' (Ibid.) So that what John Wesley would have done with his preachers or helpers who 'engaged themselves to submit, to serve him as sons in the Gospel,' (p. 67,) is no very direct precedent for the proceedings of the Wesleyan Conference now. In Wesley's time, 1766, one of the questions to 'his preachers' was, 'Do you constantly attend the Church and Sacrament?' (p. 10); in 1849 all these preachers themselves administer sacraments and affect to do the whole work of the Christian ministry. 'My Societies' have become 'the Wesleyan Church:'—my 'helpers' and 'preachers' are now, in their own estimate, bishops and priests (in America), and priests in England. Mr. Jackson must therefore take his choice: Wesleyanism cannot at once be a voluntary society, and a true branch of the Christian Church, perfect in its economy, perfect in its ministry, perfect in its discipline. If its defender is content always to argue upon the very rational principles of his present pamphlet, thus:—Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffiths were not, what Johnson used to call, *clubable* men, therefore we have dismissed them from our club—we quite accept this account of the matter: it is quite sufficient: he comes down from his transcendentalism. But if Mr. Jackson puts the matter as one of ecclesiastical right, it must be judged by canonical precedent: it is a matter of law. The Church would not have tried these three suspected 'ministers' in the way which the Conference adopted. Certainly there is a mode of ecclesiastical compurgation of those vehemently suspected. And it is not

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the Wesleyan way. The process adopted at Manchester was neither legal, nor formal, nor according to precedent; though it answered the purpose. It was a rough popular way of getting rid of an intolerable evil, which we freely grant the presence of these three suspected persons in the Wesleyan body to have been. It was a very Manchester edition of a canonical trial. If the three men were to be tried and deposed as Christian ministers, we must say that they did not have fair play; if only as turbulent preachers, and a public nuisance to Wesleyanism,—and the Wesleyan unanimity shows at least this much,—then, however coarse or captious the mode of proceeding, so long as it answered the purpose of those most interested in the matter, we bystanders have no reason whatever to find fault with it. We cannot, therefore, sympathize with those who call the recent acts of the Conference tyrannical, or un-English, and so on. We only say, that as ecclesiastical discipline, they are informal. There are and must be, in the very nature of voluntary societies, many things which, construed very strictly, are un-English and tyrannical. It is tyrannical to blackball a man at a club because you think him a bore; and it is un-English—that is, it is contrary to the prudish severity of a court of law—to ask your friend whether a certain report about him is true. And yet without this, society could not exist for a month? What therefore is true of society generically, is true of *a* society, Wesleyan or Vegetarian specifically. We quite reserve our judgment about the alleged facts; but the principle of expulsion is quite independent of them.

Of 'Charges,' we have received—Archdeacon Manning's, (Murray,) and the Bishop of Calcutta's (Hatchard); and of Sermons—a volume 'On the Lord's Prayer,' by Mr. Packer, of Bethnal Green (Masters); a single Sermon, sound and forcible, by Mr. Campbell, of Liverpool, preached at the Bishop of Chester's Visitation, (Deighton & Laughton); an able Sermon by Mr. Barnes, of East Looe, before the District Church Societies, (Masters;) 'Christianity in Christ,' (Rowbottom,) by Mr. Wilkinson, of Derby, better than we had anticipated; the 'Mission of the Seventy,' a Visitation Sermon, by Mr. Gee, (Bartlett,) above the average; and two very solemn Sermons on the Visitation of the Cholera—one by Mr. Mountain, of Hemel Hemsted, 'Fasting,' (Masters,) and one anonymous, delivered at Clapham, and circulated as a Tract, 'The Warnings of these Times.' (Simpkin.)

Mr. Denison, whose persevering activity in the cause of Church Education is beyond our praise, but requires our acknowledgment, has published an important pamphlet, 'The Present State of the Management Clause Question.' (Rivingtons.) That matters cannot, and must not be left in their present state, we should think that the Government will soon be compelled to feel; though not till after a very severe, perhaps protracted, struggle. Every appointment in the Church displays a fixed determination on the part of Ministers to beat down Church principles; and we may not conceal what seems inevitable, that in a very short time, unless a remedy is gained, we shall have to contest truth and right, not only with our temporal but with our spiritual rulers. The Bishop of Manchester's conduct in the Additional Curates' Society proves that no law of the

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Church will restrain an active innovator. And the unaccountable, politically unaccountable, refusal of the Government to sanction a general Fast-day—a refusal at least acquiesced in by the Primate—looks only like a deliberate design to thwart the Church's spiritual energies. Here, however, a higher influence has prevailed; and we think the present not an unsuitable season for urging the Church's grievances and wrongs—just as any other institution would complain—in language more firm and decisive than has yet been employed. With respect to the Education Question, Mr. Denison's pamphlet only echoes our own feelings as to the impossibility of accepting the *ultimatum* of the Privy Council. We have received from Mr. Denison a private 'Outline' of a plan, which he throws out only to be canvassed by Churchmen. We have not sought his permission to print it; but those interested in the matter may doubtless procure it shortly through the various Church Unions. For ourselves, we think it premature to bring out at present the *constructive* part of any plan. First, and above all, and before any specific plan is suggested, we must display still more popularly than has been done the illegal proceedings of the Committee of Council. An able paper on the present state of the question has been prepared by the Committee of the London Church Union. And to this end it is proposed to call a public meeting on the subject early in November. The question is a popular one, and must be treated in a popular way. We have hitherto been both too timid and too strait-laced. We firmly believe that the Church's hold on the people is vastly on the increase. Recent awful dispensations have had their share in this: but there is a disposition to hear the Church. None can over-estimate the importance of the interests at stake; but the struggle is one not to be carried through by thinking about it.

Circumstances over which the Editor had no control, have compelled the postponement of an article on the case 'Gorham *v.* Bishop of Exeter.' While we congratulate ourselves and readers upon the recent decision in the Court of Arches—the Court whose authority has been so pointedly magnified by our opponents—*we* can afford some delay in laying our thoughts before the readers of the Christian Remembrancer. Whatever is the case with Messrs. Goode and Gorham—and the pathetic appeals of their organ, on the theme 'No Secession,' show that they feel it to be a desperate one—we at least can afford to possess our souls in patience. Not only while we wait have we the sustaining conviction that the Head of the Church will not suffer the Church's doctrine to be gainsayed; but upon still lower grounds Sir H. J. Fust's decision is one which lawyers will not be likely to tamper with. Already, in spite of querulous complaints on the constitution of the Appeal Court, and significant hints—incredible as they may be—about tampering with it, *pro hâc vice*, common consent pronounces the chances of the appeal to be desperate. Mr. Gorham, while we are at press, urges a pitiful appeal for funds. We should like to know who has the greatest reason to complain: the Bishop of Exeter, not among the richest prelates on the Bench, harassed with three co-ordinate suits in the Arches and the Queen's Bench, the latter backed by the whole influence and staff of Government, (the Government purposely selecting and compelling the most expensive processes against the Bishop)—or Mr. Gorham, supported from Court to Court by the Bampford-Speke Fund?

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INDEX TO VOL. XVIII.

(NEW SERIES.)

ARTICLES AND SUBJECTS.

A.

Allies [*Journal in France*, &c.], 151—181. Aspect of the Church in France, 151, 152. Dr. Wordsworth, 153. The Author's purpose, 154; defection, 155. Value of the work, 156. Education in France, Extracts, 157—166. Self-devotion of the French Clergy, 167. Defects of this system, 168. Extracts, 169—171. Political relations of the French Church, 172—176. French Missions, 176. How the French Clergy meet infidelity, 177, 178. Prospects of the Church of Rome, 179—181.

Architecture [*Histories of Architecture by Messrs. Poole and Freeman*], 182—225. Revival of Christian Architecture, 182; its connexion with doctrinal and practical revival, 183, 184. Its literature, 185. The Archæological and Ecclesiological schools, 186—188. Mr. Poole's object, 189. Summary of his work, 190—192. Mr. Freeman's object, 193. Diversities of style, 194—198. His summary of Greek Architecture, 199. Criticism of Mr. Freeman, 200—222. Prospects of Christian Architecture, 223—225.

C.

Cathedrals and Cathedral Institutions [*Publications by Messrs. Sidney Herbert, Whiston, Wesley*, &c.], 373—403. State of the capitular bodies, 373, 374. How the pleas for their preservation have failed, 375, 376. Need of reform, 377, 378. Cathedral services, 379. Choirs, 380—383. Schools, 384—388. Mr Whiston's case, 389—392. Who is responsible, 393. Case continued, 394—397. Memorial on choirs, 399—401. Tabular view, 402, 403.

G.

Geology and Revelation [*Publications by Sir Charles Lyell*, &c.], 226—248. Present state of geological science, 226. Its contact with revelation, 227—229. Measure of this contact, 230, 231. Connexion with inspiration, 232, 233. Different provinces of science and theology, 234—237. Unfairness of Lyell, 238, 239. The Christian method of philosophy, 240—248.

Greece, the Church in [*Curzon's Visit to the Levant*], 114—150. Our neglect of the Greek Church, 114. Mr. Curzon's object, 115. Account of his work, 116—120. Testimony of the Greek Church, 121. Its constitution and present state, 122—126. Kaires, 126—128. Simple obedience of the Greeks, 129; their orthodoxy and practice, their discipline and temper, 130—144. Little value of Mr. Curzon's book on these points, 144. Extracts, 145, 146. The Monastic System, 147, 148. What our duties are, 149, 150.

H.

Horace [*Milman's Edition*], 267—287. The older editions, 267. Milman's qualifications, 268. The Use, 269, 270. The Horatian era, 271—274. Appearance of Horace, 275. His life, character, influence, and philosophy, 276—286. Popularity of the Horatian temper, 287.

Hymnology, English [*Hymn-Books and Collections by Watts, Wesley, Doddridge*, &c.], 302—343. Influence of the Reformation on Hymnology, 303. The Elizabethan writers, 304. Shirley, 305. The New Version, its era, 306. Watts's Hymns: their character and success, and faults, 307—311. Translation, 312. Doddridge, 313. The Wesleys, 314—316. Whitefield, 317. Cennick, 318. Toplady, 319. The Olney Hymns, *ibid.* Other collections, 320. Revival in the English Church—its influence on Hymnology, 321. The Breviary Hymns, 322. Various translations from the Roman books, 323—334. Hymns for Children, 335. Watts, Taylor, Williams, Neale, 335—340. Evangelical Melodies, 340—343.

J.

Jerusalem [*Williams's Holy City*], 418—476. Estimate of travel, 418, 419. Jerusalem, its manifold importance, 420, 421. Its site, 422—427. Spirit in which it must be studied, 428. Mr. Williams's usual temper, 429. Estimate of his work, 430—433. Its plan and objects, 434—436. Dr. Robinson, 437, 438. State of the controversy between Williams and Robinson, 439—442. History of Jerusalem, 443—465. Its topography, 466—476.

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M.

Meinhold [*Sidonia, a Tale*, &c.], 344—372. How far literary deception is allowable, 344. A question of degree, 345, 346. Meinhold's 'Amber Witch,' 346, 347. Sidonia, 348. Its faults, 349. Meinhold's estimate of rationalism, 350. Witchcraft, 351. Analysis and criticism of Sidonia, 352—370. Its resemblance to Vanity Fair, 371, 372.

P.

Palestrina, Biography of [*Publications by Alfieri*, &c.], 404—417. Age of Palestrina, 404. State of Church Music. 405. Biography of Palestrina and estimate of his works, 406—415. Catalogue of his works, 416, 417.

R.

Rationalism [*Works by Messrs. Morell and Francis Newman*], 65—85. The character of Morell's Rationalism, 65. Its true view, 66. Character of Morell's work, 67. Matter and Substance, 68. Criterion of intuition, 68, 69. Its application to Inspiration and the laws of Truth, 70, 71. To the doctrine of Mediation, 72; as applied by Dr. Hampden, 73. The natural and supernatural views of Inspiration, 74; contrasted with Church doctrine, 75, 76. Objections to Morell's theory, 77. Mr. F. Newman's work, 78. Its 'Evangelical' language, 79, 80. On preaching, 81. His views the complement of Puritan theology, 82, 83. Their probable results, 84, 85.

Rupert, Prince, and the Cavaliers [*Eliot Warburton's Memoirs of*, &c.], 86—113. General characteristics of Charles's reign, 86, 87. Warburton's style and historical powers, 88, 89. His aim, 90. Life of Prince Rupert, 91, &c. Extracts from the work, 92—113.

S.

Stesichorus, remains of, and other lost writings of antiquity [*Editions by Giles and Kleine*], 1—28. Imperfect character of fragments, 1. Lost Classics, 2. Stesichorus, 3. His biography, 4—8. His fragments, 9. Translations of these fragments, 10—24. Influence of fragments on language, &c. 24—28.

T.

Taylor's Poems [*Notes from Life, Eve of the Conquest*, &c.], 29—64. Reserve of authors, 29. Modes of composition, 30, 31. Notes from Life, 32. Extracts and criticisms, 33, 34. Style and expression, 35. Language, 36—38. Poetry, its definition, 39; an art, 40, 41. Illustrations from Taylor, 42—46. Ornaments of poetry, 47, 48. Mr. Taylor's obscurity, 49, 50. His use of technical language, 51. His contempt of passion, 52—54. His estimate of love and marriage, 55—59. Taylor's Essays, 60—62. His poem on Italy, 63, 64.

Tempter, the [*Scenes where the Tempter has triumphed*], 288—301. Taking titles, 288—290. Exaggerated subjects, 291. Connexion of this work with actual scenes, 291. The work a decided failure, 292. Extracts from, and criticisms upon it, 293—301.

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SHORTER NOTICES OF BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

JULY.—Children's Books, Religious Tales, &c. —Adelaide's Gift—Shepherds of Bethlehem — Nicholson on Baptism — Marshall on Baptism — Harrington against Macaulay — Babington against Macaulay — Gatty on Baptism—Hibbs on Baptism—Charges by Archdeacons Hale and Sinclair—Remarks on the Record, &c.—Vaughan's Letter to Mr. Miles—Cosserat's Letter to Bishop of Exeter —Cottrell's Religion in Germany — Lyon against Duke of Argyll—Ross on Diocesan Colleges—Cavendish's Letter to Archbishop of Canterbury — Barter's Warning, &c.— Heurtley on Public Worship — Hewett on Exeter Cathedral — Winston on Painted Glass—Education of Choristers at S. Paul's— Sherlock's Practical Christian—J. Taylor's Life of Christ—Parker's *Liber Precum*—Self-murder—Hook on the Miracles—Bowtell on Brasses — Balmez on Protestantism—Williams's Holy City—Nitzsch's System of Doctrine—Wordsworth's Edition of Apocalypse— Walcot's Westminster—Seymour's Mornings with Jesuits — Parthenogenesis — Knox on Daniel—Prof. Butler's Sermons—Prichard's Sermons and Life of Hincmar—Sermons by Chanter, Harper, Jackson, Heurtley—Devout Chorister—Doyle's Œdipus—Plea for Sisterhoods—Abridgment of Theophilus Anglicanus—Whewell's Edition of Butler's Sermons —Rodriguez on Perfection — Quadrupani's Christian Consoled—Herbert's Poems, &c.— White's Marigold Window—Annals of Colonial Church—Judith—Biber's Life of S. Paul —Willmott's Summer-Time in Country— Sea-side Book—Rambles in Sussex—Trevillian on Freemasonry—Morgan's Notes, &c. —Cyclops Christianus—Vogan's Lectures— Guide to Daily Prayer—Oakeley's Letter to Christian Remembrancer—Sir T. Phillips on Wales—Corpus Ignatianum—Rock's Church of our Fathers—Sermons by Messrs. Manning, Garbett, Harris, Lowe, Bp. Doane, Bp. of Exeter, Mr. Martin, &c.

OCTOBER.—Meditations in Verse on the Collects—Pietas Metrica—Reade's Revelations of Life—The Strayed Reveller—Nind's Oratory—The Parson's Home—Cotton on the Lord's Supper—Kings of England—Remains of Mrs. Hofland—Pamphlets on Church Extension and Subdivision of Parishes—Anderson's Miscellaneous Addresses—Letters on Pantheism—Nichols' Translation of Erasmus' Pilgrimages—Wilde on Swift's Illness—Foxton's Popular Christianity—Auerbach's Vienna — Darling's Catalogue — Hughes on Admission of Jews to Parliament—Darling on Marriage Question—Dr. Hook on ditto— Bulwer Lytton's King Arthur—Mangin on the Church—Sunset Reverie—Last Sleep of a Child, &c.—Doctrine of the Cross, &c.— Moral Songs—Address to Schoolmasters— Miss Peck's Adventures—Bowdler's Family Prayers, &c.—Tracts, by Mr. Chandler; the London Tracts; Parker's Tracts; on Intercessory Prayer—Developments of Protestantism—D'Aubigné on Cranmer—Hunter's Historical Tracts—French on Colour—On Swedenborg — Bp. Doane's Pamphlets — Hatton on Greek Accents—Maskell's Ten Sermons—Middleton's Grotius—Reflections by Liguori—Russell's Ancient Knight—History of Spain—Pastor of Wellbourn—Sacred Lyrics—Puckle's S. Augustine's—Cutts on Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses—Jackson on the Wesleyan Conference, &c.—Charges by Archdeacon Manning and Bishop of Calcutta —Sermons by Messrs. Packer, Campbell, Barnes, Wilkinson, Gee, Mountain, &c.— Denison on Church Education Question— Gorham *v.* Bishop of Exeter.

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